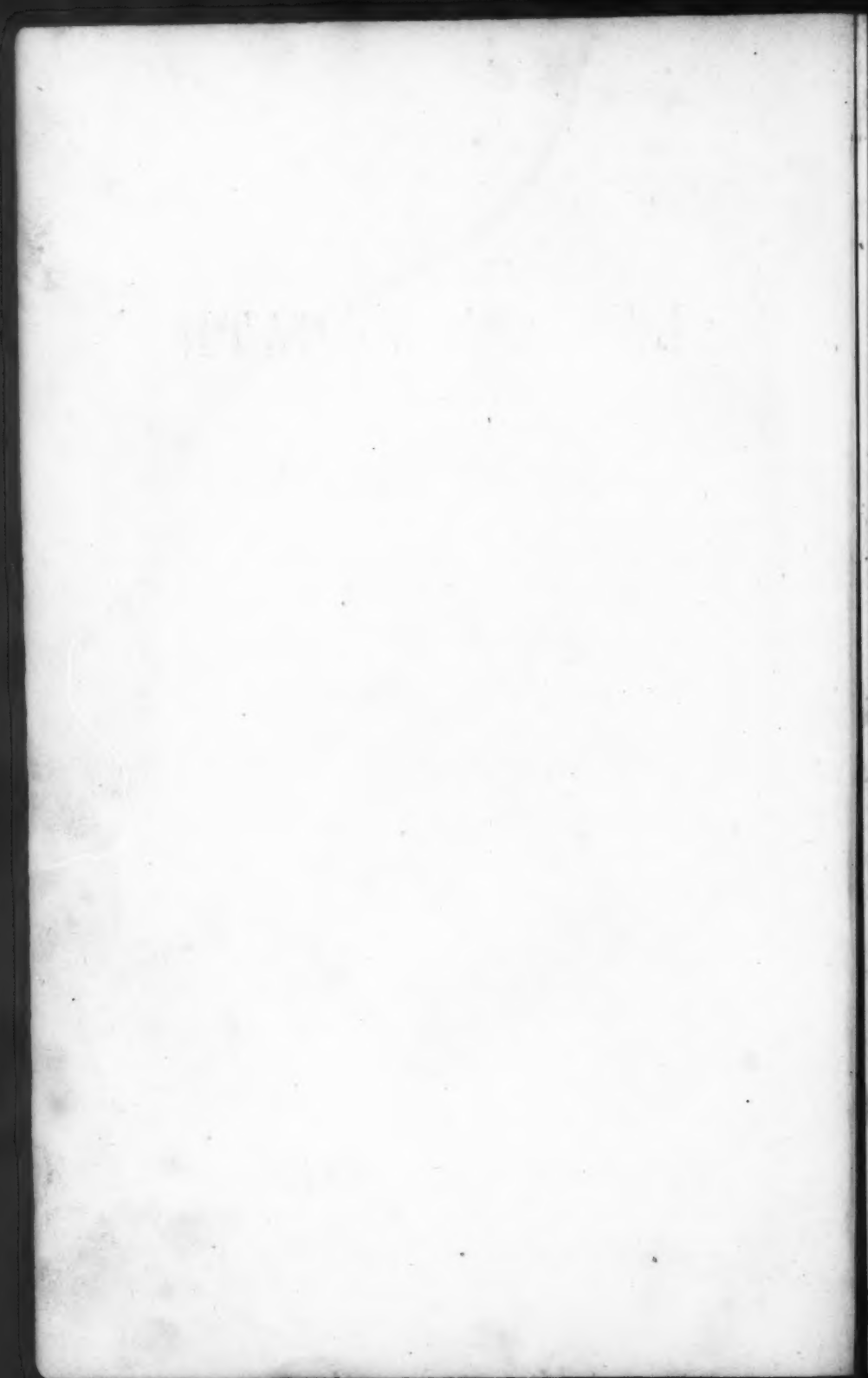


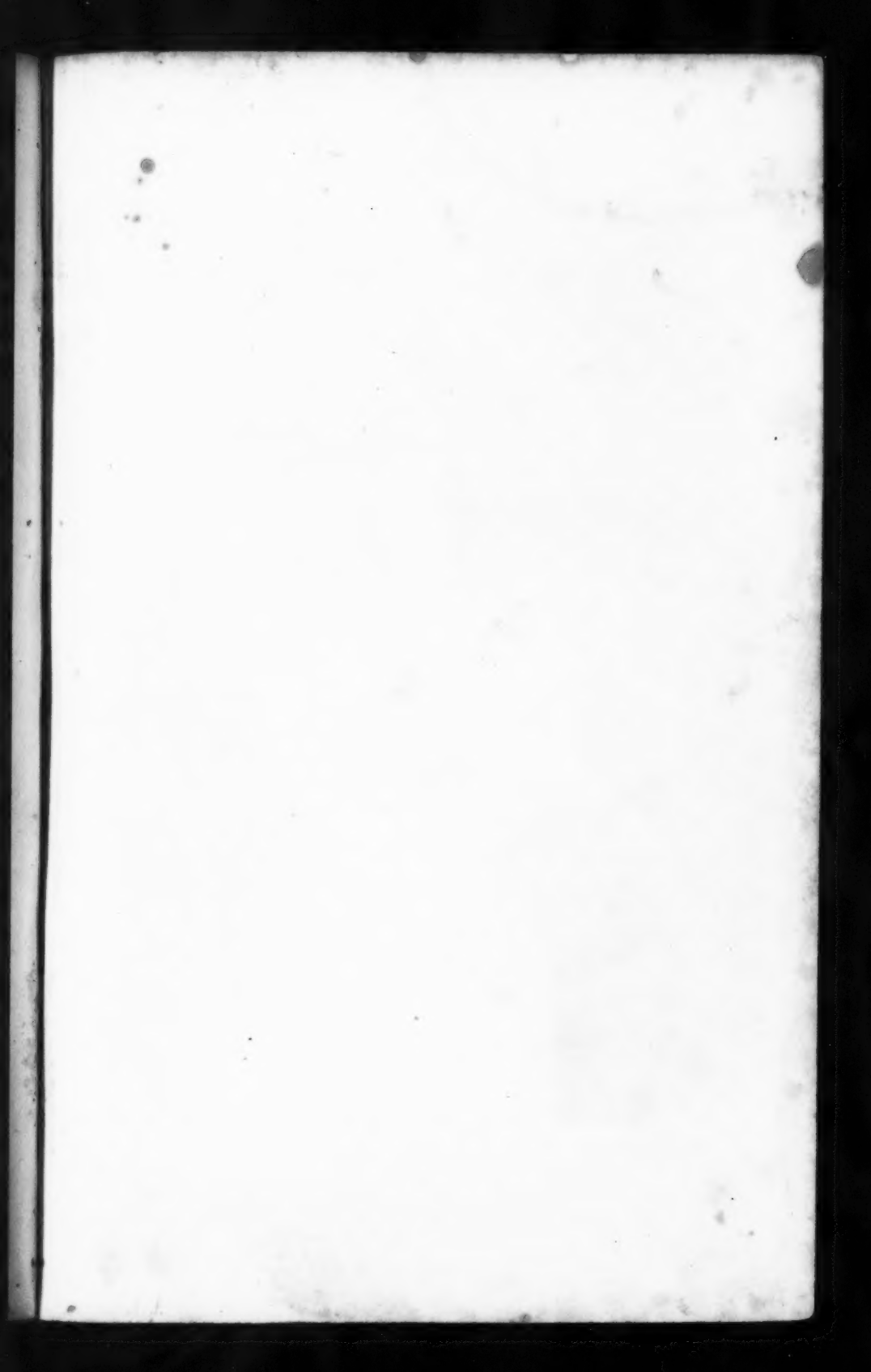
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The
LADIES' WREATH
AND
Parlor Annual.



New York:
JOHN F. SCOVILL,
No. 8 SPRUCE STREET.







The Faithful Friends



Bouquet.

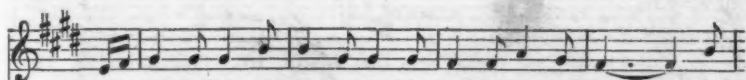
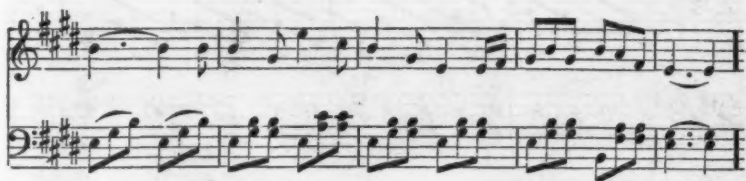
Old Friends.

A QUARTETTE.

Written by Mrs. Crawford.

Composed by Wm. J. Wetmore, M. D.

ANDANTE
CON ESPRESSIVO.



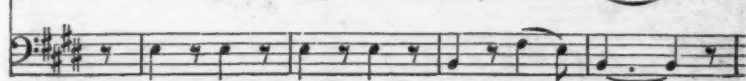
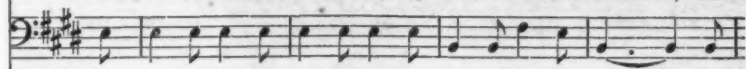
1. Old friends, old friends, the dear old friends, That time has swept away! Ah!



2. Old friends, old friends, can we forget Those days of golden prime, When



3. Old friends, old friends, as time rolls on, We miss them more and more; These



what can make the heart amends For the friends of life's young day! They
 round our father's hearth we met, And our merry voi-ces' chime Made the
 halls are dark where once they shone, And closed the friendly door; While

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

were the fix-ed stars of love, That never left their sphere; The
 old hall ring to the roof with joy, As we sung the songs of yore; Or
 colder seems the stranger's eye, As we pass on earth's dull way, And

This system contains the second two staves of the musical score. The top staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the bottom staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. Above the first measure of the second staff is the word "CALANDO." Above the first measure of the third staff is the word "CALANDO." Above the first measure of the fourth staff is the word "COLLA VOCE."

bea - con lights that shone above, Our life's dark path to cheer; The
 danced to the strain of the harper boy, On the bright old oaken floor? Or
 think, with mem'ry's ris - ing sigh, Of the friends of life's young day; And

LENTANDO. A PIACERE.
 beacon lights that shone above, Our life's dark path to cheer.
 danced to the strain of the harper boy, On the bright old oaken floor?
 LENTANDO. A PIACERE.
 think, with mem'ry's rising sigh, Of the friends of life's young day!

COLLA VOCE.

LIVING AND LOVING.

~~~~~  
BY LUCY LARCOM.  
~~~~~

Bird, on the apple tree ;
Wind, o'er the billow free
 Carelessly roving ;
Insects, that hum at noon ;
Crickets, that lull the moon ;
Sing on ! ye sing one tune,
 " Living is loving."

Nature hath not in vain
Wakened that sweet refrain
 O'er the world moving,
While on our senses fall
Summer notes musical,
Sing, mortals, one and all,
 " Living is loving !"

Hark ! how the lisping child
Calls to its mother mild,
 Happiness giving—
Whispers e'en so the bride,
One answers, by her side,
Standing in manhood's pride,
 " Loving is living."

What cried your martyr-band,
Saviors of father-land,
 Hatred forgiving ?—
Hush ! a saint dying sighs,
And the same notes arise
With him to Paradise ;
 " Loving is living."

Oh life ! we know thee not,
Buried in selfish thought,
 Emptiness proving,—
Love, let us dwell in thee,
And with the spirit see
One the twin mystery—
 Living and loving.

THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

~~~~~  
BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.  
~~~~~

"FAREWELL, my daughter, and may God and his angels have you in keeping while we part."

"Farewell, papa, and have no fears for me. The country is quiet now, and there is no reason why you should not proceed fearlessly upon this important mission—certainly no reason so far as my safety is concerned, although you may, yourself, be exposed to danger. Believe me, dear father, I shall be anxious only for you."

"Spoken like yourself, my brave child, but though I do not wish to alarm you unnecessarily, I fear there will be more danger for you and those I leave behind me here, than for myself. Be sure, my daughter, not to stir abroad unprotected; see that the doors and windows are securely fastened at night, and do not entertain any strangers. I do not think there are any troops in the neighborhood, but there may be straggling parties, or individual discharged soldiers, who are far more to be feared by you. Will you remember these things, Ella?"

"Yes, dear papa, but I bid you again have no fears for me. The servants are enough for my protection, even if I had not dear old Brave, who never leaves me, day nor night, when you are away."

The large, black Newfoundland, who was sleeping on the rug beside the fireplace, quite at the farther end of the great hall, where this conversation took place, opened his eyes when he heard his name, and rising up, after a long shake, came lazily forward and placed his head beneath the girl's caressing hand, looking up with lustrous eyes, almost human in their expression, into her fair, sorrowful face.

General Mortimer stooped to pat the shaggy, black head also, and then, as the trampling of his horses' hoofs was heard, he hastily folded his daughter in his arms, pressed a long kiss upon her brow and hurried forth. In a moment he was mounted, and followed by his servant, was galloping along the avenue which, overhung by noble forest trees in all the beauty of their summer greenness, stretched away toward the distant highroad.

Ella stood gazing after his receding figure until it was lost in the distance beneath the arching trees, then she turned sadly away and entered the house. There were tears in her eyes and a heavy load

of undefined anxiety at her heart—she felt an overpowering sense of loneliness which, though she had boldly combatted it in her father's presence, now seemed to fold around her spirit like a shroud. She walked along the large, lofty hall, and went slowly up the stairs which led to the gallery from which her apartment opened, and Brave walked by her side and followed her into the pleasant, daintily-furnished chamber; and when she sat down beside the open casement and looked out through her tears upon the lovely scene, he crouched at her feet and fixed his loving eyes full upon her face. It was as if, by an almost human intuition, he had comprehended the charge which devolved upon him, and resolved to accept the responsibility.

The war of the Revolution was then at its height. At an early period of the struggle, General Mortimer had identified himself with the patriots. On raising a company, at his own expense, and joining the main body of the army, then at the North, he had received a commission of Colonel, and by promotion had since attained the rank of General. He was high in the regard of the Commander-in-Chief, who often sought his aid and required his presence at the council-board. It was to answer the demands of some of the trying emergencies of the times that he had now been summoned from a brief retirement, to join Washington at Philadelphia.

Never had his beautiful Southern home seemed more lovely than when he looked back upon it as he rode slowly onward, on that glorious summer afternoon. And in his frequent absences never had he left it with a bitterer pang, though the time had been when he had torn himself from the bedside of an invalid wife to attend the call of duty upon the battle-field. The soul of a Spartan heroine had dwelt in that feeble frame, and she had seen him go forth to danger, and as she might well fear, to death, with a resolute spirit of sacrifice that would have shamed the weak nerves of many a modern dame who shrinks appalled from every imaginary danger. Now she was gone—haply she had died in his arms, with her last loving glance upon his face. Two years she had slept in the family tomb, and Ella had dwelt alone in the old ancestral mansion of the Mortimers when her father went to the wars. An aunt, whose home was in the distant city of Baltimore, had sometimes borne her company for brief periods, but for the most part Ella had been left only to the companionship of the servants—faithful blacks, who loved and almost worshiped their young mistress and her dog Brave.

Circumstances had developed in Ella Mortimer far more of self-reliance than is usually found in girls of her years. Her mother's

long illness had caused the cares of the household to devolve upon her, and her father's frequent and protracted absences had left her not only her own mistress, but the responsible head of his large family of dependants. So well had she fulfilled the duties that devolved upon her, with such a mild and gentle dignity had she commanded respect and reverence, that he had never hesitated to entrust to her care all the interests that clustered about his home and property. And, so quiet had been the remote neighborhood where his estate was situated, that he had felt no fears for her safety. But now he had heard of prowling bands of Tories, led and rudely disciplined by some discharged soldiers who had served in the British army. One of these bands, he had been informed, had a rude camp in the woods not many miles distant from his residence, from which they issued at frequent intervals, carrying on a sort of predatory warfare, and levying forced contributions upon those whom they chose to call Rebels.

Nothing but an imperative sense of duty could have induced him to leave his home at such a time. But his country needed him, and the man who, for years, had devoted himself to her service, forgetful of personal interests, unmindful of ease and regardless of danger, was not one to shrink at a rumor, or to doubt the power of the protecting Arm that had been over his home in all his absences.

He had armed his servants, provided for the nightly barricade of his doors and windows, while the strong dog, Brave, never left Ella's side. Every other defence he felt that he must leave to her ready invention, strong nerve and resolute will. A great trust, truly, to be reposed in a girl of sixteen, but those were the days when heroines flourished in our country.

As Ella sat at her window, absorbed in sorrowful thought, the sun sunk downward behind the distant mountains that formed a blue undulating line upon the verge of the landscape. All unobserved its sinking rays gilded the tree-tops, lighting them up with a mellow radiance, then disappeared while the grey mystery of twilight crept over the scene. The twittering birds were settling themselves among the leaves and branches of the trees, and the shadows were filling her room before she roused herself. Her attendant, a pretty mulatto girl of about her own age, came in for orders, and Ella remembered what her father had said about barricading the doors and windows at night. Accustomed, always, to implicit obedience, she rose and went down to attend to this duty, although she smiled at the thought of such a precaution being necessary in that secluded spot, guarded as it was, by so many armed retainers, headed by a sturdy middle-

aged negro, who now acted as her father's steward, but who had formerly accompanied his master to the wars, and had "smelt powder" on more than one "hard-faught field."

At length all the windows and doors in the lower stories of the large house were securely fastened. Ella went the rounds with Brave walking stately by her side, and Hector, the steward, in advance, with his flaring torch. She was satisfied that all was secure, that every member of the household was within, and then she sat down to supper. Her lonely meal was but a reminder of her absent father. There was a choking feeling that prevented her from eating, and she was about sending the viands away untasted, when a thundering knock resounded through the house. Ella started to her feet, intending to repeat her father's orders to the servants, that no stranger should be entertained, but old Hector, who had taken up his watch in the hall, had already opened the door.

As Ella reached the door which opened from the supper-room into the hall, the new-comer appeared upon the threshold, and Hector, half hesitating between his wonted lessons of hospitality and his master's parting commands, was bowing and grinning through the narrow aperture of the partially opened door, which he zealously guarded with his strong arm.

The stranger was well dressed, and had the air of a gentleman. Moreover he was young and slight in figure, and seemed feeble. The old impulse of hospitality dictated a welcome and compassion seconded the impulse. Ella was about to order Hector to admit the stranger, when her father's commands recurred to her. She hesitated, and the stranger catching sight of her, bowed and spoke.

"Madam," he said, and his tones were feeble, and his voice shaken by a hollow cough, "I have lost my way, and I fear have traveled some distance from it. I learned from a man whom I met upon the road yonder, that it would be impossible for me to reach A—— to-night. But he pointed out the gables and chimneys of this house as they rose against the darkening sky, and assured me that General Mortimer's doors were never closed to the stranger. I am feeble and fatigued, and the humblest couch would be welcome to my weary limbs, and a cup of water unspeakably grateful to my parched lips."

It was not in a heart like Ella's to refuse compassion to such an appeal. Her father's generous nature was warm within her—and she forgot his cautions and commands. Heedless of old Hector's unconcealed disapproval, and unmindful of the raised back and sullen growls of Brave, she ordered the door opened and invited the stranger to enter. If a vague terror, if a sudden, sharp regret made them—

selves felt at that moment, they were silenced at the thought that one so feeble and helpless, even if a foe, ought not to inspire dread.

General Mortimer, desirous to spare Ella all unnecessary anxieties, had not informed her that a band of Tories was really prowling in the neighborhood. In this he might have erred, for her ears had been so often pained by tales of the cruelties perpetrated by those who, in the name of loyalty, banded together to burn and rob the property and destroy the lives of the Patriots, that an intimation of their vicinage would have secured her caution. But in extending her hospitality to a sick stranger she dreamed not of danger.

With genuine politeness she welcomed the stranger to her table and fireside, and having seen his wants provided for, she left him in the care of Hector, and retired to her own apartment. All this time Brave had eyed him suspiciously, walking round his chair and uttering low, sullen growls. As usual he accompanied his mistress to her chamber, but immediately returned to resume his watch over the stranger.

This conduct of her faithful friend and inseparable companion excited the surprise of Ella, and finally her uneasy fears. Instead of retiring to rest she sat down to read and think. Presently she heard Hector conducting the stranger to his room, which was in a wing of the building jutting out at a right-angle with the main portion of the structure, which contained the sleeping apartments of the family. The pattering of the dog's feet was also heard distinctly as he followed.

Ella's book fell from her hand, and at once the burden of care, and fear, and anxiety rolled upon her spirit. Her's was indeed a great charge for one scarcely more than a child. She was pained to think that Brave had deserted her, and yet rejoiced in a sense of safety at the thought of his vigilant watch over the stranger-guest.

Very soon Hector's heavy tread resounded along the gallery. He was returning—he stopped and knocked upon her door. She opened it.

"Mistress," said the faithful black, who having received some education, and having long been entrusted with the care of the estate, was able to converse in a manner superior to the usual jargon of his race. "Mistress Ella, I am very sorry you let that fellow in. I mistrust him. I'm sure he's not what he seems—and Brave, poor fellow, he thinks so too, for we had hard work to get him out of the room, and now he has lain down on the mat before the door, with his red eyes fixed upon it, and growling all the while. I've heard of them Tories' tricks, and I'm 'feard this skulking fellow's one of 'em."

"Tories, Hector! are there Tories in this neighborhood?" asked Ella, pale with fear, that had its justification in the tales of the lawless cruelty which had too frequently followed the footsteps of these men. "Oh, why did not papa tell me—why did he go away?"

"I thought master did tell you, Miss Ella. He bade me bring all the men into the house to sleep at night; and he's left us plenty of arms and powder. Reckon if the rascals do come, they'll get what master calls a 'warm reception.'"

"What have you done, Hector?"

"I've placed some of the men to guard the stables and the cattle, for the sneaking rascals sometimes try to drive them off and to steal the horses. The rest are in the house and will not sleep to-night. That fellow's no more sick than I am, Miss Ella, but I reckon Brave can manage him. And maybe he don't mean any wrong after all, so you'd best go to sleep, Miss Ella, and we'll see that no harm comes to you."

He would have left Ella to her rest, but the young girl had been too long accustomed to care to delegate her responsibilities. She went down, saw that the men were gathered, well armed, in the hall and kitchen, provided for their refreshment, enjoined rest upon the elder and more feeble ones, and made light of the fears of the women who, she said, were not very brave, if a sick stranger, craving only rest and food, could so frighten them.

"But the Tories, Miss Ella, the Tories!" chimed a chorus of voices, while a score of eyes, gleaming out of dusky faces, grey with fear, were turned upon the fair, young creature whom they all loved, and in whom they had a common pride as the daughter of their master.

Ella tried to laugh, but her hysterical mirth had in it nothing reassuring. So bidding the women all retire to their sleeping places, as it was already past midnight, she returned to her room accompanied only by her maid.

The stranger's room being in an angle of the building, was opposite her own. Ella lifted the heavy curtains that shrouded her window, and sat long, gazing out into the darkness. A faint light was visible from the stranger's window, and she fancied she detected a figure moving about in the dimness of the apartment. Conscience smote her as she thought her guest might be ill and suffering, at the very moment when she wronged him by suspicions of evil. She was about summoning Hector to attend him, when his lamp flashed brightly forth from the window, and she caught sight of him for one instant, as he stood, completely dressed, holding the light out into

the darkness. For another moment all was dark, then the light flashed out again, then once more, in all three times. It was evidently a signal, and was answered by a low whistle from out the shrubbery. Ella, straining her gaze, was sure she saw some dark forms moving cautiously in the deep shadows of the trees.

At that instant Brave commenced barking violently, and the stranger's deep voice was heard chiding him. One by one the dark figures moved into the open space in front of the house, and silently encircling it, stood as if waiting another signal from within. There was no sound from the distant hall and kitchen, and Ella wondered if the negroes were all sleeping when danger surrounded them. Hurriedly rousing her maid, whom even fear could not keep wakeful, she dispatched her to summon Hector.

At this moment the stranger's window was cautiously opened.

"Boys," he said, in stifled tones, "charge upon the door. It's only fastened with a wooden bolt. I would let you in silently, as I intended, but I'm kept a prisoner by the dog you hear barking. I'd open my door and shoot him, but that would only alarm the house."

"Hector," said Ella, to the steward, who at that moment appeared at her door with half a dozen frightened faces peering over his shoulder, "you were right. Look here!"

As the black came to his mistress' side and looked out, several dusky forms approached the door. The stranger still addressed them in suppressed tones from his window, and, in the corridor outside, Brave still barked furiously. In another moment a fearful crash echoed through the house, and the sound of falling timbers and several pistol shots mingled in the tumult.

Hector drew his mistress back and closed the heavy wooden shutters. In another moment he had rushed from the room, and his voice was heard below, giving orders to the men, who soon fired upon their assailants from within.

In the midst of the tumult, Ella's ear, acutely sensitive to every sound, heard the stranger's door open with a crash, and his voice in fierce oaths as he spoke to the dog. There was a struggle, a shot, furious barking, dying away into moans, and then his tread along the gallery. She sprang toward her door, but before she could turn the key in the lock, it was thrown open, and the stranger stood before her, closely attended by Brave, who, though bleeding from a wound in the neck, had not relaxed his hold upon the robber's arm.

"Ha! my pretty one," sneered he; "excuse my unceremonious entrance; but if you have any jewels or money, perhaps you had better entrust them to my care. The Tories are attacking the house,

as you know, perhaps, and, of course, your negroes will soon be overcome. Give me your money and jewels then, and if you have no objection *you* can accompany me upon my ride."

Ella drew back as the ruffian approached, and Brave, relaxing his hold, placed himself, with bristling back and lurid eyes, before his mistress.

"Call off your dog," said the man, with a fierce oath, "or he may chance to get hurt."

Ella found voice at last, for paralyzed by terror, she had stood silent and motionless until he approached her.

"Come no nearer," she said. "I will give you all the money I have, if you will withdraw at once."

"Ah! my dear little girl, that will not do. I want everything valuable, including yourself, that the house contains. Only be quiet, and I will help myself, and then we will ride away by the light of this burning house."

Ella shuddered and made a gesture of repulsion, and Brave, who had been watching her, sprang suddenly at the stranger's throat. He drew a second pistol and fired. The ball missed its aim and was buried in the ceiling as, overborne by the dog's furious onset and great weight, he fell to the floor. Brave's fierce fangs were buried in his throat, and after one furious shriek and a momentary struggle, he was still.

Ella rushed shrieking from the room and down the stairs. The cool air of early morning came stealing through the open door, and, gathered upon the broad piazza, she saw all her retainers gazing after the retreating forms of the Tories, who, astonished and overpowered by the fierce and unexpected resistance they had met, were slowly marching away, bearing one of their wounded companions, while two more lay upon the blood-stained grass of the lawn, with white dead faces turned upward toward the morning sky.

Ella dispatched Hector to her room, and then directed the refastening of the door which had been shattered by the Tories' charge. When all was safe, she went slowly back, dreading the scene which she expected.

Upon the floor were stretched two forms—the faithful dog, faintly licking the wounds from which the blood yet flowed, and the man who, in that dog's presence, shamed the title of brute. His throat was fearfully mangled by the dog's fangs, and he had fainted from loss of blood. Ella ordered him conveyed to an outhouse, where he was made comfortable, and on the arrival of the surgeon, who had already been summoned from the neighboring village, his wounds were ex-

amined and dressed. We may as well state here, that he survived but a few days, and death saved him from the penalty which, in the absence of courts and legal forms in that unsettled region, would most assuredly have been inflicted at the hands of General Mortimer's outraged dependants.

And Brave, noble Brave, was not forgotten. His wounds were dressed and healed, ere long, under the skillful care of the physician, who did not disdain to apply his art to an animal, whose instinct, more powerful than human reason, had first detected the robber in his disguise. His mistress nursed him with loving care, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing him at her side in her rambles about the beautiful grounds that surrounded her home.

The attack was not renewed, though for several nights General Mortimer's house was closely watched by the alarmed neighbors, while parties of armed men scoured the woods in pursuit of the lawless band who had committed this outrage. They were found and soon routed by overpowering numbers and driven and scattered away.

Long before the General's return, the neighborhood was as peaceful as if war were not desolating the land. Over the broad plains and swelling slopes the grain waved in the soft summer wind, and the songs of the laborers were heard sweetly floating upon every breeze. The din of battle came not to mingle discord with the peaceful sounds of rural life. The shrieks and groans of wounded and dying men brought no pang of terror to the hearts that gathered in that quiet valley, and but for the stern anxiety for those who afar were fighting for freedom and their homes, none but happy faces would have looked forth upon that fair scene.

The glories of summer still lingered, although the season was advancing to its close. The General was expected in his home. The important mission which he had gone to fulfill was happily ended, and he was returning, laden with new honors, and bearing in his heart of hearts the consciousness of the approval of his Chief and of the great statesmen whom Providence had raised up to meet the trying exigencies of those times.

All day Ella had watched from an upper window that overlooked the long, quiet stretch of country road for the appearance of her father. At length, as the long afternoon waned to its close, she saw a cavalcade slowly approaching, and she was sure that the tall form in the midst was that of her father. Down the long flights of steps she bounded like a bird, with heart as light and footstep as free. Out upon the terrace, with its stone balustrade and quaint statues, round which the luxuriant flowering vines were clinging,

relieving the mossy granite with their soft verdure and many-hued blossoms, she bounded—Brave, now well and strong again, and as ever close by her side ; his black head thrust beneath her caressing hand, his red mouth open and panting with the heat and his wild chase down the stairs, and his bright, loving eyes fixed almost humanly upon her beautiful face.

They formed a beautiful picture—the fair young maiden, with her glowing curls, that disdained the stiff arrangement and disfiguring powder of the fashion of that period, with her white neck and round arms uncovered, save by a light scarf, to the soft summer breezes of that southern clime, with her rich yet plain dress arranged according to her own exquisite taste ; her bright face radiant with joy and expectation—and the noble dog that had been her protector in the hour of deep peril, still by her side in loving companionship, caressed and caressing, loved and trusted, strong, and handsome, and brave.

So thought the General as he rode up, his eye falling first of all upon that group. In a moment, Ella was clasped in her father's arms, sobbing and smiling out her joy, while Brave, not forgotten, gamboled around, awkwardly enough, but still with genuine manifestations of delight. With his intelligent eyes fastened upon his master's face, he seemed to understand all his grateful words, and to renew his pledge of all the future services which could secure to him his title of the faithful friend.

The General never left his home again. Soon after his return, hostilities ceased and the war was over. Cultivating the long-neglected arts of peace, he remained by his daughter's side, her honored protector, until some years later he transferred that title to another and a younger man. But through all the changes of Ella's life, her faithful dog was still her friend, and when, after lingering to an extreme and feeble old age, tended to the last by her hand, he died, she, and the children who were then growing up around her, wept bitterly as they laid him in his grave. A handsome monument marked the spot of his last rest, and on it was inscribed, in golden letters, THE FAITHFUL FRIEND.

SOME men who know that they are great, are so very haughty withal and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness, only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be turnpikes, *only by the toll.*

A BALLAD.

IMITATED FROM THE GERMAN.

~~~~~  
BY CARRIE MORRILL.  
~~~~~

A PINE tree wept in a lofty wood,
Where sadly she drooped alone,
As she looked around on the rustling boughs
With fresh leaves overgrown—
"I have only thorns on my branches," said she,
"No pretty green leaves like another tree!"

No other pine was in all the wood
Where the little tree wept apart,
"Oh! if only a fairy would come," said she,
"And grant me the wish of my heart;
I would get me the prettiest leaves," said she,
"All golden and bright as the sun should they be."

The little tree slept through the darksome night,
And she woke in the morning gray,
And she screamed with joy as she saw herself,
For the thorns were all blown away—
And brighter than ever a jeweller's show,
The golden leaves bent her branches low.

Proud and happy she lifted her head
To shine in the sun's first ray,
Who scarcely had sprung from ocean's bed,
Ere a miser hobbled that way:
He glared on the gold with his greedy old eyes,
And his skinny fingers clutched off the prize

Sadly the little thing wrung her hands,
'Oh, bountiful fairy, come back!
The Jew has stolen my beautiful robe,
And carried it off in his sack!
I shall never see it again, alas!
Pray give me a pretty new one of glass.

Then she went to sleep, and she awoke again,
And said, "It showered last night!"
So she tried to shake off the drops of rain,
But they clung to her branches tight,—
They were leaves of glass, and she opened her eyes,
And threw up her hands in great surprise.

Gaily she rang out a musical chime
 From her silvery crystal bells—
 But the wind was rising and hushed the rhyme,
 It made so much noise on the fells—
 Harsh and louder it whistled around,
 Till the bells lay shattered all over the ground.

Then the little tree wept till her eyes were sore,
 She said, "I was far too proud,
 I will think of those beautiful things no more,
 The voice of Fame is too loud :
 I would be a nun, and no longer a queen,
 Oh, clothe me once more, but in modest green !"

She closed her eyes, but her sleep was light,
 Her dreams fantastic and long ;
 Now she tried to peer through the misty night,
 Whence rang a fairy song ;
 Now a tempest howled, she thought in her dream,
 Then died away in the stars' fair gleam.

Her limbs with tender green leaves were deck'd,
 When her restless dream was done—
 Though her graceful head and figure erect
 Were not a bit like a nun :
 Arcadian visions flew into her head,
 "How happy now I shall be!" she said.

Just that minute a shaggy old goat,
 Her young kids trotting behind,
 Caught sight of the tree, and at once she thought,
 "Those leaves are just to my mind!"
 A plentiful feast they gathered there,
 For they stripped every one of the branches bare.

Meekly the little tree bowed his head—
 "My wishes have all been wrong,
 I see that the thorns were best for me,
 Or I should not have worn them so long,—
 Beautiful fairy, once more I pray,
 Give back the thorns that I wished away."

All through the night the fairy wings
 Were hovering over the tree—
 And all through the branches the little things
 Were busy as they could be ;
 Bringing the thorns as she had them before,
 And the little tree asked for nothing more.

There are many things that are thorns to our hopes until we have
 attained them, and envenomed arrows to our hearts when we have.

OUR PASTOR'S BRIDE.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

THE village of S. was the home to which my beloved Howard had borne me, when he wooed me from the cozy nest where my infancy and childhood had been tenderly and lovingly nurtured. I was pleased with everything in S. I will not attempt to decide whether on account of its intrinsic merit, or because I beheld every object through the bright medium of a happy heart, which felt itself blest beyond the common lot, in the love of the manly, noble soul it had won. Be this as it may, everything in S. answered and more than answered my expectations. I was pleased with the village, the people, and not least, with the village pastor. He was the very beau ideal of what I thought a village pastor should be, combining dignity with simplicity, plainness and faithfulness, with gentleness, persuasiveness and love. All were ready to admit that Mr. Owen possessed stores of intellectual wealth, deep and devoted piety, pure and unbounded benevolence, great courtesy and winning affability of manner, but—ah, these buts, found everywhere, possessed of a sort of universal ubiquity; ever on hand to furnish a shading for the most rose-tinted picture. Mr. Owen was all that has been described, but he was a bachelor, and the good people of S. wanted a pastor's wife.

Mr. Owen had been settled two years, when I came to S. to reside. During all this time he had boarded with the worthy widow Barton, while the beautiful parsonage remained closed, its fine garden overgrown with weeds, and its walks and shrubbery untended and uncared for. This state of things produced serious uneasiness in the minds of many of the good people of S. "Why don't our pastor get him a wife?" was the oft-repeated inquiry, and at last, from hearing the subject so frequently discussed, I began myself to take no inconsiderable interest in it.

Many believed the true reason to be that Mr. Owen would not allow himself time from the arduous duties of his profession to choose himself a wife, and there were in his parish benevolent and obliging ma'mas, who were willing to smooth his path to matrimony by placing their own marriageable daughters where he would not have to go out of his way to find them. But it was all in vain. Mr. Owen manifested no disposition to avail himself of their kind services.

I had been in S. a year when it began to be whispered around that Mr. Owen had chosen our pastor's future wife, and the society's committee weekly expected to be notified of their pastor's desire that the deserted parsonage should be put in repair. But another year sped away, leaving Mr. Owen as it found him, still unmarried.

This puzzled all the wise ones, and all the busybodies in S. If their minister had really chosen the future companion of his life, why this delay in the matter? But the mystery remained unsolved. Mr. Owen never introduced the subject, even to his most intimate friends. Among these my husband was numbered, but even he was as much in the dark on this subject as any one. Mr. Owen, frank and free with him on every other topic, maintained a studied reserve on this.

But the time came at last when this reserve was broken through. One afternoon Mr. Owen made a long call at my husband's office. I did not deny that my womanly curiosity was aroused to know the object of a visit of such unusual length. But I expected to learn all in good time; for, reader, Howard was a model husband, and never had a secret from his wife.

At last our pastor took his leave, and not very long after, my husband came to me. I saw at a glance that he had something of special interest to communicate.

"Emily," he said, "Mr. Owen has made me a long call this afternoon."

"I know it," I replied. "I happened to see him when he entered the office, and when he left; but what of it?"

"I have some news for you which will surprise you, and, I think, give you pleasure."

"Indeed: does it concern our minister?"

"It does. Mr. Owen is going to be married!"

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed. "Well, I am truly glad of it.—When will this important event take place?"

"In a few weeks, so Mr. Owen informed me this afternoon."

"Do you know the name of the chosen one?"

"No—he did not mention it; but he said that she resided in B."

"I think he needs a wife," I replied. "I only wonder that he was not married long ago."

"Mr. Owen frankly stated to me the reason of that this afternoon."

"Did he, indeed! What was it?"

"Well, in plain terms, it was poverty. It seems he incurred a debt in obtaining his education, and he resolved not to marry until this was cancelled, as he well knew that he could not discharge it

and at the same time meet the expenses of supporting a family. He says that he has been devotedly attached to the young lady he is going to marry for the last three years, and that this delay of their union has been a great trial to both."

"How very great it must have been," I said earnestly.

Dear Howard smiled upon me so affectionately. He knew I was thinking of *our* happiness for the last three years, and what it would have been to have been separated all that time.

"Has his intended bride property?" I asked.

"Not so far as I can learn. I suppose he has chosen her for qualities, which he estimates far above wealth."

"I suppose, then, the parsonage is to be repaired."

"Yes—he called to see me on that subject."

"Every room will need some repairs, will it not? fresh paper and paint at least."

"So I told Mr. Owen; but he said this would not be necessary, for they should not furnish the parlor and the two west chambers at present."

"What, leave those three beautiful rooms unfurnished and unoccupied!" I exclaimed. "That seems very strange. I am sure they will need them."

"So I told him; but he insisted that they could do without them for the present. This seemed strange to me at first, but I think I understand the reason. Probably it is not convenient for them to furnish these apartments. Mr. Owen did not, indeed, give this as the reason; but, from all that I can gather, I believe it to be the true one."

"This ought not to be," I said, with warmth. "If Mr. Owen brings a wife to the parsonage, those rooms should not remain unoccupied because he has not the means to furnish them. If he has not, his people have, and it would be a small sacrifice to make for a pastor so worthy and beloved."

"They might do it if they only thought so," replied my husband. "I for one, would be willing to do my part."

"I don't doubt it," I said, "and so would many others. All that is wanted is some one to move in the business, some one to set the ball in motion."

The subject of our pastor and his intended bride, and the then unfurnished apartments at the parsonage, occupied my mind occasionally for the next few days, and my reflections thereon might have led to some practical result, if other cares had not engrossed a more than ordinary share of my attention. I was preparing for a

visit to my dear native city and my paternal home, and in the bustle of preparation, my pastor and his affairs were less in my thoughts than they would have been at another time. My husband was to accompany me and return the next day to S. I was to remain a week or ten days.

At the appointed time, I received the usual cordial welcome to the old family mansion, still in the possession of my revered parents. Amid the meetings and greetings of the first few days of my visit, our pastor's matters were almost forgotten, until they were vividly recalled in a most unexpected manner.

One day an old friend and schoolmate called to see me.

"I suppose you have not forgotten our old friend, Emma Morgan," she remarked, after some general conversation on different subjects.

"Indeed, I have not," I replied. "I should be delighted to see her once more. Can you tell me anything of her? I believe she has not resided here for some time."

"No, she went to B. four years ago. But I can tell you some news about her."

"Can you? what is it?"

"I heard, last week, that she was to be married soon!"

"Indeed—to whom?"

"Not any one with whom I am acquainted. He is a clergyman, and is settled somewhere in the eastern part of this State."

"Do you know his name?"

"Yes—Rev. Henry Owen."

I started.

"Why, that is my pastor," I exclaimed. "Mr. Owen is settled in S."

"Is he?" rejoined my friend. "Then I suppose that Emma Morgan is destined to be your pastor's wife."

"I am taken by surprise," I said, "but I am glad to hear it. I know of no one I would sooner have chosen, if the choice had been mine, than dear, gentle Emma Morgan. How rejoiced I shall be to have her ever near me."

But who was Emma Morgan?

When I first knew Emma she was the daughter of the wealthiest merchant in my native city. We were intimate friends and schoolmates. I was ever at home in her father's elegant mansion, and many a happy hour did I spend with the gentle, affectionate Emma, in her own chamber, or boudoir, as I called it. At the time when I knew her best, Emma was motherless, but she was the idol of her father's heart.

Time brought its changes for Emma. First, a combination of adverse circumstances swept away her father's wealth, and this was soon followed by a severe blow. Death, that relentless destroyer, laid his icy fingers on that fond father's heart, and Emma Morgan became a destitute orphan.

But though Emma was most sweet and gentle, she was not weak. The pure, the trusting spirit is ever strong, and so it was with Emma. She had confessed herself a stranger and a sojourner here, and when a cloud was cast over each worldly hope and joy, she raised the eye of faith to that richer inheritance reserved where there are no reverses of fortune. She was not the one to be crushed by adversity, or to yield herself to useless repinings. She had rich resources within herself. She was thoroughly educated and accomplished, and she nobly resolved to employ her talents in securing independence to herself, while by them she was being useful to others. She left her native city to engage in teaching in B., since which time we had never met. Though even our correspondence had ceased, I had never forgotten Emma, but a warm place in my heart was still hers as truly as it had ever been. It was with most sincere pleasure I learned that my old friend was to be the wife of our beloved pastor. Well I knew that he had chosen one whose price was above rubies, and his choice had raised him yet higher in my esteem.

That night my sleeping and waking dreams were of my pastor and his bride, and also of the three apartments which had been consigned to disuse and desolation. That night, too, my brain—if I ought not rather to say, my heart—concocted a plan, the feasibility of which I began to test on the following day.

"Do you recollect anything about the sale of the furniture and effects of the late William Morgan?" I inquired of a friend, the next day.

"I knew a good deal about it at the time," was the reply.

"Do you suppose it would be possible now to obtain, at a reasonable price, any of the articles of household furniture then sold?"

"I think it not unlikely," replied my friend, after a moment's reflection. "I know of at least one article which is now for sale, and may, I think, be purchased at a reasonable price."

"What is that?" I inquired with much interest.

"It is that sweet-toned piano from which his lonely daughter used to draw such sweet music."

"The very thing!" I exclaimed; "and you say it is now for sale."

"It was a few days since. The person who bought it at the auction has placed it for sale at Colby's, — street."

"That is good news. May I ask you to get the refusal of it for a week or two?"

My friend promised to do so. As I unfolded to him my plan, he became deeply interested, and readily promised to see if other articles could not be traced out and purchased; and before my return to S. I learned, through the agency of this friend, that several articles besides the piano had been traced, and might be purchased at reasonable prices.

This was a fair beginning, and I was now ready to carry out my plan. On my return home, I entered at once upon the work. I counted on the hearty co-operation of my husband, nor was I disappointed. It was soon settled in our minds that the three apartments consigned to the reign of silence and vacuity, should be rescued from their doom, and should have committed to their keeping as many of the articles of household furniture, which had belonged to Emma's paternal home, as could be conveniently secured.

I believed that I should not find it difficult to awaken a lively interest in my scheme among the good people of S. They loved their pastor, and I was confident that they were willing to give substantial tokens of their affection. If they had suffered him to toil on under a load of pecuniary embarrassment, it had been the result of ignorance or thoughtlessness, not of the absence of deep and sincere affection. I was not disappointed. I found in them warm approvers and earnest abettors of my plot.

But a very important point of this plot was the keeping of all secret from the worthy pastor and his bride. This seemed to me the most difficult part of the undertaking, and I was obliged to call in the aid of my husband.

"How shall I manage this part?" I asked. "When is Mr. Owen to be married?"

"Next week."

"And what arrangements have been made?"

"The parsonage is now undergoing repairs. Next week the furniture is to arrive. Some relation of Mr. Owen, an aunt or a sister, I believe, comes with it to see that all is in readiness for the return of the newly married couple from their brief wedding tour."

"When do they return?"

"On Saturday, so Mr. Owen informs me."

I shook my head gravely.

"This will be too soon, Howard," I said. "If they return then

it will spoil all. They must be kept away some time longer ; but how can it be managed without leading them to suspect what is going on."

My husband sat for some time in thoughtful silence. I was very careful not to disturb his meditations ; for I had learned by experience, that these silent musings generally led to some result worth waiting to hear. So it proved in this instance.

"I have lit upon a plan, Emily," he said at last, starting up suddenly. "Some of us gentlemen will make up a purse for Mr. Owen, and say to him that it is for his wedding tour, which we have agreed must occupy three weeks, as we are quite sure that he has need of this period of relaxation."

"Capital ! capital !" I exclaimed. "What a contriver you are. This is the thing exactly, and in these three weeks all can be arranged."

The next Monday morning our minister started for B. That was a busy three weeks.

Of the three apartments which I had taken under my special charge, the one on the first floor was to be furnished as a parlor. The chamber over the parlor was appointed to the honorable calling of a study, and the third apartment, directly back of it, was to be Emma's room—her boudoir, as I chose to call it.

The parlor was very neatly and appropriately furnished by the liberality of the good people of the parish. Everything in this apartment was new except the piano, which was the same that had stood for years in Mr. Morgan's parlor, and on which I had so often heard my friend perform. It now occupied a conspicuous position in the parlor of the parsonage.

For the study, I had been fortunate enough to obtain three articles of furniture which had formerly occupied a place in Mr. Morgan's library, and which, I well knew must, from association, be very dear to Emma. The first was a large and convenient book-case, the second was a writing-desk, and the third was a study-chair, which had often been occupied by Emma's father.

As for Emma's own room, I strived to make it as far as possible the counterpart of the one to which I had years before given the name of Emma's boudoir. The new carpet, curtains, and paper hangings were indeed less costly, but very like in their general complexion and the aspect they imparted to the room. The effect was heightened by the care taken to place each article of furniture in the old familiar position. In addition to this general resemblance I was also so fortunate as to secure the very table which used to

stand in her chamber, and the chair she usually occupied, and also several of the drawings which adorned the walls. When all the arrangements were completed, the room certainly bore a strong resemblance to my friend's old boudoir, and I felt well satisfied with the result of my efforts.

There was only one offering which had not been the gift of Mr. Owen's parishioners. I had coaxed a rich bachelor uncle of mine to fill the capacious book-case, already named, with a choice collection of theological works.

The furniture for the rest of the house arrived in due time, and with it came a maiden aunt of Mr. Owen. I made aunt Edith my confidant at once, and we got on smoothly together, for she entered with the deepest interest into all my plans.

Friday afternoon was the time appointed for the return of the pastor with his bride. On the noon of that day all the arrangements for their reception were complete. The good people of S. had allowed me, as the privileged friend of their pastor's wife, to manage everything in my own way. At one o'clock my husband's hired man was dispatched to the nearest railroad station for the expected occupants of the parsonage, with strict injunctions to keep dark on those subjects relating to which it was not desirable that the good man and his lovely bride should be prematurely enlightened. Precisely at three o'clock the sound of the carriage wheels were heard approaching the house. Aunt Edith, my husband and myself, and two ladies of the parish, who had been my most efficient auxiliaries, were waiting to receive them. Everything was in readiness, and the programme for the afternoon was arranged, including the part which each was to act. At the opening of the scene, I was to retire behind the curtain for a time, where I could hear without being heard, and see without being seen. To confess the unvarnished truth, dear reader, I had determined to act the part of eavesdropper.

My husband proceeded to the carriage to offer his congratulations to the bride and bridegroom before they alighted. The aunt, with Mrs. May and Mrs. Green, met them in the hall. As for myself, I listened to all from behind the parlor door, which was left ajar for that purpose.

The happy pair were first conducted to the room on the opposite side of the hall from the parlor, which, according to their arrangement, was to serve for a time both as parlor and family sitting-room, but which more recent plans had devoted entirely to the latter calling.

After the usual compliments had been passed, it was proposed by aunt Edith that they should look around the house and see the arrangements which had been made. This proposition meeting with the decided approval of all the parties interested, the tour of exploration was at once undertaken. Each apartment was visited in turn, except the three which were supposed to be unfurnished. Every arrangement gave entire satisfaction to the newly married pair, with one exception. When the apartment was reached which Mr. Owen had directed to be fitted up to serve both as study and dormitory, the pastor observed that the book-shelves which he had ordered to be put up in this room, for the accommodation of his moderate-sized library, were missing.

Turning to aunt Edith, he said in an undertone, "Where are the book-shelves, aunt Edith?"

"They can be put up at any time when you wish to have them," replied aunt Edith, evasively.

Mr. Owen looked dissatisfied, but not wishing to find fault, he dropped the subject.

As the party returned to the hall, my husband observed—

"Now, sir, we wish to show Mrs. Owen the parlor. There is such a pleasant view from those west windows."

Mr. Owen looked annoyed by the proposal, but answered courteously—

"Not now, my friend. Those unfurnished apartments must present a desolate aspect, and I think we will not visit them to-day."

But my husband insisted, and the pastor submitted with the air of one who is making a virtue of necessity. Just as Mr. Owen and Emma reached the door, it was thrown wide open by my husband. I must here premise that I had previously made my escape from the room by another door, from behind which I was the unobserved spectator of all that passed within. The simple elegance of the apartment was certainly in striking contrast with the "desolate aspect" to which Mr. Owen had alluded.

Emma surveyed the room in silence for a moment, then turned to her husband with a surprised and puzzled air, but reading in his countenance no explanation of the enigma, she said—

"I thought you told me that this apartment was not to be furnished at present."

"So I did, my dear. This is quite as unexpected to me as to you," and Mr. Owen looked at Howard and the three ladies, but his glance of inquiry brought no explanation.

Again Mrs. Owen surveyed the apartment, but her eye rested at

last on the piano, and as it did so, her face flushed with pleasure, for she was very fond of music, and a skillful performer.

Mr. Owen observed it.

"That piano," he said, "affords you most pleasure."

"Indeed it does," she said, the rich glow suffusing cheek and brow. "It is so unexpected."

"Try it, my dear," said Mr. Owen, leading Emma to the instrument, and opening it.

My friend seated herself, but in a moment she raised her eyes, dimmed with tears, to her husband's face.

"What is it, my dear," said Mr. Owen.

"Henry, you must have known something of *this*!"

"Of what, my dear?"

"You have planned this surprise for me. It must be so." Mr. Owen shook his head. "But do you not know that this is my own piano? The very one my dear father purchased for me, and on which I have played so many times!"

Mr. Owen's look of surprise was abundant proof that all this was unknown to him.

"Then who could have planned this?" she said, looking around on the group with a puzzled air. "This piano could not have found its way to our home by chance."

"Are you sure it is the same instrument?" said Mr. Owen.

"Perfectly sure," replied Emma, running her fingers over the keys. "I am too familiar with it to be mistaken. It is the same sweet-toned instrument—how natural it sounds!" and Emma's eyes filled with tears.

The waters were rolling up from the deep fountains of memory and affection, touched by the magic wand of association. The young bride was losing in the memories of the past the consciousness of the present.

"Come," said my husband, who saw how it was; "you have forgotten that your special errand to this room was to look at the view from these windows."

Mr. Owen understood him.

"Come, Emma," he said, drawing the hand of his bride within his own, "come to this window, and see the view which Mr. Conway admires so much."

Emma arose and went to the window. She pronounced the view very fine, but it was with an abstracted air which showed quite plainly that her thoughts were of the olden times to which the piano had carried them back.

"Now we will go up to the two chambers which have not yet been visited," said my husband: "They must not be slighted."

This time Mr. Owen made no objection on the ground of the desolate aspect of unfurnished apartments. The visit to the parlor had probably put to flight the vision of bare walls and echoing footsteps.

"Permit me, sir, to introduce you to your study," said my husband, as he threw open the door of that apartment.

Mr. Owen looked around with a bewildered air. After a general survey of the apartment, he stepped up to the writing desk, and seated himself in the study-chair.

"I never could have imagined anything more perfectly comfortable and convenient than this," he said.

The eyes of the young wife had been riveted on the chair and writing-desk from her first entrance into the room. She now stood by her husband's side, and placing her hand on the arm of the chair, said—

"Do you know, dear husband, that this chair and writing-desk once belonged to my father? They stood for years in his library. How came they here?"

"I do not know, my dear," said Mr. Owen. "You must look to some one else for an explanation of the mysteries of this afternoon. I am not one of the initiated any more than yourself."

"And that, too, was my father's," continued Emma, glancing at the capacious book-case. "How natural they all look, and how pleasant to find them in your study!"

The shelves which Mr. Owen had ordered put up in the room below, had been neatly arranged by the side of the book-case, and on them had been placed the entire library owned by Mr. Owen when he left S. for his wedding tour. She passed her eye rapidly over the familiar collection, and then observed that the books all seemed to be outside of the book-case.

"Not quite," said my husband, turning the key, and exhibiting the fine collection of works supplied by my uncle.

Mr. Owen's practiced eye quickly took in the richness of this cabinet of intellectual gems, and his countenance glowed with pleasure.

"What does all this mean?" he said, addressing Mr. Conway, and for the first time asking directly for an explanation.

"Oh, not much," said my husband, "only that some of your friends have been taking liberties with your future home, during your absence."

"What a pleasant study!" said Emma. "I am so glad for you, dear husband."

"What is this," said Mr. Owen, now, for the first time, observing a folded paper which lay upon the writing-desk. He opened and read it, not without indications of deep emotion, and then gave it to Emma. It was short and simple, and read as follows:

"Rev. and dear Sir—Be pleased to regard all the arrangements we have taken the liberty to make during your absence, as a testimonial of the love and esteem of your grateful parishioners."

"There is still another apartment to visit," said my husband, leading the way to Emma's room.

This was adjoining the study, and the party entered it from the hall. I glided into the room which they had just left, through a door connecting the two apartments, where I still continued to act the part I had assumed.

As my old friend entered this room, she looked around as one in a dream. Her eye took in all at a single glance, even to the familiar table and chair, and the well-remembered engravings on the walls. Crossing the room, and throwing herself into the chair, she burst into tears. My husband motioned to the ladies who had hitherto accompanied them, to go down stairs. He then gently closed the door of the apartment, and went down after them. I myself, from my hiding place, lingered for a moment longer ere I followed his example.

Mr. Owen went to Emma's side. "What is it now, my love," he said, "that has caused this burst of emotion?"

"Ah, Henry," she said, "this is the very fac-simile of the room that used to be mine in my father's house—my boudoir, as my old friend Emily D. used to call it. This chair and table are the same; those engravings are the same; and all the remaining articles have been chosen to be as like as possible to the furniture of that apartment. Now who has planned all this? It must be some one perfectly familiar with my old home. It is all of a piece, dear husband. This chamber, that piano, and the writing-desk, study-chair and book-case. If I believed in fairies, I should think they must have been at work here."

"The fairies are some of our kind parishioners, I think," replied Mr. Owen.

"But how could any of them know aught of my old home?" queried Emma.

"I cannot explain the mystery, my dear, for a mystery it certainly is. But though I know not who has planned all this, I do know

who has put it into their hearts to do so. Let us kneel and thank Him, dearest. It is his due, and it will calm our minds, and prepare us to rejoin the friends who have so delicately left us to ourselves, but who are waiting for us down stairs."

I felt that it was now quite time for us to follow the example of the rest, so I stole noiselessly from my hiding-place. I found my husband alone in the parlor.

"Where are Mrs. May and Mrs. Green?" I asked.

"They have left, my dear. They said they were sure you would enjoy the meeting with your old friend better if they were absent."

In my heart I thanked them for their delicate consideration.

For half an hour we waited in the parlor, but those for whom we waited, doubtless, were unmindful of the flight of time. Aunt Edith was in the kitchen, engaged in preparations for tea.

"Come," said Howard, "try Emma's piano. The sound of it may bring them to their recollection." I sat down, and made choice of a familiar air which I had often played on that very instrument. The music soon brought Emma and her husband from their retirement. Howard went to meet them as they came down stairs.

"Who is in the parlor?" inquired Mr. Owen.

"My wife," was the reply.

"Ah! it is Mrs. Conway, my dear, this gentleman's wife. I am very glad she is here. Come and be introduced to her. I expect you will be great friends. I know not why it is, but I have always been reminded of you when I have seen her. You are not much alike, and yet are alike in some things."

"Is that Mrs. Conway who is playing?" asked Emma.

"It is," said my husband. "There is no one besides in the parlor."

"Wait a moment," said Emma, "till she has finished that air. How natural the instrument sounds, and that little ballad too! It is the very one my friend Emily D. used so often to play, and it is played too so very like what she used to play it. I almost love your wife already, Mr. Conway—that simple air has opened my heart to her."

My back was towards the door when Emma entered. I suffered her to come half way across the room before I arose. As I left my seat and turned towards her, she uttered a startled cry, and in a moment we were folded in each others' arms. I was the first to become calm; for I was prepared for the meeting and she was not. I led her to the sofa and seated myself by her side.

"How came you *here*, dear Emily?" she asked.

"Why should I not be here?" I replied. "Have I not as good a right to welcome the wife of my pastor as any other one of his parishioners?"

"Your pastor!" she said, confusedly. "Is it possible you live here?"

"To be sure I do. Has Mr. Owen never spoken to you of Mr. Conway?"

"Yes, often, and Mrs. Conway too."

"Well, I am Mrs. Conway. So you see the task you have undertaken. It is no less than to guide, counsel and instruct, as becomes a worthy pastor's wife—your old and wayward friend."

Emma looked at me earnestly for a moment, and then a new light seemed to dawn upon her mind. Turning suddenly to Mr. Owen, she said—

"I understand it all now."

"Understand what, my dear?"

"Why, my chamber, and the piano, and the writing-desk, and all the other mysteries. It is all Emily's work. No one else here could know anything about my old home, and it is so like Emily."

"Oh, no!" interposed my husband, "you are giving your old friend too much credit. The furniture of these three rooms is the gift of your parishioners, and the larger part of them have had a share in it."

"That may be; but I know that it was Emily who planned it all. Who else could know anything about that piano and my old chamber at home?"

There was no getting round that question, so to escape the expressions of gratitude which I knew would follow, I slid from Emma's side, and seating myself at the piano, began to play "Home, sweet Home."

Howard and I took tea at the parsonage that night, and after tea we left the happy, grateful couple to themselves. Many a time after that did Emma play on the old piano for the gratification of Howard and myself, and when Howard was not there, and Mr. Owen was occupying the study chair, many a pleasant hour did Emma and I pass in her boudoir, as I still persisted in calling it, privately, not publicly, for the good people of S. would have been scandalized at the application of such a Frenchified term to an apartment of their puritan parsonage.

All, or at least most, loved and honored the pastor's wife. There might have been some scheming and worldly-wise individuals who wondered that their minister did not marry a fortune, but most

were ready to admit that the price of such a woman as Emma Owen was above rubies.

I now loved S., if possible, better than ever. If my cup of happiness was full before, it enlarged itself to hold the additional drops infused into it from the renewing of this old friendship, and the happy hours spent at the parsonage. And when the cup of sorrow was placed to our lips, as it, sooner or later, will be to the lips of every human being, sweet were the words of consolation dropped into our ears by the good pastor of S. and his gentle, pious wife.

THE SOUL'S IMMORTALITY.

~~~~~  
BY E. M. FARGO.  
~~~~~

We have no blooms of never-changing hue,
No shrub whose verdure is forever green—
No sky whose canopy of ether blue,
Bends over us eternally serene;
This earth has no transparent stream of life,
Whose healing waters evermore will glide—
No mount unmoved by elemental strife,
Whose broad, firm base will always thus abide.

The world material does not advance;
The iris tints that o'er its surface shine,
Are not more bright than when the sun's first glance
Gave to the land and sea its light divine:
The soul alone—the strange, mysterious soul,
Is destined to progress through endless years,
To live while countless ages onward roll,
When Time no longer guides revolving spheres.

When all things perishable are no more—
When our refulgent sun is dim with age,
Then can the spirit on a brighter shore,
In loftier and nobler works engage;
No longer groping in a mazy road,
For something unattained—for something higher
Than aught we find in this terrene abode—
It there may seek and grasp its full desire.

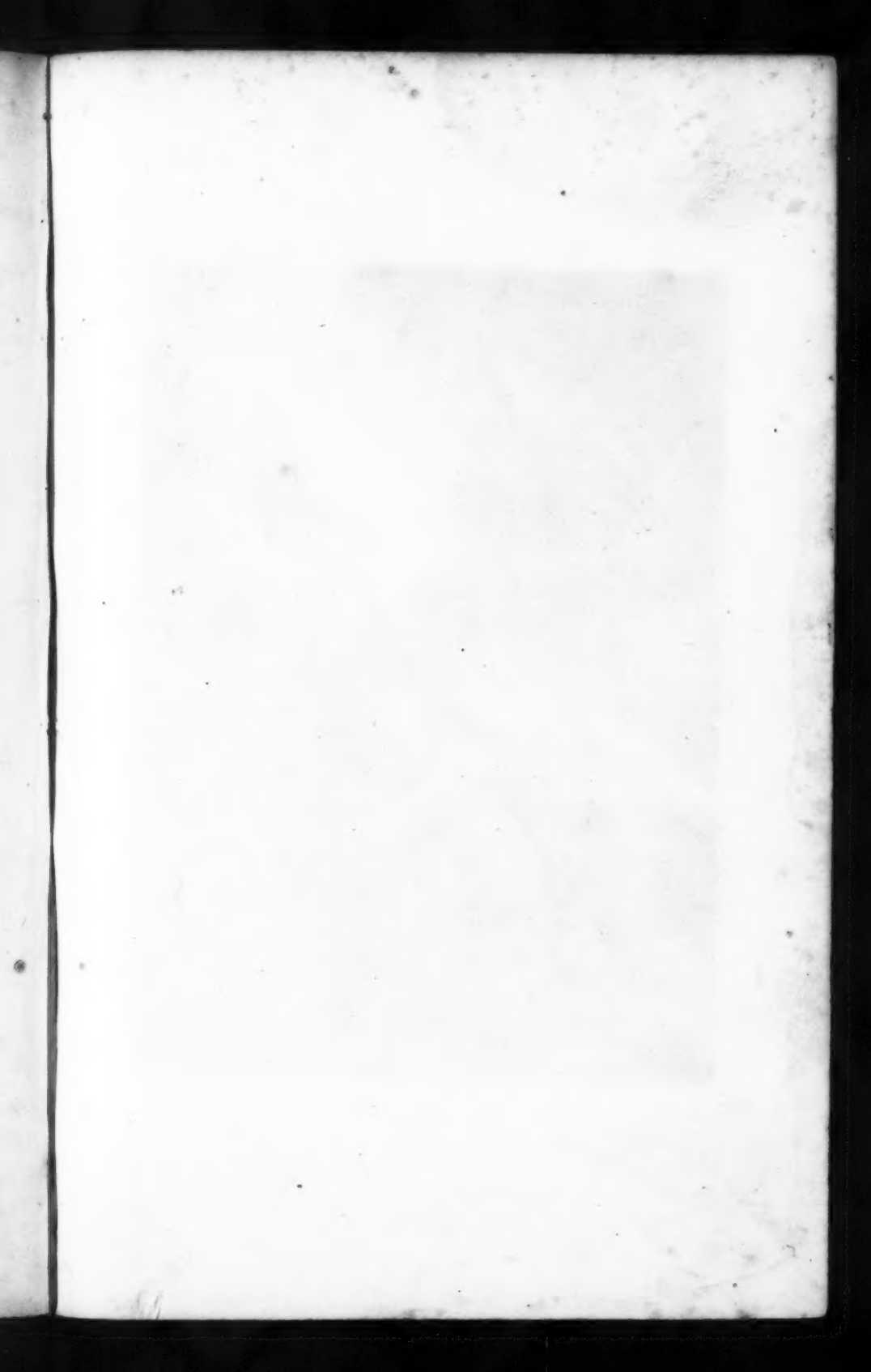
While striving here a craving void to fill,
The spirit's happiness is incomplete;
And restless with restraint, 'tis longing still
Some brighter charm, some dearer joy to meet.
It must be, that these aspirations vain,
Betoken powers which were not born to die;
Which, freed and purified from earthly stain,
May sweep the realm of immortality.

LITTLE LIZZIE.

BY LIZZIE ALLEN.

LITTLE Lizzie ! what a vision of beauty do these simple words awaken ! A little fairy figure, with a small, fair face, shaded by soft, golden-brown ringlets ; bright, dark eyes, sometimes dancing with mirth, and sometimes dim with tears and tenderness ; a little rose-bud mouth, so often held up for a kiss ; and a voice, melodious and tenderly modulated in its childish sweetness.

She was the loveliest flower that ever graced our household,—our golden-haired Lizzie. Her delicate beauty, her happy, singing voice, her gentle, winning ways, shed love and gladness over us all. How pleasant it was, when we came home from school, as the summer sun was sinking slowly behind the row of dark, stately cedars, to hear a sweet, lisping voice, calling our names, and see darling Lizzie running to meet us ; or in the winter, to see her at the window, clapping her little dimpled hands, and shaking her bright curls in glee, while her clear laughter rang out like music. Two bright summers showered their roses around her path of life, and then the Father took her to himself. It was the first time the death angel had darkened our dwelling by the shadow of his wing ; and oh ! how gloomy was that dread shadow ! We children gathered in fear and sorrow around the bed where our loved one lay, watchfully attentive to her slightest movement, and our hearts breaking with grief. The cold, ashy paleness settled around her little mouth we had so often kissed, and then stole slowly over her face, and the large bright eyes grew dim and fixed, and the breath came and went fitfully, until it ceased.—The clear, summer sunlight streamed brightly into the room, illuminating the beautiful face of the little sleeper, as with an unearthly glory. We looked through blinding tears on that cold, pale face, and followed our golden-haired pet to the solemn church-yard, and laid her to rest in her little grave. Our old house was dreary and sad. A rose-bud had withered and fallen from our wreath of blossoms ; the pet lamb of our fold was taken from us. There was a vacant place in our little circle, a vacant place in our hearts, which has never been filled. Many bright-eyed, merry children have we seen and loved, but none like our Lizzie with her golden-brown curls, her clear starry eyes, and sweet rosy mouth. But we know that the beautiful flower which budded on earth has blossomed in heaven.



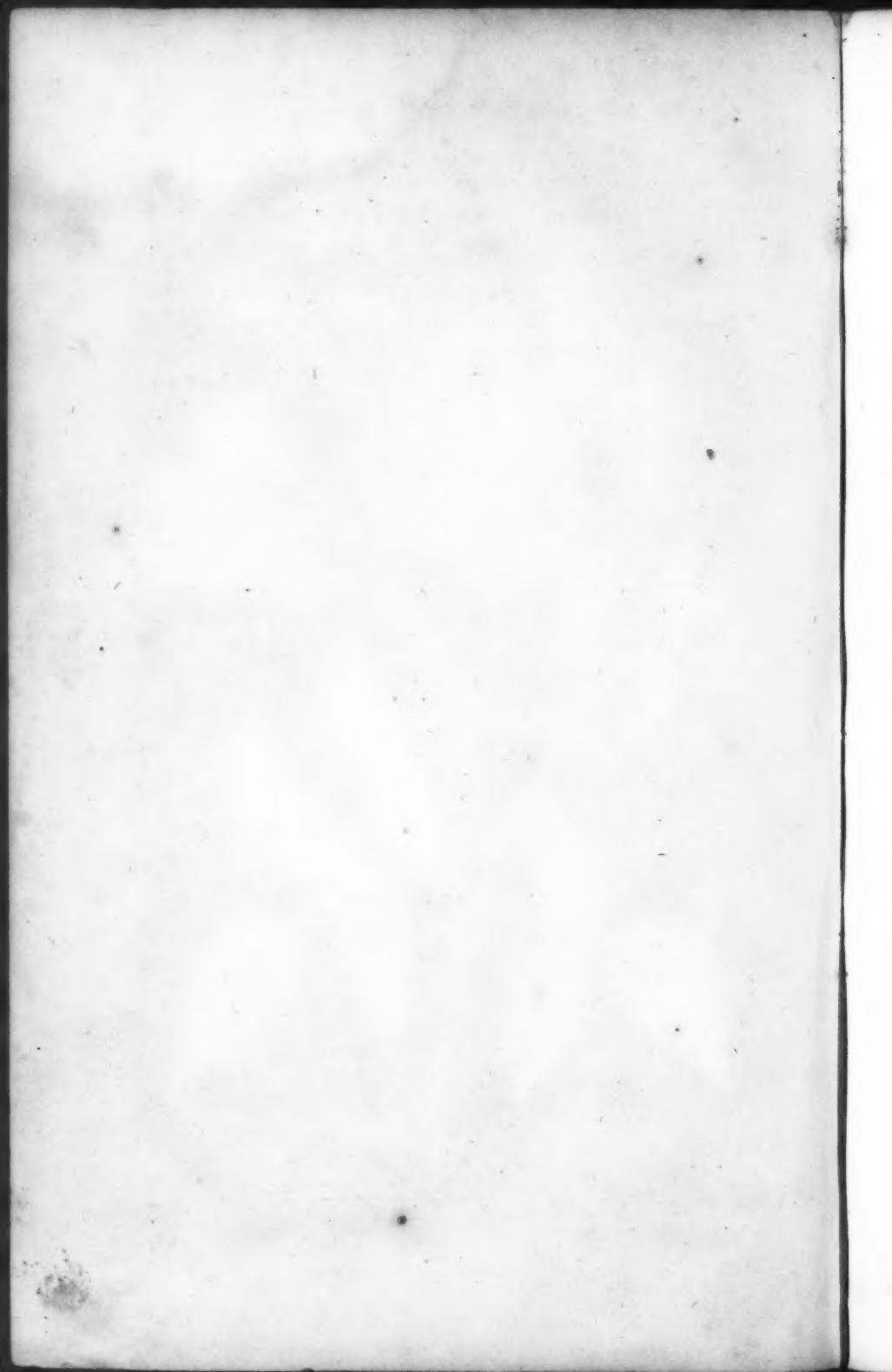


THE MOUNTAIN ROBBER.





Marseilles Rose.



THE DUTIES OF THE EDUCATED LADY.

BY A. W. MANGUM.

WHAT are the duties of the educated lady? When school-days are ended, and academic halls and groves are left, what then demands her care and devotion? Her's is the noblest sphere of the world.—Home is her empire—the heart is her throne, and virtue and affection the golden sceptre that she wields. Go then to the sacred retreat of home, and there you see in one sweet, inspiring picture, her duties, her influence, and her usefulness. The turmoil and experience of life may arm the soul with fortitude; the researches for truth along the labyrinthine walks of science may give the intellect vivacity and power; a faithful devotion to literature may store the mind with the unfading riches of truth; the lavish kindness of nature may bestow talent and genius; but all these endowments and advantages must prove but the spectres of what they might have been, unless the pious persuasions and holy influences of woman temper them for usefulness and model them for goodness. Woman's influence is not religion; but it is one of the most essential and efficient agents in giving to the world the blessings of morality and piety. The more she advances in purity and virtue, the nearer she approaches her true standard,—for woman is only herself when her heart is holy; and when she possesses such a heart, her influence is not only better, it is vastly greater. This is because we are influenced by what we admire; and all that is admirable in woman, becomes more so when her heart is right. Her innocence, gracefulness, and beauty of mind and person are then more perfect and striking. She then is able to touch every noble chord in the heart of man. Hence there is more power in one tear of her's, stealing from an eye through which a stainless spirit gleams, than there is in a hundred oaths from the lips of one who is disfigured by vice. There is more eloquence in her smile than in the plaudit of a king. Were all the women of the world what they should be, the bright millennium would soon dawn. If truth and goodness had every woman's smiles, and tears, and eloquence, and charms—every mother's and sister's and wife's and daughter's hopes, dreams, beauties, and prayers, they would soon conquer.

Thus the first and most important duty of the educated lady is to be pious. This fulfilled, the next step is, to resolve to be useful in the sphere assigned her. As she is kept aloof from the more signal

and comprehensive labors of life, she often forgets that real usefulness is her chief province. Besides, she is naturally possessed of a diffidence that prevents her from assaying what she might easily accomplish. Always seeking friendship and love, she frequently strives only to *please*, when her object should be to *truly bless*. Were her whole soul pervaded with a desire to be useful, her smiles and approbation would be given alone to the true, the noble, and the good.

When these preparatory duties are discharged, the opportunities to be useful will be manifold ; and each opportunity will resolve itself into a duty. When the energies of the mind languish and the hopes of the bosom are burdened with sorrow—when pleasures fade, and affliction sheds its gloom upon the heart—she should encourage and console. When wild ambition and forbidden longings fill the heart, she should control its madness and lessen the ardor of its extravagant desires. When selfishness rises and reigns, and cruel purposes are planned, she should teach the precious lessons of sympathy and kindness, and woo and win to better things. Whenever she sees merit slighted and talent overlooked because it is humble, she should reach down her hand and lift the gifted unfortunate from the hapless circumstances. It is not always so, but oftentimes educated ladies will not stoop to bless the humble. It is the humble whom there is need to bless, and whom it is *noble* to bless. We should not love the sweet flower that blooms in the wildwood less, because it is not nurtured in the cultured border. Nature teaches us this lesson in beautiful examples. The sunbeam steals from its home in the skies, flies away to earth, and finding the dew-drop on a withered leaf in a desert field, it is not too proud to kiss it and to allure it from the uncomely scenes around. The dew-drop rises in purity, and soon we see it joyously sparkling in the rainbow's bosom. Stoop then to bless, and you may have jewels to decorate your heart and character here, and jewels to sparkle in your crown of rejoicing forever.

Murmur at nothing ; if our ills are reparable, it is ungrateful ; if remediless, it is vain. A Christian builds his fortitude on a better foundation than Stoicism ; he is pleased with every thing that happens, because he knows it could not happen unless it had first pleased God, and that which pleases him must be the best. He is assured that no new thing can befall him, and that he is in the hands of a father who will prove him with no affliction that resignation cannot conquer, or that death cannot cure.

MOUNT TORN.

BY M. CHRISTINE METCALFE.

"Sweet, oh! sweet is the memory of distant friends; like the mellow ray of a departing sun, it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart."

MAJESTICALLY Mount Torn rises among its neighboring hills, far surpassing them in beauty. It is a long, long time, since we climbed its steep sides, but I have not forgotten one feature of its outline.—Linked to many a gladsome hour is the recollection of this same old mountain. Here on this moss-stained rock are carved the names of many friends whose willing feet will never again tread these paths; they have journeyed far away now. In western wilds, in foreign lands, beneath skies of burning heat, shadowed by higher hills than this, whose tops are crowned with perpetual snows, their new homes are reared; but I know that oftentimes, at twilight, or by the light of the harvest moon, when solitude invites to musing, they recall the "Torn," and the Hall in the valley, and wish, oh! how vainly, that they might throw off the weight of years, and live their school-days o'er again.

"A holiday!" "a holiday!" rings echoing through the Hall. The refrain quickly follows—"Hurrah! for Mount Torn!" What a lovely day! Are we all here? Yes, see what a number of white sun-bonnets dot the path, and how gallantly the straw hats are offered for fans. Now the strife begins—who shall reach the top first! The sun shines brightly, but we do not mind that; we creep along in the shade of the bushes, while jokes and merry laughter cheer the toilsome ascent. We reach the top! what a scene gladdens our eyes! Hills of all shades of green and blue bound the horizon; villages which we all know are scattered through the vallies, and *our* homes lie in that prettiest vale where the streamlet winds so gracefully.

Do *you* not remember a day like this? You were never happier in your life, than when you gave your hand ever and anon to some girl in a gipsy hat, to assist her over the fallen logs, and how manfully you parted the briars that she might pass by unhurt. You were sure you could never marry any one but her! She is Mrs. Smith now—how is this! Your name is Brown. You stroke your whiskers

and condescendingly remark, that she *was* a bewitching little creature, you really loved her, and admire her still ; but then !—And with just such an exclamation and a blank ends many a heart history.

Away down at the foot of the hill sit two or three for whom the journey up was too rugged. We can hardly discern them, but we see their white handkerchiefs waving, as they watch our path. How we wish they were up here to enjoy this beautiful prospect ! In their younger days they have climbed higher mountains, seen grander scenes whose fame is spread the world over. What of that ? This is a *home* scene. We may come here often and gaze down upon our own pretty valley, which though unsung in story, is dear to us. We may go far, even climb the Alps and gaze from them through vistas of lofty beauty, but what true heart among us will allow those scenes to efface this simpler one, simpler but better loved ? Do you not remember the vine-covered porch in front of your father's dwelling, where the wrens built their nests in the summer time ? You live in a lordly mansion now, but when they speak of *home* your heart seeks the white cottage in your native village. So our hearts turn alike from every scene to this so hallowed by the story of our youth. It was here that we painted the future ere our hearts knew a sorrow. We did not see the open graves waiting for the best loved. Friends were all sincere then—we had not learned to analyze *smiles*, and classify them as we do the flowers.

I am at Mount Torn again, but our party is small now. There are only four. It is almost sunset as we strive to gain the top, to see the valley in the sunlight once again. We glance at each other now and then, what happy glances ! and make gay speeches which the rocks echo, and laugh aloud in our glee, as unrestrained as the very nymphs of the wood.

Ah ! “Philosopher” has beaten us. How provokingly he stares down upon us—how condescendingly he offers his hand to assist us on to the rock ! Not a bit of it—we need no aid, although our great shoes are rather awkward things to manage, and are beside him in a trice. Hush ! we do not speak now—this glory fills our souls.

It was beautiful when the gay sunlight bathed the landscape wide in golden radiance, but now it is exquisitely so, here robed in shadows, there in purple light, and farther still, all decked in crimson. The richly mantled clouds roll up and stretch themselves across the sky, riding majestically through the ether. The sun has sunk behind yon mountain peaks, but his lingering beams still gild the hill-tops and shine on yonder far-off spire pointing towards heaven. To heaven ! our thoughts are raised there now ; it were sacrilege to think of

earthly things when the glory of beauty around us so symbols forth the splendor of that "better land."

The sunlight fades away as we stand in silence—the bright-hued clouds vanish—we sigh as the gray evening in its sombre shade enfolds the earth. We cannot leave yet. We seat ourselves upon the rocks, and idly talk of things far away from our hearts, as mechanically we gather the butternuts which lie on the ground around us, quite unmindful of the stains upon our hands.

So fades every earthly vision. Each day, however bright, gives place to a night of darkness; every summer is succeeded by a bitter winter. There is but one to-day that shall be followed by a glorious night, more brilliant than the light of ten thousand suns, a night which is no night, for *life* is the dream, and *immortality* the true existence.

In that self-same valley, which Mount Torn overlooks, lies a lovely lake. So calm and peaceful is it, the rustic maids about go there to make their toilet, and its bright surface reflects as much of beauty as any gold-framed mirror in the land. Bright flowers deck the border, and tall arching trees. Its shores are famous as a favorite picnic ground, and itself, alas! that even a lake cannot rest in peace, is the subject of some dispute. *Juliet*, who certainly knew that there was a very great deal in a name, most inconsistently asks "What's in a name?" Why even the appellation given to this retired sheet of water is of considerable consequence. Every devoted lover in turn names it after the star of his worship. It has revelled in Roman cognomens, in appellations of euphonious Dutch, and has been christened after every star in the summer skies, in which christening, a compliment to some fair one was implied. Nature too has claimed her share of the honors, and a number of her loyal admirers have preserved from "time immemorial" the name which the ancient Dame seems to have designed to be conferred upon her pet—hence the pretty title "Spring Lake" prevails with many. Such diversity of taste, sentiment and opinion, must, however, necessarily prove fatal, and as a faithful chronicler, having said so much, I must truthfully add that our "Como" is best known through the neighboring country as the "— Forge Pond!"

Not so bad after all. There is a great deal of romance in a Forge, and it too preaches its moral:

"Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!"

There is a church too in the valley, a church I know and love. It was not long ago—how sweetly the remembrance creeps over my soul—there we gathered together nightly to listen to one whose words were the eloquence of wisdom, forcible and persuasive. While listening, who could doubt the reality of religion? Religion! there is, there can be no heart utterly devoid of it. When we gaze at the glorious sky, the worlds on worlds that wheel above us in order and beauty; when we look on Nature as she lies spread out around us, in her various forms—the fruitful earth—the wealthy forests—the birds, and bees, and insects,—and on the ocean with its myriad of wonders; can we doubt as we gaze on these that there is a Divinity—omnipresent and omnipotent? As we study the motives of our actions, whether they be good or evil, can we deny that there is a secret power which prompts or restrains us? He who has read his own heart and seen its proneness to error, its longing after righteousness, can he deny there is a conscience? and if a conscience, a right and wrong? if a right and wrong, a heaven and hell? if these—a God? The holy man's words made us think of these things, and profit by his teachings. We felt that as the winged butterfly, having emerged from its chrysalis, is infinitely more beautiful than the worm which still grovels in the dust, so is the man whose heart is illumined by the glory of religion, immeasurably superior to him who knows no life but this, whose mind is still enslaved by unpardoned sin.

You remember the church on the hill, I am sure. There it stands, overlooking the village, at once a monitor and guide. You remember the stone steps in front, and the lantern which hangs in the porch.

You are at home again. It is the Sabbath. The bell peals forth its summons—the villagers by degrees gather within the sacred portals. Some have already taken their seats, some are climbing up the hill, and others are seen winding along the road, or crossing the fields.—When the bell ceases tolling, all are seated, save a few boys and idle young men who stand outside, waiting till the early part of the services are over. The minister enters. You recognize at once the good pastor who used to catechize you when you were a boy, and right glad are you that another does not fill his place. You would not like to have another occupy the pulpit which has been his ever since you can remember, nor would you care to go down to the parsonage to be greeted by a stranger. And while your heart revels in the old-time memories, you will scarcely believe that all these changes must come.

The benediction is pronounced. You take your hat to go out, but well-remembered friends crowd round you, greeting you heartily as

of old. The aged pastor too steps forward as you pass the altar—he grasps your hand, and the tears come in his eyes as he recalls the days when you used to recite your Latin grammar in his study.

But you hurry out—you have caught a glimpse of a form you would know anywhere—it is Fanny's! You extend your hand to her—she was your best-loved playmate years ago. She smiles, as she turns towards you, but it is not the frank, bright smile of her girlhood. Can it be she has forgotten you? She takes somebody's arm; you don't know whose, and you don't care! You walk slowly down the hill, and do not imagine yourself a boy any more. You remember perfectly now that you are a bachelor barrister, practising in York. So fade away these pleasant little fancies, just as the dew evaporates upon Mount Torn.

It was not long ago I visited the valley, and was again permitted to worship in the old church. But as I walked up the aisle it was not *our* minister's voice that fell upon my ear. A glance at the pulpit told me a stranger stood at the desk, speaking possibly for the first time to the audience before him. Yet his speech was thoughtful, earnest, with a witchery of home-association, even as though he were not the stranger I deemed him. Perhaps I was mistaken.—Alas! *I* was a stranger there now, and consequently poorly versed in current village affairs. For aught I knew, his aged parents sat there listening entranced to the words of their son. Perhaps even our venerable pastor had him the tutor of his early days, and sown that good seed which springing up crowned his manhood with a blessing. We listened attentively to the deep voice which expounded that fruitful text—“*Verily thou art a God that hidest Thyself* ;” and went forth with the striking illustrations and beautiful truths still lingering in our minds, leading us to catch from the trees, the hills, the way-side flowers and streams a consciousness of the hidden Divinity.

In the pleasant quiet of the twilight hour I learned that my half-formed suppositions were correct. Were theirs of the future, so truthful as mine of the past? God only saw the opening vista; saw the brave disciple carrying the immortal light to minds all wrapped in darkness; saw him on battle-fields, in tents, in temples where error rules, himself ever a soldier of truth. Yes, God only saw the path all marked with the glorious victories of Bible hope and faith; saw his tireless labors in the Queen city of the East, followed him in his last journey, and saw his sun setting beneath those eastern skies. Setting? no, rather rising into effulgent day, gilding our western skies with that celestial radiance which shall cheer new ranks of

Christian soldiers as they buckle on their armor for the long contest between Light and Darkness. Happy is he who falls in the great Captain's service, whose winding-sheet is the undeserted, struggling, yet surely triumphant banner of his Leader.

At Mount Torn once again. Midnight robes the vallies in her sombre shroud. We have traveled up from the neighboring "Furnaces," to gratify a whim, a foolish idea, whatever you please to call it. We have studied nature from these same rocks by sunlight and by moonlight; now we have only the gorgeous crimson of the Furnace-fires, shooting like weird armies upon the midnight sky. The "falls" roar and glisten at a little distance, illumined by the blazing blast, other forge-flames burn on the far-off hills, only the stars keep watch over the valley of our love. We cannot be gay; the hour invites to strange, wild fancies or to gloomy memories. Then too our party is to separate on the morrow, and other partings have taught us how few are the reunions. There are names which we seldom mention now, because they will join our mountain rambles never more, but one and another of the old-time friends pause frequently beside their white tomb-stones, and plant perchance a blue forget-me-not. We love to fancy that they see our little acts of devotion, and possibly give us a grateful word of recognition as we bend above their resting place. It may be only a sigh of the breeze, or a carol of a bird, or the flutter of a butterfly's wing; nevertheless, we translate it lovingly and holily.

The future seems gloomy indeed when we think how these graves must multiply, as one by one our loved ones will lie down in death.

"But why should we seek to anticipate sorrow,
By throwing the flower of the present away;
And gather the dark-rolling clouds of to-morrow,
To darken the generous sun of to-day?

How often we brood over misery madly,
Till we murder the hope that was sent to inspire,
And pleasure grown old and decrepid, turns sadly
To shake his gray locks on the tomb of his sire.

Cherish Hope—and though life by affliction be shaded,
Still her ray will shine lovely and gild the scene o'er,
Like the dew-drop that glistens on leaves when they're faded,
As bright and as clear as it glistened before."

Many who find the day too long, think life too short; but short as life is, some find it long enough to outlive their characters, their constitutions, and their estates.

INDIAN SUMMER.

BY GENEVA.

In the rainbow-tinted forests,
Where the sleepy waters flow,
Roamed I with a dark-haired maiden
In an autumn long ago—
While a dimpled hand was resting
Timidly within my own,
And a voice to mine replying
In a whispered undertone—
Roamed with slow, with aimless footstep,
Hither, thither, through the glade—
Roamed where down the checkered sunshine
Through the arching, tangled shade,
Smiled so softly and so sweetly
On the dead leaves at our feet—
Where the fitful, sighing wind-sprites,
Sung strange anthems, low and sweet,
While our hearts, untouched by sorrow,
Kept the time, with gentle beat.
Year on year since then has fled,
And the dark-haired, agile maid,
Sleeps a slumber wakeless, dreamless,
'Neath that hallowed, haunted shade,
Where e'en yet the checkered sunshine
Smiles as softly and as sweet,
As when, years ago, it glistened
On the dead leaves at our feet.
Where the weird wind-sprites are harping
Strange wild music o'er the spot,
There she silently reposes,
By all hearts, save mine, forgot.
Year on year! how slow the moving
Of time's never ceasing wing,
To the heart whose perished pleasures
Know no life-renewing spring.
Yet when comes the Indian Summer,
When the hills are brown and sere,
When the rainbow-tinted vesture
Of the grand old woods is here,
Comes the rare, the dark-haired maiden,
Stealing softly to my side—
Comes, in all her mingled beauty
Of simplicity and pride—
Lays her hand still warm and dimpled
Trustingly within my own—
And we wander, hither, thither,
Through the dim woods, grand and lone—
Wander—silently communing
Of the bright, far distant year,

When, at Indian Summer sunset,
 We two first went roaming here.
 Year on year still passes o'er me,
 All my boyhood hopes are fled—
 All my early blossoms, blighted,
 Slumber with the buried dead;
 And though no sweet spring can bid them
 E'er to new existence start,
 Time of thee cannot deprive me,
 Indian Summer of my heart.

EVANGELINE—THE PICTURE BY FAED.

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 BY MRS. MARTHA BARKER.  
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SWEET, sad woman! all forlornly sitting,
 With death behind thee and the sea before—
 The silent graves to thy dark fears responding,
 While by the waves thy hopes are echoed o'er.

Baffled forever—yet forever hoping—
 For a *thought* living in this world of pelf;
 True to the memory of life's golden morning—
 For the ideal, abnegating self.

Type of the many—lonely in the real—
 Or cursed it may be with a heavier ruth;
 Still seeking sadly for the far ideal,
 Which beamed a promise to the dreams of youth.

Blessed the few, whose faith unperjured ever,
 Have kept that vision deep their hearts within—
 Loving its sweetness—blessing still its Giver—
 Its aid confessing holiest heights to win.

Spirits than we are far more brightly gifted!
 Oh, may not one unmated wait above—
 Who sees his image in a heart that's lifted,
 And breathes his presage on an earthly love?

Spirits than we, are far more deeply loving,
 And bring sweet hopes to sundered hearts below—
 Hopes which are prophecies whose high fulfilling
 May need the prelude of a life-long woe.

Sweet, sad woman! all forlornly sitting
 Where beat the waves upon the burial shore—
 Many another, by the world unwitting,
 Sits all forlorn her buried hopes before.

Though by another's side to mortal seeming,
 Far as the poles apart, hath each a sphere,
 And the torn spirit from its unmet yearning
 Wringeth a martyr strength to do and dare.

THE MOUNTAIN ROBBER,
OR THE MAN MORE THAN THE NAME.

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BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.  
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FOR a long period of time, the mountainous passes of Northern Italy were infested by hordes of banditti, sometimes prowling about the rugged fastnesses that gave them a secure retreat in small bands, but oftener in large organizations under the despotic control of some chieftain who had won that position by the suffrage of his comrades, or by his own superior bravery. Deeds of rapine and violence made them a terror alike to travelers, and to the peaceful inhabitants of the green slopes of the hills and the fertile valleys that lay between. Even the lords of the proud castles that crowned many a rocky height, overlooking fair and fruitful domains, trembled as they sat in their own well-guarded halls and listened to the tales which fell from the lips of wandering minstrels, or chance guests, of the scenes they had witnessed or the doom they had escaped.

At times these mountain lords summoned their fierce retainers, and made war upon some bandit chief who had excited their rage by some extraordinary act of violence. These forays were intended to exterminate the lawless horde, but seldom accomplished more than to drive to their more secret and impregnable fastnesses among the hills all who were not slain, or reserved for captivity, torture and death. While there were instances in which the banditti triumphed, and the haughty noble who rode from his own gates at the head of his vassals, breathing vengeance against the robbers, returned attended but by a few frightened fugitives, and pursued by the banditti almost to his own doors; from whence he, afterwards, looked forth upon the smoking cottages and trampled vineyards and wheat fields, from which the support of his people and his own revenue should have been derived.

The bandit chieftains were, for the most part, men whom some crime had driven to self-exile, who were either outlawed in fact, or condemned by their fear of legal or individual vengeance to an abandonment of the more peaceful haunts of men. They carried into their exile a fierce hatred of all their race, their enmity manifesting itself in deeds of terror aroused enmity in return—their hands were against every man, and every man's hand against them, save only when fear

compelled a temporary submission to the imposts they levied upon the cultivators of the soil, or the immense sums demanded as ransoms for their prisoners.

During the latter part of the seventeenth century, the name of Guido Montani was one that was only whispered in tones of terror, or coupled with deep and heartfelt vows of vengeance in cottage or hamlet, in village or lordly castle, all along the slopes of the Appenines and the broad plains that stretched seaward between Spezia and Carrara. The tales that were told of his deeds of violence—of the vineyards he had destroyed—the cottages he had burned—the old men he had murdered—the young men he had put to the torture to extort the secrets of their hidden wealth—the maidens he had carried off to be redeemed at ransoms often far beyond the resources of their friends, or reserved for a fate a thousand times more fearful than death itself, were listened to with blanched cheeks and quivering lips at every fireside. Scarce a family in all that region had not to mourn for those who had become the victims of Montani's band, scarce a farm or vineyard was there from which he had not stolen, or levied contributions ; and while his men feasted in their rocky fortresses upon fine wheat, and kid's flesh, and the rich wine, those whom they had robbed often starved upon a scanty crust of black bread, and blessed the saints for the life they seemed to hold but by his sufferance.

The gathering place of Montani's band was among the almost inaccessible peaks of the Appenines. It was approached by paths known only to the sworn members of the band, and guarded, day and night, by hidden sentinels. Here their plans were concocted, and from hence they sallied forth upon their enterprises of violence and robbery, and here they returned laden with their ill-gotten gains, bringing their prisoners, and driving the cattle upon which they afterwards feasted. Marvellous were the descriptions of this rendezvous related by the few victims who had seen it, and who, by ransom or stratagem, had again found their way to their homes. There were said to be immense caves in the mountain side filled some with wine, others with coins, and the images and furniture of silver and gold stolen from the churches in the valley, and yet others with silks and costly garments, with oil, and fruits, and grains—enough of all things to sustain the band through a long siege should ever their retreat be surrounded by foes. Years of successful plunder and violence had made them rich in all the most precious of this world's goods.

But few had seen Montani himself, and there were many and widely varying descriptions of his appearance. Yet all agreed that he was a man in the early prime of life, of noble stature and proud bearing,

that his countenance in repose bore the expression of devouring melancholy, while at times, when thwarted ever so little, a red flush spread over it, a deep frown corrugated his lofty brow, while his dark eyes seemed all aflame with wrath.

His betrothed bride, a woman of rare and exceeding beauty, had been dedicated by her parents to the service of the church, despite her entreaties and protestations. Montani had carried her off from the guarded precincts of the convent. This crime had thrown them both without the pale of the church and of the law, and had driven Montani into banishment, which his Agnes willingly shared. Both were devout believers in the dogmas of the church, and the ban of excommunication which had been pronounced against them, weighed heavily upon the spirits of both. Montani drove his bitter thoughts away amid the excitements of his wild and lawless life, and found brief moments of restless joy in the society of Agnes, while she derived her chief consolation from ministering to the wants of Montani in his short visits to his home, and in the care of her lovely child. This child—a boy named Guiseppe—had, at the period our story opens, attained the age of three years.

For a long period the inhabitants of the valleys had submitted to the taxes imposed upon them by the banditti, to the robberies, and murders, and violence of Montani's band, without an attempt to retaliate. So well organized was this band, so entire the control of its leader over all its movements, so perfect the knowledge of its members of the secret and almost inaccessible paths through the forest that clothed the mountain side, so sudden and unexpected their descent upon places widely separated, that they held the whole country in the thralldom of a terrible fear that paralyzed all efforts at defence.

But just at the time when the whole valley seemed most completely subjugated by terror of this lawless band, the brave Count Ludovico Feraldi, whose castle, perched like an eagle's eyrie upon a rocky eminence overlooking the fair extent of one of the loveliest of Italian plains, returned from the wars. His absence of several years had left his castle uninhabited and his tenantry defenceless. But no sooner was he again established among them, and able to listen to their complaints, and to find from his steward how greatly his own revenues had suffered from their devastations of his estate, than smiting his hand heavily upon his sword, and lifting the cross which adorned its hilt to his lips, he swore a great oath that Montani's band should be broken up, and routed from the land.

He called together the armed retainers who had followed him from the wars, and adding to their number the stout peasants that flocked

around him as soon as they heard that he had determined to exterminate the banditti, he placed himself at their head, and proceeded to search out the retreat of Montani.

The contest was long and severe. The banditti, from their perfect knowledge of the forest paths, had greatly the advantage of the soldiers, whom they picked off with unerring and secret shots from behind trees and rocks ; or whom they embarrassed by false information and led into skilfully prepared ambushes. Sometimes a guide in peasant's costume would offer himself, who would lead the troops to a great distance, on a false search for the banditti, while at the same hour that witnessed their disappointment, Montani, with his fierce followers, would burst upon some unprotected hamlet, to burn, murder, and destroy—then, suddenly retreating into the wilds, carry with him an array of defenceless captives.

But in spite of these skilful manœuvres, the contest was too unequal to admit of doubt as to which side should ultimately gain the victory. The Count had wealth and power, and withal the aid of the law and the church. The whole country was roused, and the stoutest peasants and the citizens of every town in which the name and deeds of Montani had been known in all that region, had flocked to his standard. Ere long, Montani and his band had been driven to their mountain retreat, and preparations were making for a final attack. And among those fierce men, inured to scenes of slaughter and rapine, preparations were also making for defence. They had determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and, if their pursuers could not be driven back before they finally approached the stronghold, they were to meet death together. The mine was prepared, the train laid, and, amidst an explosion that would have shaken the rock-ribbed hills to their centre, Count and bandit-chief, robber and soldier, peasant and outlaw, would have mingled in sudden and undistinguishable death.

But ere the attack was expected, the robbers hastened to place their women and children in safety. Many of the women had homes in the valleys—the homes of their innocent and happy childhood, to which they might return if the band was routed ; but meanwhile they were placed in a secure and secret retreat, the existence of which, until then, had been known but to a chosen few, and which had been prepared by the forethought of the chief for such an emergency.

All were placed there but Agnes, the wife of Montani, and her boy. The ancient nurse of Agnes had a home near the sea-coast in the neighborhood of Spezia, and there she begged that she might be conveyed, and she extorted a promise from Montani that he would join

her there when the attack was over, if he escaped unharmed, and taking ship, fly with her and his child to a place of safety and of a new life.

But there was treason among the banditti as well as among the followers of Count Ludovico Feraldi. Montani's purpose of accompanying Agnes and his child to their retreat, by night, was made known. Though they traveled in darkness and silence and by secret paths, they were waylaid by a band of the soldiery. The escort which surrounded the mules upon which Agnes and her attendant, who carried the little Guiseppe, rode, were nearly all killed by the first volley. A deadly hand to hand conflict ensued, in which the remainder were killed, or taken prisoners. Montani himself, terribly wounded, was captured, as well as the servant and child, while a chance shot pierced the brain of poor Agnes at the very commencement of the struggle.

Ere the next night, Montani was the inmate of a noisome dungeon deep in the rock upon which the castle stood ; and before that time the stronghold of his band had been attacked. In the confusion that followed the first alarm of the attack, in the absence of their chief, the train had been fired, probably by accident, and the entire robber band, with scarce an exception, met death in the fearful explosion that followed. With them were overwhelmed the riches of their spoils, so that but little remained for the victors, who rushing in, took captive the forlorn and bewildered wretches that survived, and carried away all of their valuable plunder that remained.

The robbers were conveyed to the castle, where, after short shrift, they were hanged upon the ramparts, all except Montani himself, who the sovereign desired might be sent to the capital that he might himself look upon the man who for years had struck terror to the heart of his subjects. To facilitate this purpose, Montani was removed from the dungeon to a comfortable upper chamber, where a surgeon attended to his wounds and administered to him such healing medicaments as he deemed would soon render him fit for his journey. From this room, long before his wounds were healed or his convalescence established, he made his escape, probably by the connivance of some person within the castle, and eluding all pursuit, it was supposed he finally succeeded in getting out of the country. Thus, with the exception of the little Guiseppe Montani and his nurse, not one remained of the robber band which had been the scourge and terror of the land.

Guiseppe Montani was a fair and lovely child. He had inherited, with his mother's rare beauty, her timid nature and softness of mien.

His loveliness and engaging manners won the heart of the Countess Feraldi, and she soon admitted him to her nursery as a playmate for her own son, some two years his senior, and her infant daughter. The Count, too, noticed him and learned to love him ; the children, who adored him, were restless in his absence, and thus very soon this child of the bandit chieftain became the companion, the chosen brother, of the children of the proud noble who had made him an orphan. His sweet innocence, his utter bereavement of all ties, commended him to the care of his friends, and he soon learned, unrebuked, to call them by the same endearing titles that were lisped by the infant Ludovico and Bianca.

With the children of the Count, Guiseppe Montani was reared. He shared the care that was extended over their infancy and childhood, studied under the same masters at home, and accompanied Ludovico when he was sent a student in the far-famed university of Padua. Here the son and the protege of the Count Feraldi were placed upon precisely the same footing, but Guiseppe soon proved himself by far the best scholar. His love of knowledge and his ardor in its pursuit soon placed him far beyond the reach of his friend, who spent many of the hours, which Guiseppe devoted to books and lectures, in gaming and drinking, and the various modes of vicious idleness that serve to fill up the time of rich and thoughtless youths even in our own day.

The Count heard of the different pursuits of the young men, but was not displeased with either. A soldier himself, and used to the rough life of the camp and field, no other seemed of great worth in his eyes. He destined his son for a similar career, and felt that it mattered little that he should become first a book-worm. But Guiseppe Montani he deemed best fitted for the peaceful life of a student, and was well pleased to learn that he was laying the foundation which should aid in building up a fair superstructure of fortune.

But Guido Montani had been a soldier before the sacrifice and excommunication and outlawry drove him to the wild career of a bandit chief. Something of his warlike nature had mingled with the gentler qualities of Agnes in the character of his son. Much as he loved books and study, greatly as he desired knowledge, the prestige of fame, the pageantry of battle and of triumph, the enthusiasm of bravery had for him a subtle, a magnetic charm far beyond his powers of resistance, even had he desired to exert them. He, too, chose the career of a soldier—poet, artist and scholar as he was. He exchanged the student's gown of black for the glittering costume of an officer in the same regiment in which Ludovico was enrolled.

Guiseppe had entirely forgotten the home of his infancy. A mere infant when he was carried to the castle, he knew no other home nor friends. He knew that he was an orphan, and dependent upon the bounty of the Count, but his name was no ignoble one, and he had always supposed himself the child of some relative of Count Feraldi's, who had intermarried with the noble family of Montani. In this blissful ignorance he happily long remained, while by a series of deeds of almost unexampled bravery, that brought him more than once the grateful notice of his sovereign, he illustrated the name which his father's deeds and life had covered with infamy.

Ludovico, too, was a brave soldier, and though he did not achieve so lofty a reputation as Guiseppe, yet won a name that caused his mother's eyes to glisten with pride, and his father's heart to swell with joy, while he lived over again his own daring youth in every incident of his son's career.

Ludovico and Guiseppe were but lads of eighteen and sixteen when they left their home. Seven years of student life and a soldier's career, had transformed them into bronzed and bearded men with strong frames, though still slight, and firmly knit sinews, before they returned thither. They had left the university for the tented plain and the battle-field, and the theatre of war had been too distant to make it possible to return sooner. Meanwhile time had been working magical changes there as well as in their own persons.

The bluff Count had become a feeble old man, bowed as much by grief as by age, for not many months before their return the Countess had been borne away to the great tomb of the Feraldi's. Her last fervent wish had been unfulfilled. She had closed her eyes in death without once beholding the son for whose presence she pined, and the other beloved son of her adoption who was scarcely less dear.

Other changes had also been wrought, but none so notable as that which had transformed the pretty child Bianca into a blooming maiden of twenty—a very miracle of loveliness and grace. She was the comfort and the sole joy of her father's heart, save that which arose from his pride in his son—a very sunbeam in the dim grey castle, and the delight of the servants and tenantry, and the scattered peasants in the valleys.

Bianca welcomed her brothers joyfully. The life of the young girl, since the death of her mother, had been almost desolate. In her secluded home she seldom saw any company, save some chance guest who sought the castle for a night's shelter, which was never denied. And, though she loved her father, the rough old soldier was scarcely a fit companion for a gentle, timid girl. They were not less joyful

in finding the sister from whom they had been so long separated grown into a lovely woman, and the visit to the old castle, which had seemed to Ludovico, at least, inexpressibly dull in prospect, straightway became delightful under the influence of her presence.

On the very day that greeted their return, a man whose dark locks showed that he was yet in the prime of life, though he was bronzed by travel, and worn, apparently, by sorrow more than by years, till his stooping gait was that of age, landed at Genoa. He had been a wanderer in other lands for many years, and when he set his foot upon his native soil, he bent his knee in thankfulness, then rising, while at some new thought a dark frown distorted his brow, he strode along the steep streets of that renowned city, gazing about like one, who looks, after long absence, upon well-remembered objects. He passed onward until he reached the suburbs of the city, where he entered a small tavern, and called for such accommodations as the house afforded.

The wine and food he ordered were presently brought him by the white-aproned host, who had no sooner glanced in his face, from which the broad-leafed hat was now removed, than he involuntarily gave a slight start, and allowed a momentary expression of recognition to appear upon his countenance. But, upon a sign from his guest, he was silent, and having arranged the viands, departed. That night the host visited the stranger in his apartment, and a long and apparently interesting conversation took place. The next day he departed in the direction of the mountains, and was seen no more in Genoa.

Meanwhile the reunited family at the castle of Feraldi was very happy. The young men devoted much time to the chase, and the warlike sports of the period, which the Count was delighted to witness even when his failing strength forbade him to share them. But more frequently they found themselves in the society of the lady Bianca, as she sat among her maidens bending over her embroidery frame, or strolled upon the ramparts of the castle, or along the wooded mountain side. In her walks Guiseppe was more frequently her companion, for, like her own, his soul was deeply imbued with the love of nature and the beautiful. But sometimes she was accompanied by both "her brothers," as she still called them.

On one of these occasions, the three had climbed by a devious mountain path to a mossy, projecting rock, from whence a view of the broad undulating plain, dotted by villages and hamlets, that stretched away toward the distant Gulf of Genoa, was obtained.— Here, within the shade of the mighty forest trees that rose upward into the deep blue of the Italian sky, they sat down to rest, while Guiseppe produced a scroll and read aloud from it some of the poems

of one of Italy's inspired bards. He had thrown himself at the feet of Bianca, while Ludovico sat near, and, leaning upon his elbow, yawned sleepily as he listened to the majestic flow of that lofty verse, which met an answering recognition in his soul.

The whole being of Guiseppe was thrilled with the impassioned verse, and when the theme changed from praise of the warlike achievements of the hero to the delights of requited love, that formed the best reward for his bravery, the voice of the reader faltered. Hopes, of which he had before but vague conception, took voice in the words he read, and, with the revelation of his love, came an undefined dread that sent a pang to his heart. He dropped the scroll, and looked up as if to read his fate in the dark eyes that, glistening with deep feeling, were bent upon his face.

A sweet tumult thrilled the heart of Bianca as she met that glance, a momentary embarrassment for which she had no name. She took the scroll from the hands of Guiseppe, and referring to some of the lines which had most pleased her, she turned to her brother, and repeated them to him in a dreamy tone, as if she were communing all the while with her own heart, and seeking from it the answer to his earnest glances.

At this moment—this moment of new-born hopes, of vague, wordless joy, of blissful unconsciousness—the shrubs, which fringed the base of the rock, and hid from the view of those who sat upon it the woodland path by which they had gained the ascent, were slightly stirred. A man, clad in the costume of a soldier of that period, with a long sword hanging by his side, and a heavy firelock in his hand, crept along the path, keeping within the shelter of the bushes, until he came opposite to the party, who were so unconsciously reposing above him. He removed the heavy cap from his head, which with its drooping feather somewhat intercepted his view, and kneeling down, brought his gun to point directly at Guiseppe, who, partially reclining and gazing upon the lovely, blushing face of Bianca, was nearest to the unseen assassin. Defenceless, in his unconsciousness another moment would have witnessed the spilling of his heart's blood, perhaps his death!

The finger of the assassin was already upon the clumsy lock of his gun, when another person noiselessly appeared upon the scene. He came up swiftly, yet evidently desirous of avoiding the attention of the party above. He was a confidential servant of the Count's, and one of his most trusty men at arms. He laid his hand softly upon the assassin's arm, and at the same instant whispered in his ear:

"Montani, wouldst thou kill thy son?"

That touch, gentle yet firm, that whispered question, low and distinct, thrilled the guilty man's heart. He turned and confronted the questioner. The deep frown of vengeance yet distorted his brow, but surprise and terror gleamed out of his fierce and glittering eyes.

For a moment those gleaming eyes dwelt searchingly upon the face that bent above him. Then he asked, in a hoarse whisper :

"What meanest thou, Marto?"

"The word that I have said, thou wicked man. In all these years hast thou not repented of the sins of thy youth, and hast thou now returned to dip thy hands in the heart's blood of thy own offspring?"

The bandit was trembling in every huge limb, while the great veins swelled like cords over his brawny throat and broad forehead.

"Alas! I knew it not," he said, at last. "I deemed them all the accursed whelps of the old grey wolf of yonder castle. I thought he had deprived me of my boy as well as of Agnes, and I had come from beyond the sea to seek the revenge that would have been so sweet!"

Marto drew him away, but he turned yet again, and again.

"The boy has the eyes of Agnes," he said, "and her sweet smile, as he gazes upon the face of the maiden. Just so Agnes smiled upon me before her father tore her from my arms to bury her in the convent. Wilt thou tell him, good Marto, to meet me to-night, at the hour of nine, beside the grey cross yonder?"

By the time these words were spoken, this strange pair had reached the point where the path divided, one branch winding up the ascent upon which the castle was perched, the other running downward into a deep ravine that led off into the heart of the mountains. Here they parted, but first the bandit laid his hand upon his companion's arm.

"Many a time and oft, good Marto," he said, "have I cursed thee for the life thou didst aid in saving a score of years ago, but to-day and henceforth, until Satan claims him whom man, and the church, and God have rejected, I will bless thee if thou wilt bring the lad to me this night. I would but hear his voice once, and then depart upon the wanderings that shall end with life alone. Wilt thou, good Marto?"

"Thy word that thou meanest the lad no harm, neither the Count who has been as his father, nor the children of her who acted the part of the lost Agnes to the motherless little one. Pledge me that, and I will bring him."

"I promise thee by all thou dost hold sacred, and also that I will perform all that I have said," said Montani, and then, without further words, he turned away and plunged into the ravine.

That night, beside the grey stone cross, met the father and son. There, for the first time, Guiseppe Montani learned the history of his birth. Hitherto he had cherished his name as one noble and unstained, but the words that told him that he owed his birth to a bandit chieftain, and a woman guilty of breaking the vows that plighted her to the service of heaven, struck a chill like that of death to his soul. He shrank from his father's proffered embrace in silence, and that man, so proud and fierce, humbled for the first time before the mighty shame and sorrow of his child, turned silently and sadly away. He had told his son that he should never seek him more, and the young man's good heart was touched at the wordless suffering of one who, however vile, was still his father. He followed him and stretched out his arms to him. Thus for the first time since his unconscious childhood, for the first time in life he lay upon the breast of that man whose sole redeeming virtue had been his love for Agnes and her child. Then each went his way to meet no more on earth.

All the fresh and beautiful hopes that had sprung up in the heart of Guiseppe Montani were blighted by the fatal knowledge he had gained. Every instinct of his noble nature revolted from the thought of asking Bianca Feraldi to become the bride of the robber's son, and he pictured to himself her scorn of him when she should know his origin, and the rage of his benefactor when he should learn that the child he had raised from such infamy aspired to mingle his blackened name with the proud race of Feraldi.

His only resource was flight, and a return to the active duties of a soldier's life. And feigning the receipt of a summons to the camp, he made some hurried arrangements and departed on the third day without having spoken to Bianca, save to bid her farewell in the presence of her father and brother.

Daily from the period of his departure, so strange and abrupt, Bianca drooped and faded. Six months afterward her father, in an agony of grief, bent over her couch of "sickness that seemed unto death," and besought her to confide to him the hidden grief which the physicians assured him lay at the foundation of her illness, and prevented a cure as surely as it was beyond the reach of their medicaments.

But not until she believed herself approaching the tomb were the lips of Bianca unsealed, and then, in faltering accents, she confided to her parent the story of her own unspoken love, and that which she had believed was once trembling upon the lips of Guiseppe Montani.

A fearful struggle raged in the old Count's soul as he listened to her words. His mind revolted from the thought of mixing the pure

blood of his race with that stained by the lawless life of Guido Montani. But love for his child, and the child of his adoption, triumphed. He reflected upon the lustre which the bravery of Guiseppe had already shed, while still but at the outset of his career, upon his tarnished name. He reflected that the man and his deeds ennoble the name he bears, while the name but reflects upon him the lustre of others acts and lives, so that though himself unworthy, he walks in borrowed light ; and he arrived at the sound conclusion that the man is more than his name. Guiseppe, therefore, received a summons to his home.

The tidings that greeted him there were such as brought a flush of joy to the cheek that had grown strangely pale, during his self-inflicted banishment. They were no less than the information that Bianca no longer looked upon him as a brother. And from her own lips he learned in what light she viewed him, and was content.

There was a bridal in the chapel of the castle, and a bridal banquet in the castle hall, and the son of the Mountain Robber was wedded there to the daughter of the proud house of Feraldi ; and none who saw the noble pair deemed them illy matched, or heaved one sigh of regret at the strange incidents that had bound together the lives of two persons born to such widely separated and diverse fates.

Guido Montani never returned to his country, nor were his descendants ever reminded of that which they would fain forget—the shame he had brought upon a proud name. All was forgotten in the prestige of the brave deeds of Guiseppe, who still further ennobled the name of Montani, and gained from the hands of his grateful sovereign new titles and new honors to lay at the feet of the lady Bianca ; and to place him in a rank even above the proud lord of the castle of Feraldi.

As some consolation for the fears of the brave, and the follies of the wise, let us reflect on the magnanimity that has been displayed by the weak, and the disinterestedness that has been evinced by the mistaken ; by those who have indeed grossly erred, but have nobly acted. This reflection will increase our veneration for virtue, when even its shadow has produced substantial good, and unconquerable heroism ; since a phantom, when mistaken for *her*, has been pursued with an ardor that gathered force from opposition, constancy from persecution, and victory from death.

LITTLE KATIE.

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BY IDA WALTON.  
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LITTLE KATIE, our bright-eyed Katie, was the pet and plaything of our little village. Every body loved her ; every body sported with and caressed her ; and yet she had not wealth to influence the simple hearted villagers, but simply her ever-ready smile and lively temperament. She was a child of the South. Her early days were spent in the gay city of New Orleans. Her home was an elegant mansion, in the most densely populated part of the city, supplied with an abundance of servants to fulfill every wish of their young mistress ; which consisted principally in listening to their wild stories, or pulling their black, curly hair—for she never seemed to dream of any difference between mistress and slave.

Before five summers had passed over her, her faithful mother was borne away to heaven. Thus being left to the care of incompetent guardians, her father brought her to a more northern clime ; but the chills of winter, and the severities to which she was unaccustomed, did not in the least cool or dampen her spirits. She was always the same merry, laughing Katie, in times of sorrow as well as of joy : for, acutely as she might feel for the time, her impulsive nature would predominate, and she would burst out into a gay laugh over something that excited her quick fancy.

Our ranks were incomplete without Katie in the little village school. As each succeeding season brought us a new teacher, so sure was he to be captivated by Katie's bright eyes ; and if any mischief were detected in our fun-loving heroine, she had such an expression of penitence, and such a winning way of pleading excuses, that the most hard hearted could not find it in his heart to punish her.

She was not interested in books ; they held no fascination for her. To use her own expression, "she couldn't stop to study." She had a retentive memory, and remarkable power of imitation, so that connected with her careful training, and habits of close observation, she was far in advance of others of her years. Her choicest sport was playing with a favorite white spaniel, which knew and loved well its little mistress, experiencing naught but kindness at her hands. It was purchased in France, and composed one of the many gifts that gladdened her third birth-day, when she lived in her southern home. Her little Lily was not forgotten, even when other things must be

forsaken, and after much consultation, an arrangement was effected by which "Lily should go North to be educated," as Katie said.—Accordingly his dogship was as constant at school as the day came. Every season, almost, he was denied the privilege of sharing her seat ; but with the spaniel went Katie. No one wanted her absent, so he was sure to be welcomed back again, with noisy congratulations. It was truly amusing to see Lily's demure little face, peering over the top of the desk where Katie sat, but by no inducement could "Lily and me" be separated. At home her employment was principally imparting sage maxims and such other kinds of knowledge as might prove serviceable to him in time of need. Katie never went of an errand but Lily went, and in passing the street we were sure to see two happy faces, if no more.

As years advanced, Katie became more beautiful. In her earlier years, she was not peculiarly so, otherwise than her sparkling eyes ; but as her mind grew more mature, it lent a beautifying and modifying charm to her countenance. Now her mind eagerly sought for knowledge, and as our rural village furnished but limited advantages, it was decided that she should go where she could pursue a more extended course of education : accordingly, she left our quiet little circle for the justly celebrated seminary at which she was to spend a series of years.

Among all our number, none missed her more than another general favorite, Willie De Forrest. When Katie was gone, not to return to us for four long years, away went Willie too to a college, separated from the seminary only by a large green, surrounded by a gravel walk, edged on either side by majestic elms, affording a pleasing shelter from the rays of the sun, or an obstruction to the rude blasts of winter. On this common it was customary for the students of both institutions to spend their recreation hours, in studying beneath the shadow of those veteran sons of the forest, or each in discussing the merits of his own institution, or conversing upon the topic best suited to his fancy. At the close of the summer days, when the sun is reclining behind the western hills, the common, the pride of the citizens, is thickly scattered with intelligent youths and happy maidens. Strange reports might those ancient elms give forth, and many a funny secret betray, were they addicted to gossiping ; but, in their long course of years, they had learned wisdom—a part of which was, that where confidence is placed it should be held as a sacred jewel ; therefore, they nodded their stately heads in silence, smiling at the presumption of the pigmies of earth.

At the first thought that Katie was to be away from her home for so long a time, that she should no longer be among her former friends,

(Lily not being wholly overlooked,) her heart failed her, and she burst into tears. Long and sadly she wept at the thought of being a stranger; and every one looked so coldly upon her, and the place seemed so desolate, in comparison with her own loved home. But the cloud was not suffered long to darken her sky. One of those choice spirits, ever to be found among a large collection of students, was prompted to devise some means whereby to raise her drooping spirits. She began by mentioning the attractions she would find when once acquainted—the teachers so kind, the scholars so friendly, and the agreeable promenades they would have in their miniature park. She expressed herself in such school-girl-like phraseology, and with such a winning manner, that Katie could not, if she would, help loving her. Indeed Minnie was in such general estimation, that instead of being called by the ceremonious title of Miss Lee, all joined in calling her “little Minnie,” although in stature or intellect she was equal to other young ladies. When her position was decided, and her duties apportioned, Katie was herself again; enlivening the dreary hours of her companions by her lively sallies, or by relating in her own bewitching way her experience of home-sickness. In short, she soon became greatly esteemed, both on account of her ready natural powers of conversation, and of her gifted mind.

After a few weeks had glided away, she was surprized and delighted at meeting Willie in one of her daily walks. She eagerly inquired for her friends, but learned, in reply, that he had been from their home nearly as long as herself; that he had been seeking her daily, but until that day, he had been compelled to return without the object of his search having been gained.

Upon the arrival of De Forrest at college, the students, judging from his exterior, took the liberty of playing off many of those jokes too well remembered by their victims, and in which students are wont to indulge. True, there was nothing prepossessing in his appearance, but he must be dull in the study of human nature, who could not see in the flash of those dark intellectual eyes, and in the outlines of his finely formed forehead, that something more than ordinary was hidden there; yet they took the liberty of annoying and ridiculing him, until he took his seat among them for his first recitation. Then all looked amazed. They gazed and stood in blank astonishment. He was far in advance of the most talented, and recited with a correctness and fluency that instantly arrested the attention of his tutor. All seeing him so much their superior, were glad to retract their estimate of his talent, and in silence follow his footsteps. At the end of the first week, he was universally acknowledged

to stand at the head of his class ; a post he ever retained during his stay at the institution.

Several years passed on : Willie has graduated with the highest honors, has studied law with a distinguished practitioner, and is now successfully following his profession in one of our frontier cities.

Katie has also graduated, and is engaged in teaching in the same place where she received her education. She has changed little, for she was but youthful when she entered upon her course of study, and goes on, day by day, imparting knowledge with a ready tact ; ever devising some new plan to interest even the most restless of her little charge. All know her, only to love her, for she mingled a gay sportiveness with a quiet dignity, and she entered into their sports with a keen zest, or planned new schemes for their execution, or soothed the sorrowful with kindly words,—thus intermingling their happiness with her own. But now she was about to leave them, for Willie was coming to claim her in accordance with a promise made long ago—the old elms being witnesses !

In a short time, Willie was at his own village home again. Katie too was there ; but the gossiping country people had not yet discovered any *design* in the two happening there together, until at length it began to be noised abroad that something unusual was about to transpire in the church—no one could surmise what. Then imagine their consternation, when after having been seated for a few moments, a bridal train appeared. And their astonishment was in no wise lessened, when they discovered that those most nearly interested were none other than Willie De Forrest and Katie Lee. The deep, full-toned organ pealed forth a bridal chorus, the bustling little minister seemed unusually enlivened, and the scene, altogether so different from a formal, ceremonious wedding, passed off happily.

Some scolded, some laughed, and some “ could not believe their eyes.” But it was really so. Katie Lee had lost her identity, and as the throng pressed forward to congratulate the happy pair, they were more than ever convinced that Katie was a treasure.

Willie and his bride hastened away to their home, as romantic a spot as ever graced the earth. It was a fancy cottage in the Italian style almost hidden by shrubbery and flowers, on the banks of a sparkling river that shot up bright gleams of light through the dense foliage of the overhanging trees, making more cheerful the cozy apartments of their domicile. Their grounds were not extensive, but laid out in elegant style, and many rare and fragile plants flourished under Katie’s skillful training, further combining beauty with comfort. They were sufficiently distant to be removed from the din and

confusion of the city, and while Willie was engaged in the arduous duties of his profession, Katie was employed in superintending the arrangements of the household, or in training her cherished plants; meanwhile, Lily, who had been almost forgotten, and was somewhat infirm with age, lay lazily eyeing the bright waves of the flowing stream sparkling in the sunlight, or half dozing in a warm summer's day, in the shade of a large magnolia. Willie spent most of his evenings at home, and Katie strove assiduously that all care should be driven away, and that his home should be cheerful and happy.—If any thing had crossed her during the day, she put forth every exertion to avoid manifesting any emotion, that Willie's love for his home might grow stronger rather than diminish. Then during the long winter evenings, as they sat by the glowing coals, Willie had either an amusing or sorrowful anecdote to relate of the day's experience, to provoke smiles or draw forth sympathy. They usually spent their time in reading, in studying classical works, or in discussing theories, metaphysical or theological. When they were wearied with books, they sought recreation in music, in which Katie was a proficient, often accompanying the instrument with her voice, in which she was not unfrequently joined by Willie.

Years passed on, and we find our Willie in legislative halls. His talent and unceasing devotion to his profession, could not allow him to remain long in an humble position. He, by patient perseverance, has nobly won the office tendered to him by his fellow citizens, and honorably has he fulfilled its duties. But, meanwhile, where is Katie?

In the capital city of our nation, on an eminence a little retired from the centre of business, stands a spacious and elegant mansion. Hastily tripping up the marble steps, we will give one pull at the bell. It is answered by a colored servant, and we inquire for the mistress of the house. Passing through a long and splendid corridor, we are ushered into a spacious and magnificent parlor. The elderly lady whom we see is Mrs. Wm. De Forrest. Much older, and perhaps much changed, she is our Katie still. She has faithfully encouraged and assisted her husband in gaining and occupying the position he holds, and well qualified is she to grace the mansion of the Hon. Wm. De Forrest.

Think not their course has been uncrossed by sorrow, for many and bitter trials have they experienced. A lofty-minded son, in early manhood, fell a victim to the pestilence of the South, suddenly dashing all their fond expectations for him. Rude and bitter calumny, too, assailed them, and roused their hearts to sorrow; and while they were yet lamenting the injustice of their enemies, an only daughter

followed her brother to that land where sorrow is never known, leaving their home almost desolate. Hence affluence and honor are no surety against affliction. But the rewards of a peaceful conscience, and the consciousness of unsullied rectitude, have been theirs through all to sustain and strengthen, and with these secure, no sorrow or trial can utterly overwhelm.

SUMMER MUSINGS.

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 BY ELECTA.  
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LURED by the murmur of the gentle stream,
 The cooling zephyr, and the grateful shade,
 I close my book, and idly sit and dream,
 While mimic fancy lends her magic aid.

How glorious is the arch of sapphire blue,
 Draped with the fleecy clouds of shaded white,
 Forever changing, yet forever new,
 Each varied form is but a fresh delight.

See yonder castle with its turrets grey,
 Like old Dun-Luce, upon its rocky base—
 A passing breeze has swept it all away,
 And left a shattered ruin in its place.

United now, they form a mountain range,
 Whose snowy peaks in solemn grandeur rise;
 But while I gaze, their outlines slowly change,
 And stately ships lume up against the skies.

Borne on the wind, behold that warlike fleet,
 With canvass spread, seems bearing t'wards yon fort,
 The booming cannon forces their retreat—
 I see the flash, and hear the loud report.

A few cool drops, upon my upturned face,
 Dispel the vague illusions of the hour;
 With hasty steps my homeward course I trace,
 To seek a shelter from the coming shower.

And such is life, a fitful, waking dream,
 We chase its shadows through a weary day—
 Our fairest joys, how bright soe'er they seem,
 Like air-built castles float in mist away.

But there's a land beyond the bounds of space,
 Where dreams and clouds and shadows never come:
 There may I find a final resting place,
 A refuge from the storm, a heavenly home.

THE FIRST FLIRTATION.

BY MISS JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE two maiden ladies who sat sipping their tea in the small sitting room that fronted on Classon Avenue, were not, by any means, the prim, starched-up beings that you and I designate as "old maids." On the contrary, leaving their age out of the question, they were just the kind of persons with whom to spend a social evening; when, weary with the frivolous chatter of some ball-room belle, one seeks relief in intercourse with sound judgment, varied occasionally by pleasant reminiscences of the past, of which every old fashioned article in that room was a dear memento. In that ancient high-backed chair with the claw feet, an aged mother reclined, counting the seconds of time by the beatings of a heart whose silver cords were severed so gently that the very chair seemed to embody the smile with which that gentle spirit sought the gate of Heaven. And so you sit listening to their pleasant talk, for they often speak together, but not confusedly, like a duet in which you hear both voices, nor lose the tones of either.

Why had they not married, you ask? Well—I will tell you. They had suitors, but they had no hearts to give them, for all their love was centered on a brother, younger by many years than themselves, and they preferred giving him the attention that was so lovingly rewarded to devoting their time to perhaps an exacting husband.

And so they lived in the old house, with the old furniture, both of which had been in the family from time immemorial.

"I wonder where Robert is this evening! he is not usually so late," was the exclamation of Margaret, the younger of the sisters, as she rose from the table to consult the ancient time-piece. "Past seven o'clock: what can have become of the boy?" Then, as she drew her chair toward the fire, Lizzie, the elder sister, following her example, she continued, "Lizzie, do you know I think the boy's in love!"

"What!—in love!"—nearly overturning the table as she moved her chair excitedly from the fire—"in love—what do you mean, Maggie? what do you know?"

"Now, don't get excited, Lizzie, dear; I don't know anything, and I only spoke my thoughts, for I *do* think Robert has acted

rather strangely, and I feared was paying his addresses to the court of love."

"What will we do without him?" was the next thought, unspoken, but harrowing in the very silence that was maintained, as they patiently awaited the tardy arrival.

A footstep is heard on the stairs, which, for the first time, trod heavily on their hearts; for never before had the calm of their life been ruffled by the thought of his marrying and going from them.

"Heigho! I'm tired," was the first exclamation of Robert, (a fine, noble looking young man of twenty-four,) as he entered the room, "but dear me," he added, as he noticed their unusually sad looks, "what in the name of common sense has come over you, girls? You look like Sisters of Charity doing a penance, by not smiling when you know I particularly desire it."

"Nothing is the matter, Robert," spoke up Maggie, quickly, "nothing; we were only thinking of the future," and a pleasant smile dissipated all unpleasant feelings.

"Don't you know you musn't think of the future, Maggie, it isn't right. 'Act, act, in the living present,' as Longfellow says; and that's my motto; so if you've no objections, I'll try what I can do in the way of diminishing these eatables," and suiting the action to the word, he drew his chair toward the table, on which the urn was again cheerily singing.

"Robert, what are you doing so long at the window? You have your handkerchief out every two minutes. Well, I declare," as she glanced out the window, "I verily believe you are imitating that young lady in the window opposite."

"Ha! ha! ha! Maggie, what a Yankee you are; you beat Lizzie entirely. *You'll* never disgrace the name of Payton."

"Well, now, joking aside, what do you mean? and, seriously, what are you doing?"

"Why, if you must know, I am carrying on a flirtation with that young lady," indicating the young lady by a motion toward the opposite window.

"Flirting?"—exclaimed both sisters in a breath—"flirting—Robert." Such an accomplishment had never been known by them in their younger days.

"Yes, flirting, but don't look so glum about it," for Robert himself was a free, light-hearted youth, and wished perpetual sunshine wherever he went; "don't think *flirting* is synonymous with marriage, for in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, these flirtations end in mutual dislike, and mutual forgetfulness."

The needle was resumed by Lizzie, but Maggie, though she returned in a few moments to the perusal of a volume that had been unusually interesting previous to the inquisition of the handkerchief, rounded off many a period with a sigh and a glance toward the window, beside which her brother still sat.

And so it continued regularly every afternoon ; and the devoted sisters, although they never recurred to the subject, more than to laugh and joke with him about it, thought it was the longest flirtation they had ever heard about, and it had quite a serious look in their eyes.

And the eyes, in the window opposite, that belonged to Carrie Wheaton, the belle, be it acknowledged, of Classon Avenue, being of a beautiful blue, and viewing all things through a pleasant medium, wore just the expression calculated to captivate any susceptible young man.

She had met Robert Payton quite frequently, had even conversed with him, and liked him exceedingly ; and those eyes that had looked proudly and contemptuously on a presumptuous lover, or flirt rather, for, if they flirted with her they were as arrant coquettes as herself, those same eyes now drooped beneath Robert Payton's frank, open glances.

He liked Carrie Wheaton very much ; indeed, he had lately come to the conclusion, that, as they had met so often, they might consider themselves pretty well acquainted, and quite old friends. She had a pleasant way with her, and such a winning glance in her blue eye, it was quite enough to gain a heart even more strongly guarded than Robert Payton's.

As the visits to Carrie became more frequent, and the handkerchief by the window in much less requisition, the unsuspecting sisters, like philosophers, as they were, came to the conclusion that their brother had forsaken the error of his ways. Yet, they could not account for so many evenings spent from home. The piano seldom gave forth music of his creating, and the usual excuse would be, when they asked for a familiar air, "it is sadly out of tune."

And so was he ; for though he loved his sisters dearly, there was a chord in his heart to which theirs could give no response.

So sped the months ; a quiet happiness pervades the household ; monotonously they pursued the even tenor of their way—Lizzie as sempstress, and Maggie making herself generally useful, and bearing a light heart through every trouble, and preserving the calmness of a brow that time had not yet furrowed.

One evening, when the air was mild and balmy, and the room

redolent with the perfume of bursting buds and fragrant verdure, Robert was at home, an unusual occurrence of late, and the trio sat by the table each one differently employed.

Robert, after several ineffectual efforts to commence a speech that promised to be something extra, if one might judge from the frequent cleanings of his throat, at last remarked, "Well, girls, are you going to that wedding?"

"What wedding?" was asked in a breath.

"Why—the wedding in the Brick Church two months from to-day."

"We have heard nothing about it," said Lizzie, "and even were it the talk of the neighborhood, we visit so seldom, we should not be likely to hear of it."

"Who is it, Robert? I am dying to hear," asked Maggie.

"Well, ahem! the lady's name is—Miss Carrie Wheaton."

"But the gentleman, Robert?—there must be a gentleman, who is he?"

"Your humble servant."

Such a shedding of tears as there was at this announcement. Even Robert, although moved by the strange effect produced, declared he should have to provide himself with an umbrella. "What was the use of grieving? Such occurrences would happen."

Well, it was over; they had consulted together, and had come to the sage conclusion, that if there was anything that could promote the dear boy's happiness, they would not be the ones to prevent the desirable accomplishment. And so the preparations were commenced in real earnest; and there was such an indescribable amount of little things to do, that there was no time for other thoughts to intrude, aside from the now interesting one of the approaching wedding.

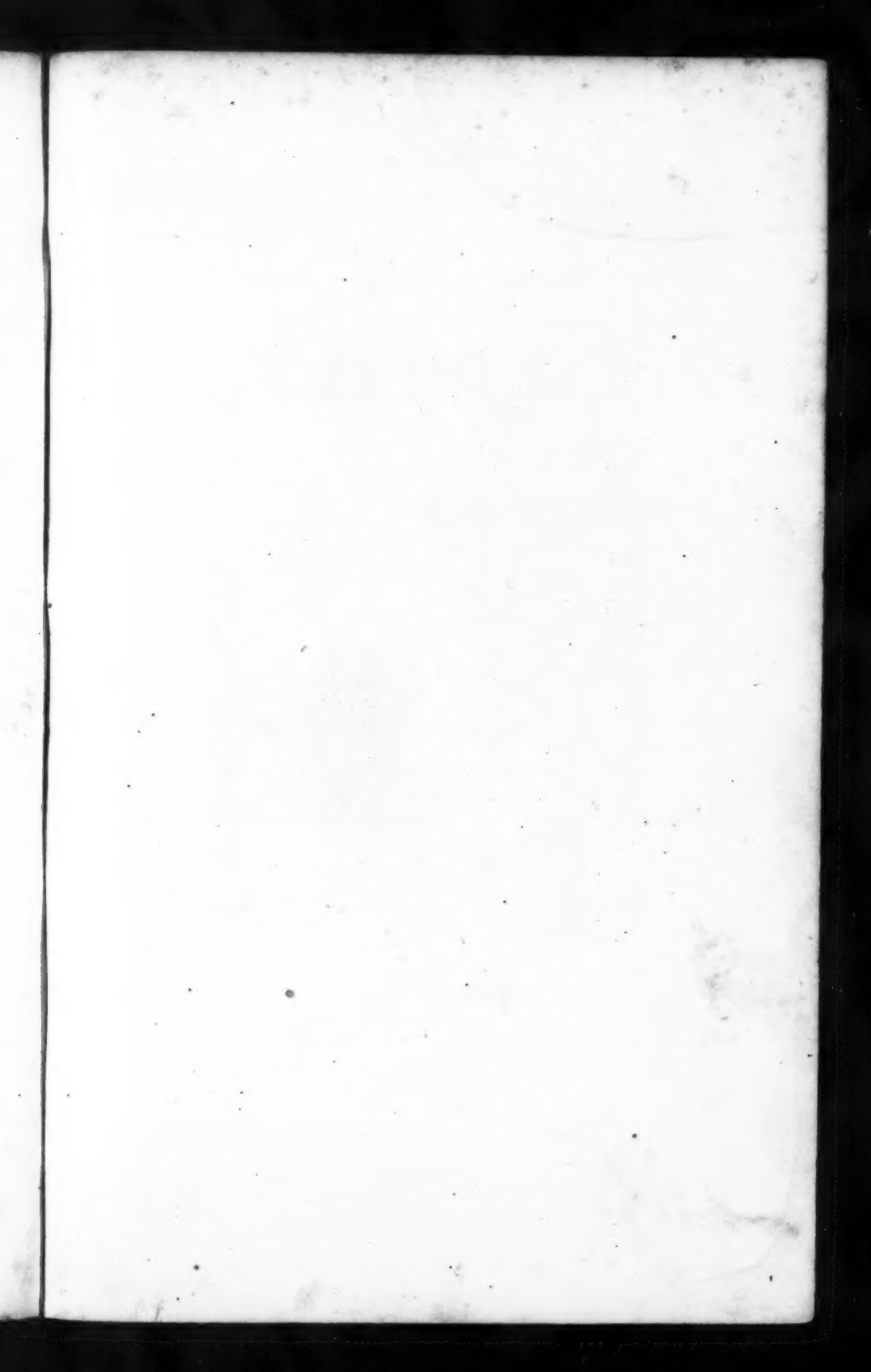
The wedding day had passed, and Robert brought his young wife to the home of his childhood, and the sisters, in their increased happiness, never regretted their having gained such a lovely sister.

"Well, Robert," said Maggie, one evening when the wedding day had wandered back among the shadows of the past, "do you remember what you told me one day about flirtations?"

"Don't blush so, Carrie! yes—I do remember something about it, especially about your anxiety and Lizzie's, concerning the future of your troublesome brother."

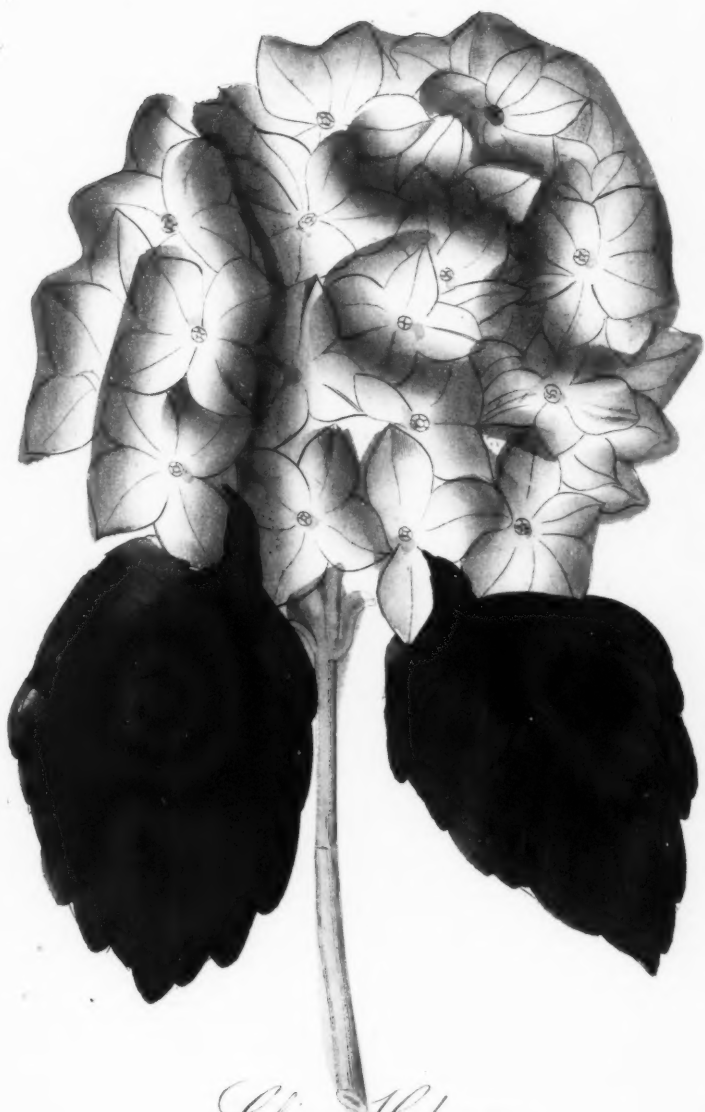
"Yes, but you said that no flirtation, or rather not more than one out of a hundred ever ended in marriage."

"So I did; but *this* is the one exception to the general rule, Maggie; and *that* was my first and last flirtation."





FEEDING THE SWANS.



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WOMAN'S MISSION.

BY MARY J. HARPER.

TRULY has it been said, "there is no country where *woman* has so much freedom and so much influence as in America ; no country where she has so perfectly the respect, esteem and confidence of the other sex." If her influence is so great, how important that it should be exerted in favor of virtue and religion, that she may early instil into the youthful mind those lofty principles of truth and justice which distinguish us as a people. How few recognize that she is silently shaping the destiny of our great nation. When the master intellect of the man dazzles the multitude, how oft the gentle teachings of the mother are forgotten ! She who moulded his plastic nature, and planted within his soul the germs of true greatness, rarely receives from the giddy throng of worshipers a tribute of praise. She must fold around her the pure mantle of virtue and conscious worth, and calmly await a glorious reward from Him who "suffereth not a sparrow to fall to the ground unnoticed." When she is regarded as the friend and companion of man, we behold the most perfect accomplishment of her high and holy mission. It is not in the gay ball-room or crowded saloon, where, the devotee of fashion, she shines a brilliant star, that her beauty, the moral beauty of the soul, is exhibited ; but by the quiet fireside of *home*, her loveliness enhanced by the cheerful performance of the sacred duties of wife and mother. Within its hallowed precincts she should find her highest happiness. Before its holy altar she should kneel in adoration, and lift her heart in gratitude to that Being who has bestowed on her the greatest earthly blessing, the love and confidence of man.

Noiselessly and meekly must she labor, that her gentle counsels and holy precepts may fall upon the youthful heart like early morning dew. Gently and lovingly must she win the soul of man from worldly care, and cause him to listen to her words of affection. The silvery headed sire has oft leaned upon her sustaining arm, and found in her love and care a refuge from the storms of life ; her hand has supported the drooping head, and wiped the death damp from the sufferer's brow ; her voice bade him look beyond this vale of tears to a blissful home beyond the skies.

Oh ! blessed thought ! to woman now is given
The work of leading others home to heaven.

Wherever corroding care or blighting sorrow have entered, she follows, bearing with her the bright winged messenger of hope, or the healing balm for the bitter waters. Who can fathom the depth and purity of *woman's love*? It shines upon the dark shores of time as the polar star of man's existence—his anchor in the hour of danger, his unfailing support in adversity—for then it is that woman's weakness is made perfect in strength. Next to trust in a loving Father "who doeth all things well," man's confidence and hope may rest in woman's faith. How oft has she won the wanderer from the paths leading down to death, and gently led him to bask his soul in the sunshine of eternal peace and joy, and not until the sands of life have all run out, will her labor cease, or her mission be entirely fulfilled.

How great is her influence at the present day. Although no brave and daring Amazon mounts the war steed and rushes to the battle plain, yet she has fought and nobly conquered many of the great moral evils of the day. She goes with the bold pioneer of the west, bearing tidings of "peace on earth, good will towards man." She wends her way to that distant land where the golden dream of centuries is almost realized. The cold snows of the north, or Africa's burning sands deter her not from her purpose. She is found in the remotest regions of the world, a companion of the man of God in his noble and disinterested work.

THE SOUL DREAMETH.

BY ERITH ST. CLAIR.

In youth's sunny morn, fancy gleameth;
Ere beauty is shorn, the soul dreameth.
It dreameth of peace, and forgetteth
That life's but a lease, that God letteth.

It dreameth of bliss, nor yet bendeth
The dark rod to kias, that God sendeth.
It dreams of a smile, that reposeth,
On life's scene erewhile, till it closeth.

It dreams of a land, where, forever,
Sleeps bright, golden sands on life's river.
Thus ever mid-youth, fancy gleameth,
Unguided by truth, the soul dreameth.

JANE THORNTON.

BY F. WILLOUGHBY.

"All over the world there are shrines to martyrs, and monuments to those who have died that others might live; but the truest martyrs, the greatest sufferers, have passed away silently, ignominiously and unknown."

It was many, many a year ago that I first saw Jane Thornton, (I call her by the name by which I first knew her,) then a plump, rosy, laughing child of ten years old. I went a stranger to school, and the first acquaintance I made was the little Jane, a sweet, affectionate, confiding creature, whose firmest friend I soon became, after the manner of school friendships generally.

My new playmate often importuned me to go with her home, and one Saturday afternoon I was allowed to go, and become acquainted with her relatives, consisting of a father, mother and three little ones, much younger than Jane.

Mrs. Thornton, as I remember her now, must have been a very handsome woman, and still in the prime of life. But upon me her appearance made less of an impression than did her manner, so lively, gay and cheerful, as it almost always was. She laughed and sang and talked with us children, always had a kind word or merry speech for us when we came in from school—for, as my way led me past their door, scarcely a day passed that I did not stop in for a few moments—either coming or going, was so good, so witty, she so amusing, that I soon came to believe, with her own children, that she was the most delightful woman in the world. And I still think, with all due allowance for my childish enthusiasm, that she must have been a very fascinating person.

Mr. Thornton was a grave, careworn man—a man who talked little, and seldom smiled, rather indifferent than otherwise, as regarded his children, but entirely devoted to his charming wife.

I said Mrs. Thornton was almost always cheerful, yet she was, nevertheless, subject to occasional fits of gloom and melancholy, which lasted sometimes for two or three days.

I well remember the first time I saw her looking so grave and sad, that I thought she must be ill, and ran up to express my sympathy; she gave me an absent, careless glance, and said, "Don't trouble me, child," so coldly that I turned away, chilled and hurt,

and did not venture to address her again while I staid, which was not long—for the unnatural quiet and gloom, which her depression seemed to throw over the whole house, made me feel uncomfortable and anxious to be away.

Jane told me afterward that “Mamma was often so for days together; that she did not talk to any one but father, and cried a great deal; that father always felt very badly at such times, and did all he could to divert her; and that after a day or two of weeping, the mood passed away as suddenly as it came, and she would rise in the morning as bright and cheerful as ever, without ever recurring to the cause or the fact of her depression.” I saw her several times in this state during the period of my intimacy with the family, but Jane told me that these strange moods occurred now at much longer intervals than formerly, and she hoped that, in time, her mother would recover from them altogether.

With this single exception, the family of the Thorntons was one of the happiest I have ever seen, and my acquaintance with them continued until Jane and I had nearly reached our fifteenth birthdays. She was, at that time, one of the most bewitching creatures who ever possessed an actual existence in this “work-a-day world.” In stature, rather below the medium size of women, in form and feature, a perfect Hebe, and inheriting a large portion of her mother’s wit and vivacity, with more than her mother’s share of grace and refinement. Her eyes were large, soft and liquid; you could scarcely tell whether their hue was dark-blue or hazel, and at night they sometimes looked jet-black, though softer than black eyes ever were. The chief beauty of her face, however, lay in the mouth; try as I may, I never can describe it. I might liken it to cupid’s bow, to a young rose-bud, to a thousand other pretty and fanciful things, yet I should fail to give any just idea of the peculiar beauty, the bewitching sweetness of Jane Thornton’s mouth and smile.

I have sometimes thought that the effect of the latter lay in its gradual growth; her lips were turned to a smile in an instant, but it came slowly, each change growing more and more beautiful, until the slightly parted lips, the peculiar arch of the upper one, gave the whole face a charm, such as no other, to my partial fancy, ever equalled.

You will not wonder at the effect produced on my memory, when I aver that it was by this one feature alone that I recognized her again after a long separation.

And this separation soon came. My father’s business rendering a change of residence necessary, we removed to Boston, and with

much real regret, I bade adieu to my friends, the Thorntons. For perhaps two years after we left C., Jane and myself were regular and faithful correspondents, but suddenly her letters ceased, and with no apparent reason. In vain I tried to ascertain the cause, but after a time I learned that she too had left C. I grieved sincerely over the death of our friendship; and as years passed away, even amid new scenes and new ties, memory would often revert with a sigh of regret, to the image of my early friend.

Seven years had flown swiftly by, and I was again a resident of a strange city. The first Sunday I attended church in New York, I noticed particularly a lady and gentleman sitting near me, and in such a position as to give me a full view of their countenances. There was something interesting in the lady's face, and I found myself involuntarily turning to gaze upon it again and again. She looked about twenty-five, her companion much older. I thought she must have been pretty once, but she looked fragile and faded now, and there was an expression of sadness upon the whole face, which told as plainly as if written in words, of sorrows passed through, of peace and patience not yet won.

At length her attention, as well as my own, was arrested by the pranks of a little curly-headed urchin, directly in front of us. His mother was listening intently to the sermon, and did not notice the child, who was trying with all his might to engage the attention of the pale lady behind him. He leaned over the back of the pew, and with all the pertinacity of a spoiled pet, seemed determined to win, at least, a look or an answering smile; and finally as the clergyman gave out a hymn, he took up a book, and turning over the leaves with great gravity and importance, handed it to her upside down.

Both action and manner were so ludicrous that she could no longer repress a smile. That smile! I knew her in an instant—it was no other than my old friend Jane Thornton—but, oh, how changed! I forgot sermon, minister, everything around, at sight of that pale, sad face, and a thousand conjectures as to the probable reason of her altered appearance passed through my mind:

That the gentleman with her was her husband, I did not doubt—an unmistakable something in their manner, proclaimed them husband and wife. Had she been unhappy in her choice, and was this the secret of her mournful face? I watched them closely, and as the little fellow in front continued his mischief, I saw her glance at her husband with such a look that this fear was instantly dispelled. No timid, fearful wife ever looked at a husband in such a manner; no harsh, unsympathizing husband ever met the glance as he did.

I felt sure there was at least entire confidence, if not love between them. The benevolent, affectionate manner, too, with which he regarded the pretty child, convinced me that he was an amiable, kind-hearted person. You may think it a small matter from which to judge of character, but character speaks in trifles, and I found on farther acquaintance, that my hastily-formed opinion was correct.

To shorten my story, I renewed acquaintance with Jane in the vestibule of the church. She seemed much agitated on seeing me, and after hastily arranging a meeting for the afternoon, we parted. She came to me after dinner, accompanied by her husband, and great was our happiness at the prospect of renewing an intimacy, once so close and so suddenly broken.

But when I sought to learn the reason why my letters had remained unanswered, she seemed embarrassed and at a loss what to reply.

"Indeed it was not because I forgot you," she said at length, "but the truth is, I had a great deal to think of at that time. I believe I was not very happy then, and I thought you would not care about such dismal letters as I should have been apt to write, and I left C. soon after, you know."

"And was married, I suppose," I interrupted; "and in finding a husband ceased to think of old friends—but you might have made me your confidant, for I suspect your troubles were all in connection with courtship and marriage—you know I had always a sincere sympathy for distressed lovers."

She blushed deeply as I spoke, and strangely too, I thought, for one so long married, but she did not reply, and when she left me that day I could not but feel that she was changed in other things than appearance. She was so silent in regard to the past, of which I so longed to hear—would tell me so little of herself—spoke so coldly of her mother, still at C., that I was forced to the conviction that, in finding her again, I had not found the Jane Thornton of old. We met frequently. She told me she had no acquaintance in the city, and had no wish to form any. She seemed strange to me, for I knew that, as a girl, she had been extremely fond of society, and even now, she owned she was often very lonely, as her husband's business obliged him to leave her during the whole day.

She had no children, and I one day remarked—"If you had a daughter, Jane, you would never know what it is to be lonely."

"A daughter!" she exclaimed. "Thank heaven, I have no daughter!—no child to inherit suffering!—no orphan to leave behind me," she added, seeing my look of intense surprise.

She frequently alluded to her ill health, and expressed her conviction that her days on earth were drawing to a close. I tried to cheer her, and pretended not to see that she was in reality growing rapidly worse; but I did see it, and her husband saw it too, and was unceasing in his care and attention. He consulted the most eminent physicians, read medical works himself, urged her to try this and that remedy, and became nervous and uneasy whenever any one alluded to her health. She did as he wished in all things; listened to the doctors, took their prescriptions, but I could see it was only to please him; for herself she seemed to care but little about it, and sometimes I thought the worse her symptoms, the better pleased she appeared.

I saw there was some mystery connected with the past—some sorrow that was preying upon her mind, and sapping the very springs of life, the cause of which it was vain for me to conjecture. One day she was worse than usual, and I proposed writing to her mother; to my surprise, she negatived the idea, firmly and decidedly, but I saw her face flush, and a tear gather in her eye. So it went on, she growing weaker and weaker, until the spring came, and she could no longer leave her room. I was with her much of the time; indeed, her husband and myself were her only attendants, as she would allow no one else about her. But even here she puzzled me. That she had a strong regard for him was evident; in all important matters, his will guided hers; she was always friendly, but never fond, and her affection seemed to me unlike that of a woman for a lover, of a wife for her husband. It mattered not to her, whether it was his hand or mine; that arranged her pillow; she cared not whether it was his arm or mine, upon which, in her moments of weakness, she leaned for support. The cup of refreshment was no sweeter from his hand, nor was the physician's draught less bitter, and I looked at her in amazement sometimes, that she would yield to another than him, the place she gave to me.

At length it became evident to us all, that her days on earth were numbered, and that the last sad hour was rapidly approaching. She knew it, and once when I was alone with her, expressed her happiness that it was so. "A short time, and she should no longer tax our patience, a little while, and she should be at rest."

"Jane, Jane," I said, "why will you talk so? You who have every thing to make life desirable! You have youth, beauty, and wealth sufficient to gratify every desire. A husband, whose life will be a blank without you. Father and mother, brother and sisters to leave behind—how can you so long for death?"

She remained silent a few moments with closed eyes, as if gathering strength to speak, and when she did, it was in a tone of voice, and with a vehemence of manner, in her altogether unusual. I was startled as she proceeded.

"No ! you cannot understand it ! Pray Heaven, that in your own person you never may ! It is only those who have suffered as I have, who can feel or understand this intense longing for peace, for rest, even though they must pass through the valley of the shadow of death, through the dark portals of the grave itself to reach it.

"It is anguish, strong, bitter anguish, that makes me long for death ; it is that which brought me here, for I had naturally a good constitution. I wished for it even when I had health and strength. Many a time I have laid down at night and prayed, that on me another morning's sun might never rise. But the heart will not break at once, even though wrung like mine ; it must suffer, and endure, and gradually give way. I know there are those who will mourn for me, but yet I cannot feel for them as I should ; I believe grief always makes us selfish. My husband—you must have seen that I do not love him, at least, not as I ought, not as I could, not as I have loved.

"My mother, you spoke of her the other day, and what a stab you gave me ! but you did not know it. No, I do not wish to see her, strange as it may seem to you. I forgive and pity her, but a meeting would only add to the misery of both. My father I see often. He will grieve, but his grief for me will be light in comparison with what he has already borne. I see I surprise you, and I will tell you all. It is due to you, and with you, I know the trust will be sacred ; you will never betray it to the injury of the living, and to the dead it can be of no moment, only that I would fain be justified in your eyes, for whatever may have seemed to you strange and unaccountable.

"My mother ! You knew my mother—tell me, how did she appear to you ? What is your remembrance of her ?"

"The memory of your mother," I replied, "is very pleasant to me. I seem to see, in thinking of her, a handsome middle aged lady, with full, fair face, and sparkling hazel eye ; quick in movement, perhaps a little so in temper, lively and voluble, a good mother, a kind friend, ever an agreeable companion."

"So she seemed to me," replied Jane, "far beyond any other I have ever seen ; how proud I was of her, and of the admiration she used to excite when she went out with me, which she used sometimes to do after I was grown. No mother was ever more careful

of her children, more earnest in her endeavors to instil into our minds, principles of virtue and morality; falsehood and deceit she seemed to scorn, and for these faults she punished us more severely than for any others; perfectly open and upright in all her intercourse with us; there was never any partiality, never any unnecessary reproofs, no hiding of faults, no unreasonable demands; and when I think of the system of discipline I have since seen carried on in many families, I think now as I did in my childish days, that in some respects, at least, my mother was one of a thousand. Alas! that there should be one blot on a character so fair; one stain which nothing can efface—one fault no after virtues may redeem.

"But I must not anticipate, and will relate my shameful story as it was unfolded to me. For two years after you left us, the current of existence flowed on, a smooth, untroubled stream of happiness. During the last of those two years, my last of peace on earth—a new source of felicity had opened itself before me, a new love had shed its light upon my path. Love, youthful, strong and fervent was offered me, and I accepted—reciprocated the boon. You may remember Charles Fletcher.

"We had known each other from childhood, and I cannot remember the time when I did not prefer him before all others of his sex; and when mutual explanations had taken place, when hearts were pledged, and hands were plighted, I felt my cup of bliss was full. My parents approved my choice, though my mother treated the fact of my engagement far more seriously than I was disposed to do. I never spoke of this in my letters to you at that period. I guarded my heart's secret most carefully, and could not talk of it even to you, but I intended to surprise you, by coming to visit you immediately after my marriage.

"A short time after I wrote you last, I was one day sitting in the parlor with my mother. Mr. Thornton was reading in an adjoining room, and the children were at school. Mrs. Thornton had been in unusually high spirits all day, and was even then engaged in the narration of some amusing story, and I was laughing heartily, when one of the servants brought in a note, directed to her, and which had just been left at the door. She took it, and glancing her eye over the contents, for it was but a few lines, sunk back in her chair, pale as death. I started to go to her, but she waved me back, and cried, 'John! John Thornton!'

"He was by her side in a moment. 'It has come at last,' she shrieked, 'he has found us! he is here!' and she pointed to the note.

"He read it, and was for a moment as white as herself, but soon replied, 'Well, Jane, we must meet it as well as we can. It is not as though we had never expected it; and the letter is milder than we could have hoped. To you he does not write angrily, me he does indeed threaten if we should meet; but he evidently has no desire for a meeting. It is but natural he should wish to see his child, and I see no way to prevent his so doing.'"

"'But you,' said my mother. 'I can meet him, but you he must not see; he says he will be here soon, you must be out of the way.'"

"'I will go if you think best,' he answered, 'but not so far that I cannot come back if you need me. The children must not know any thing about the matter; they will think I am absent on business.' And then for the first time observing me, 'Jane, there is a trial in store for you, but whatever happens, try not to add to your mother's grief.' After a few moments' earnest conversation with my mother, he left the house, and I have never seen him since."

"As he went out, mother came to me, pale, trembling, and looking as if the last few moments had been crowded with the weight of a hundred years of care, she strove to steady her voice and speak calmly as she said :

"'Jane, I am expecting a gentleman here in a few moments. I have just received notice of his arrival—he may prefer to see me alone. If he comes will you leave us, and return when I call you ?'

"I acquiesced, of course; the door bell rang in a moment, and I left the room. I was not called while he staid, which seemed to me a long time. This was in the afternoon, and I heard mother go to her own apartment after he left, but it was not until evening that I received a summons to attend her."

"There was no light in the room where she lay upon the bed, prostrated, apparently, by what she had that day suffered, and as I came in she said :

"'Sit down beside me, Jane, and listen to something I have to tell you; something I had always hoped to have kept from you—but I can hope to do so no longer. Prepare yourself for a shock, my child; prepare to hate and despise your mother, perhaps to leave her forever. Your father claims you, Jane! Your own father, and my own lawful husband! for John Thornton is not your father; I was married before I knew him, and I left my husband, and fled with him from England years ago, when you were a little child. Since then, your father says he has sought us throughout the whole land of America, but until recently he never heard aught of wife or child. Now all he wishes is, that his daughter shall be given up to

him. If this is done, he has no more to ask from me ; resentment and regard seem in these long years to have died out, and to expose me and my guilt to the world, would answer no purpose now, but to brand your name and those of my innocent children with disgrace. If you will go with him, he says he will never divulge the tale of his wrongs to do us injury ; if you will not, the arm of the law shall interpose to wrest you from me—all shall be exposed, and my name be covered with the infamy it merits. You can save me, Jane, and though to part with you be a sacrifice, yet the separation cannot be long ; you will soon resign a father's for a husband's care, and return to your old home and friends—and perhaps when your father finds you are not what he might have expected the daughter of such a mother to be, when he sees what my teachings have helped to make you, he will not consider me so base, so utterly depraved as he once imagined, and he may not wish to separate us entirely. He must be proud of you, Jane ! and this one consolation I have in my misery, that however I failed in my duty to him as a wife, I have ever loved his child as well as those of the man for whom I left him, and have endeavored to instil into her mind principles of virtue which were never taught to me. I have tried to strengthen her for good, to fortify her against evil, and I feel I have not striven in vain. I know if you were ever tempted as I was, you would never fall as I did. And I was tempted, I was sorely tried before I took the step, which forever lost me name and reputation where my fault was known.

“ I married your father when very young ; I was an orphan, with none to take a very deep interest in my welfare, and I was dazzled, as too many are, by the prospect of independence offered by marriage, peculiarly alluring to one in my circumstances. I thought I loved him, and I did with the love of youth and inexperience, alike unknowing and unthinking of the utter uncongeniality in taste and feeling, in temperament and disposition, which I soon discovered must ever exist between us. The world might not, even if the whole history of my married life were made public—the world, I say, might not call William Graham an unkind, but none could deny that he was a careless husband, and to one of my temperament, neglect was worse than positive ill treatment. I could not bear to be deserted for his bachelor acquaintance, his clubs, his hunting parties, his never-ending round of amusements. And when I remonstrated, I could not bear to be laughed at, teased, and treated as a child, or a plaything, rather than an earnest, sensitive woman.

“ John Thornton was his friend, and as such, was introduced to

me ; he was much at our house, and I soon perceived the indignation my husband's conduct awoke in him, and it was not long, although perfectly innocent of all evil thought or intention, before I learned to turn to him for sympathy, which was never withheld. Graham only laughed on such occasions, and told John, "he should have been a parson, since comforting the distressed was clearly his vocation," adding "that there would be no neglected wives, or disconsolate widows in his parish."

"At length one day, he left me for a longer time than usual, a season's hunting in the highlands ; he said, "I must take care of myself, and not get lonesome,"—and with a careless "good bye," he departed. Thornton came in soon after, and found me giving way to a paroxysm of passion, in which regret for his absence, mortification at his indifference, and anger for his neglect, were all compounded. In my distress I told him all ; he blamed William, and pitied me, and at last told me, "he loved me far better than Graham ever did or could ; that if I would leave my unworthy husband, and take him for lover and protector, never should I know a sorrow which his hand could alleviate, and never, while a heart beat in his bosom, should I feel the want of love, or need of sympathy." I listened, a long time I resisted ; he protested, urged and argued. I deliberated—and finally yielded. Before your father returned we fled together, and well has he kept his vow, never was there a better or a kinder husband, and I feel, at this time, that he is far dearer than Graham ever was or could have been.

"Still, I do not wish to palliate my crime ; I know it was great, enormous—the one thing that can never be forgiven a woman ; I know that were my real history known, I should be an outcast from the society of the good and virtuous, my name a reproach and a byword, my person a mark for the finger of scorn, and I know that I deserve it all. And yet I have not been altogether unhappy, it is not in my nature, and after my first fear of desertion died away, for I once dreaded that in this way was my punishment to come, when the prospect of an exposure of our guilt diminished, as year after year of security rolled away, I became again cheerful and contented, and at last forgot to dream of that retribution which has come at last."

"Thornton used occasionally to receive letters from England, and through them we learned, that when your father returned, and found us gone, fierce and terrible was his anger—that he gave up his frivolous pursuits, and for years followed our path in pursuit of vengeance. After years of fruitless search, accident at last discov-

ered our retreat, and though he says he could not answer for himself, were his rival to cross his path ; all he asks of me, is that his daughter shall return with him to the home her mother deserted. Jane ! speak to me, child, and tell me, though you can no longer respect, you still pity your mother, and for her sake will consent to go with this man, stranger though he be to you. He wished to have seen you this afternoon, but I told him you were ignorant, even of his existence, and begged for time to prepare you for the meeting. He will be here in the morning, and you must see him, must tell him with your own lips, whether you will do as he wishes.'

"She waited for me to speak, but she waited long in vain. I could not think, scarcely could I breathe. My mother ! she whom I so loved and revered ! the devoted wife, the stainless matron ! And there she lay—afraid apparently to meet the light, crushed, humbled, guilty, and pleading with her own child to save her from disgrace. I did not swoon or faint then, but I sat as if paralyzed. Astonishment, horror and pity, struggled together for mastery, and not one word could I utter. And then the image of Charles Fletcher flashed through my mind, and I felt that he too must hear this disgraceful story, and would he, could he, trust his happiness into the keeping of one whose mother had so shamefully betrayed a like trust reposed in her ! Instinctively I felt that we were forever parted, and with a cry of anguish, I fell to the floor.

"When I awoke to consciousness, I was upon the bed, and my mother was bending over me. There was a light now in the room, and as I raised my eyes to her face, read in its anguished expression, the truth of the horrible recital I had for a moment forgotten. I read her wistful glance, and knew that she expected me to speak, and I said at last firmly and decidedly :

" ' If I can save you I will do it—I will go with my father.' "

"She kissed and thanked me, but I could not endure her caresses or her thanks. She could not tell what those few words had cost me. I arose and tottered from the room, and once alone in silence and in darkness, my feelings would no longer be repressed. That was a fearful night, but morning came at last, and with it came a sense of the necessity of exertion. For the sake of others, I must hide my own misery. The children—they need never hear this fearful story ; they were called upon to make no sacrifices, they need never suffer through the knowledge. Before the family all seemed as usual, once only did my mother refer to the revelation of the previous night. She whispered once, ' He will be here at nine.' "

"He came, and I went alone to meet him. He is a man not much

given to displays of emotion, but he was greatly agitated. He asked if I knew who he was—if my mother had told me; and then inquired if I was willing to go with him, to make the happiness of his home, and cheer the evening of his days. He had known but little of happiness these many years, and to find his daughter willing to make some sacrifices for his sake, would in some degree compensate for what he had endured. And he put it to my own heart to answer, whether he had the best right to my love and duty, or that man who had robbed him of all he held most dear.

“Of my mother he said little, and I respected him for it; indeed my heart acknowledged him at once; his very features told me there could be no deception here, for they were very like my own. And as I looked on him, I felt a feeling of intense bitterness grow up in my heart against the man who had been the chief author of all this sorrow, the false friend, the insidious adviser. But, in commiseration for my parent, I could not forget that there was one other who held a claim over me, a claim voluntarily yielded, and stronger than even a father’s. I felt it my duty, and I told him of my engagement with Charles Fletcher. His brow clouded immediately.

“‘So soon, so young!’ he said. ‘I did not think of this; I had hoped to have kept you with me for many years before a thing of this kind could happen, and now it seems I am to resign you almost as soon as found.’ After a time he inquired, ‘when I was to be married?’ I told him in September—it was then June.

“He mused awhile, and then said—

“‘I don’t know but it is best to leave you as I find you, and take back what I said about your returning with me; I should become attached to you, so that it would be a harder trial to give you up then, than to leave you now.’

“‘Oh, thank you! thank you for that decision,’ I exclaimed; ‘if you would allow me to remain here for the present, I would be very grateful, and so would Charles!’ But at the mention of that name came the thought that he had yet to learn the story of my mother’s disgrace, and though it seemed hardly possible, it might alter his regard. My father saw the change in my countenance, and inquired ‘what troubled me?’ I told him.

“‘I could blame no man for distrust in such a case,’ he answered, ‘though it may seem cruel to say it to you, but if it should change him, come to me and forget him.’

“I thanked him for his kindness in leaving matters as they were, and promised to come to him for a visit immediately after my marriage, if I was married, when he suddenly startled me by exclaiming—

"Jane! by what name are you known? do you call yourself Graham or Thornton?" I told him, and he grew pale with passion, as he cried, 'the scoundrel, that he should dare to call you after himself! The villain, that my child should bear his name! You shall do so no longer, henceforth you shall be called by your rightful appellation.'

"Then take me with you," I said, 'away from here! in this place I cannot bear another name. I have promised my mother to do all in my power to prevent our unhappy history from becoming public, and I will give up all my own hopes of happiness, rather than break my word.'

"He seemed to pity my distress, and I took courage to argue with him upon the unimportance of his command, and he yielded so far as to say that 'as I was so soon to take another name, he would not insist upon my compliance then,' but upon one point he was inexorable.

"I must be married as Jane Graham—never should daughter of his stand before the altar bearing the name of that man. 'You shall not, you never shall take the marriage vow upon you in his name.'

"'You are cruel!' was my involuntary exclamation. 'Of course the name under which I am married must be known. If I bear a new one, will it not provoke curiosity, and questioning, which it will be impossible to evade? If you are determined upon this, one only course remains to me, to break my engagement, give Charles up entirely, and go with you to New York, or any other place, so that I am away from here.'

"I saw I distressed him, but he would not yield; prayers and tears, arguments and entreaties, all were useless: the iron will of the injured man would not bend, and then I begged him to take me away, since that was the only alternative left me, before aught should occur to tempt me to break my promise. Strange to say, the idea of leaving was the only one that seemed to open the slightest prospect of comfort; to go among utter strangers, to leave all this disgrace and shame behind me, was the one thought of my perplexed mind. Even Charles Fletcher, the prospect of meeting him, degraded and humiliated as I felt, seemed worse than that of leaving him forever. If I had taken time for reflection, I might have acted differently. I should soon have found that in thus severing myself from every wonted object of affection and interest, I miscalculated my own strength of endurance. But the step once determined upon, I stopped not to count the cost, and, with the energy of excitement,

set about making preparations for departure. These were soon accomplished ; there were no leave takings—I wished for none. One short note I wrote to Charles, informing him that all was at an end between us, that we were separated as effectually as if the grave had already closed over one of us—and while I could give him no reason for the step I was taking, I did not attempt to conceal the misery it caused me. I begged him to forget me, and bade him farewell forever. At the moment of leaving, Mrs. Thornton lay on her couch in a violent fit of hysterics, but even the sight of her misery failed to touch me, and with a cold kiss I hurried away.

“Before we reached the end of our journey, the unnatural strength which had thus far supported me, gave way, and I was weak and ill ; indeed, I have no recollection of my arrival here, or of anything for a long time afterward. For a period even my recovery was doubtful, retarded no doubt by the absence of all wish for life. I would have died, oh, how willingly ! But I did recover, at least partially, and with returning strength of body, came back in full force my mental sufferings. I had not the elasticity of spirit possessed by my mother ; once crushed, there was nothing in me to rise again. I did not struggle with the waves that came near overwhelming me. I yielded where some would have contested, not because I did not wish to be happy, but simply because my nature made it impossible. I never for a moment forgot my early love, my lost confidence, my own inherited disgrace. A haunting sense of shame forever followed me, and never while I live shall I escape from it.

“So things went on, until my father began to be seriously alarmed for my health ; he told me I was grieving him beyond measure, and he feared killing myself, and bade me, if I wished, to return to my old home, and my former friends. But I had no wish to do so ; home and friends could never be to me what they once were, and even if I had wished it, I would not have left my father. I had learned much of his early history since I had been with him, and all I heard but served to increase my horror of my mother's crime. He was much gratified with my refusal to leave him, and did all in his power to divert my mind, and turn the current of my brooding thoughts. He took me on short journeys to various places of interest, he sought society for my sake, and induced me, in appearance at least, to take a greater interest in outward things.

“It was at this time that I became acquainted with him who is now my husband ; in spite of my melancholy air, and faded face, he early evinced an admiration as profound as it was unwelcome, for

his attentions at first, recalled old memories too vividly to be other than a source of pain. The language of love is the same all the world over, and sometimes there were looks and tones, aye, and words too, which brought back the past so clearly, that I was fain to fly from him, lest my emotion should betray itself.

"He was a good man, but I could not love him, and was happy when he gave me an opportunity of telling him so. He seemed more disappointed than I had imagined he could be, and begged still to be allowed to visit us, and hoped still to be looked upon as a friend. He was a valued friend of my father, and had been long accustomed to visit his house; of course, I could not forbid him, and the intimacy was continued; but my father soon perceived a change in our appearance, and questioned me concerning the cause. I told him unreservedly how matters were between us. He too seemed much disappointed, and confessed that he had long been aware of his friend's regard, and thinking I could not always remain insensible to his merits, had looked upon our union as a means of restoring me to happiness. In the words of the old song—'He urged me so, sair,' that at last I began to think that the effort to make another happy, would in the end bring happiness to myself, and he often quoted a sentence he had somewhere read—'It sometimes chances that the realities of wedded life, the calm peace of household ties, have power to cast into shadow the remembrance of the deepest former love.' I hoped it might be true, and when my admirer renewed his suit, I did not utterly reject him, but related the history of my former engagement, thinking he might care less for an interest in a heart which had been so devoted to another. To my surprise he told me he had long known it all, and would be content with a second place in my affections—would gladly accept the little of love I had to bestow.

"We were married, but it was a sad mistake we made. Oh! let no woman after me dare to become the wife of one man, while her whole soul is filled with memories of another. Though my husband has never by word or look reproached me, yet I know I have never made him happy. I could not feign a love I did not feel, and sometimes, when he would meet me with words of tenderness on his lips, my heart would revert to the image of a lonely man, who by a solitary hearth, unblessed by presence of wife or child, still grieves, with bitter and indignant grief over my apparent faithlessness. When I left my home so suddenly and strangely, some story was told him of my having been adopted by an uncle, and he thinks I deserted him because brighter prospects were opening before me. Morose and

melancholy disappointment has hardened his heart, and he turns in bitter scorn from all who seek to win him back to his once generous faith in human worth and virtue. He little knows that I am dying for his sake, and dying in the hope of a future meeting in another world, when all will be understood and forgiven—when I shall, perhaps, feel that it was good for me to have been afflicted here, and clearly understand, what seems a mystery to me now, why the great Disposer of human events permits so much of wrong, so much of sorrow among his creatures."

A few more weary weeks, and the sufferer was at rest.

"Never more on her shall sorrow light, or shame—

She was not made, through weary moons and years,

The inner weight to bear, which colder hearts endure,

"Till they are laid by age in earth."

And I thought, as a few days since I stood by her grave, how strangely deserts of human beings were meted out to them in this world. There lay the innocent victim of another's crime, while the false wife, the selfish mother, lived on peaceful and unsuspected. For, reader, Jane Thornton is no fictitious heroine, no creature of the author's imagination. Her existence was once a reality. Her sorrows have not been exaggerated; and, if the story of her life teaches no higher moral, it will at least prove that there is in the world much of unuttered misery, much of unwritten romance, and of heroic self-sacrifice, and that true love is not a dream, nor broken hearts a fiction.

He that, like the wife of Cesar, is above suspicion, is alone the fittest person to undertake the noble and adventurous task of diverting the shafts of calumny from him who has been wounded without cause, has fallen without pity, and cannot stand without help. It is the possessor of unblemished character alone, who, on such an occasion, may dare to stand, like Moses, in the gap, and stop the plague of detraction, until Truth and Time, those slow but steady friends, shall come up to vindicate the protected, and dignify the protector. A good character, therefore, is carefully to be maintained for the sake of others, if possible, more than ourselves; it is a coat of triple steel, giving security to the wearer, protection to the oppressed, and inspiring the oppressor with awe.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

BY G. S. BURLEIGH.

THERE are at least two sides to everything, and to us there is an inside and an outside, a soul and a body, senses and spirit. By the outward we are related to others ; by the inward we are individuals. Our senses are expressly limited in their office to things out of us, our spirits especially adapted to internal growth, and self-reliance. To the inward nature is applied with peculiar force the iron edict "Help yourself;" to the outward, or related part of us, comes with equal force the golden rule, "Help one another."

It is by the superficies that objects meet and touch, but it is by their centers that they are drawn together and held in fast relations. So by our mutual wants, our social, physical and mental necessities, we present related sides to one another, points of contact, or broader surfaces of unity ; but only by the fixed law of the soul, the spiritual center, are these affinities bound closely and sacredly. By so much as we are men, we are brothers, so that the higher we soar in the soul's heaven of progress, the wider is our outlook over the field of fellowship.

All below us are our dependents, looking up to us for aid and comfort ; and no grandeur of our growing souls can change that relationship, or do aught but to increase the family of our fellowship. For the moment we have outstripped a fellow-voyager, we make ourselves indebted to him, make him the unintentional or conscious petitioner to our greatness, for benefits, which to refuse were to be no longer so great.

He is the most a noble-man who is most a fellow man. Nobility and democracy are level in the courts of Heaven, in the veritable life of Nature.

The law of gravitation rules all, physical, moral, and spiritual.—The small heart draws little into itself, but a stingy supply of its own cold blood, and so shrivels on, till it looks no longer like a heart. But the larger a heart grows, the more it draws into it. The sure law of gravitation asserts its universality, and rewards the noble with renewed, and still renewing greatness. This generosity which springs from the inward necessity, is a rich investment in the goods of heaven. The more it gives the more it receives ; the greater the ebb-tide of a great heart, the higher the flood-tide ; and this is life, to ebb and

flow, give and receive. This undulation of the waves of being, bears us onward, keeps the golden wheel of life in motion like the action of a pendulum.

God is of larger bounty than man, and the unwise niggard who shuts down all the openings to his better nature, and deafens his ears to the cry of the needy, in the fond hope of keeping his goods—only wards off the plentiful benedictions and benefactions of the Highest Bounty. Can you hope to hear the summons of far angels, calling you to the feasts of the blessed, if you so stuff your ears that the loud wail of neighboring want is inaudible? It is only the trumpet of doom that rings with a blast to waken the dead, while the heralds of immortal joy in silvery cadence pour their flute-like voices, clear and far, from the high peaks of unattained worth. Thither the high heart looks, and in the ears that are keenly alive to sorrow's faintest moan, those flute-tones come as clear as the loud clarion.

Yet the deaf ear shall not avail to deaden the wild crash of the doom-angel's trumpet. Have you not heard of the deaf, who utterly senseless to the voices of fellowship and love, yet hear one endless roar, or a thousand rumbling, crackling, shrill and dissonant sounds, perpetually clamoring at their ears, unheard of others? Such an one is the self-deafened niggard, who denies human fellowship; only to hear at last the immitagable howl of accusing and avenging demons; the loud, unceasing reverberations of his hollow heart. Let him fill it, if he would escape his doom, for emptiness *will* echo—let him fill it with generous pulses, drawing in the needy to his helpful arms, the suffering to his willing sympathies.

God works for those who help one another. The eternal law of recompense will not forget us, if we forget it. The generous man forgets it, in the full gush of his generous heart's tide, forgets it often to that improvident degree that he seems to be repaid with loss instead of gain for his devotedness. But the angels see another purse than that which shed its careless coin so loosely—a jewelled heart filled fuller for every jet of noble blood it flung out in the love of pained humanity. Only the brooks that run, are alive; the pools that cling with tenacious, slimy fingers, to their own, die, and sow death around them. Such is the law.

Kindness is cheaper than a close man fancies, and at the dearest is a better investment than bank stock and insurance. It springs up in remunerative harvests where least expected, and when least you think of it. It is of so positive and certain economy that it seems almost impossible not to excite a selfish man's very selfishness in its behalf, when summing up its claims. A single gentle speech, that costs not one

ounce of vital breath, and leaves you unconsciously happier for the utterance, will live in the breast of the soothed sufferer, and keep a thousand dark suggestions at bay ; and often lend the lost key-note that shall restore to harmony the harsh vibrations of a jangled heart.

A single smile of human recognition, has such significance of brotherhood, that souls all steeped in sin and suffering, have taken strength from it, to turn again into the way of Life.

The full-orbed sun may value slightly a single pencil of its golden rays. But the flower, chance-sown in a damp dungeon, drinks it in with eagerness, and pallid petal and uncolored leaf, blush and grow green in its sufficing ministry. A wanderer over the naked prairie, tossing here and there an acorn carelessly, feels little what is done ; but returning after many years, he finds a forest of brave oaks to lend him shade and shelter.

If the good man reaps no harvest, in kind, for his chance-sowing, he cannot escape his reward. The seed will grow, as fatally as the ill-vintage of ignoble deeds, and happier than he guesses why, he will walk amidst accumulating blessings, with the simple wonder of a child, grateful and pleased as if the concert of good will around him, were an unearned gratuity instead of the echoes of his own melodious heart.

MY LOVE.

BY HELEN BRUCE.

Oh ! how I love him ! words are dim ;

They cannot paint the matchless charms,

The thousand beauties gracing him

Whose smiles allure me to his arms.

I met him first when clouds and gloom

Had overcast my mental sky ;

When I had learned to think my doom

Was in unheeded pain to die.

He took me kindly by the hand—

He bade me lift my hopeless eyes ;

He taught me *where* and *how* to stand,

And whence to draw my soul's supplies.

Till then my feeble feet had trod

Trembling with fear life's shifting sands ;

But since, how firmly have I stood,

Though struggling oft in cruel hands.

I hear his voice above the storm,

His smile through all the gloom I see ;

And while supported by his arm,

Life hath no hopeless grief for me.

THE CHARACTER OF ISAIAH.

BY LIZZIE ALLEN.

IN the character of Isaiah we see all that is grand and lofty and noble in human nature, combined with deep, pathetic tenderness and purity. All through his writings we see evidences of a bold, firm spirit, unappalled by danger ; strong, trusting faith, unshaken by the darkest and most mysterious providences ; hope, crowning every cloud of darkness with the brilliant bow of promise ; deep, reverential love of God, breathing a holy inspiration over every word and thought. His spirit was like a wind harp, whose chords thrill to the slightest breeze ; and the winds which awoke its music were wafted from the throne of God. Now its low, melancholy tones float out mournfully, then the notes rise solemnly majestic, and anon swell out clear and full of joyful praise. He was not one to shrink fearfully from the duties imposed upon him, but where the spirit of God led him there he walked firmly and unflinchingly. At the time he lived, prophecies of evil must have been peculiarly offensive to the proud descendants of Judah ; believing as they did, that they were particularly favored of God, and that the power and glory of the kingdom of David and Solomon would have no end ; and it required no ordinary degree of courage and firmness in the prophet to declare faithfully the terrible destruction and desolation of his people, as revealed to him by the Spirit of God ; but when required to pronounce the awful judgments of the Almighty, he turned not aside, as did Jonah, but fearfully uttered the denunciations of the vengeance and wrath of the Lord. There is a gloomy sublimity and magnificence in these prophecies of desolation and utter ruin, which should fall upon the nations of the earth, which fills the mind with awe. "Behold, the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud, and shall come into Egypt, and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at his presence, and the heart of Egypt shall melt. Wo to the crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim ; whose glorious beauty is a fading flower. Behold the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which is a tempest of hail, and a destroying storm : as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand, behold the day of the Lord cometh, cruel, both with wrath and fierce anger, to lay the land desolate, and he shall destroy the remnant thereof out of it. For the stars of heaven and the constellations thereof shall not give their light, the sun shall be darkened

in his going forth, and the moon shall not cause her light to shine. Therefore I will shake the heavens, and the earth shall remove out of her place, in the wrath of the Lord of Hosts, in the day of his fierce anger. Wo to Ariel, to Ariel, the city where David dwelt.—Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of Hosts, with thunder and with earthquakes, and great noise, with storm and tempest, and the flame of devouring fire. Come near, ye nations, to hear, and hearken, ye people; let the earth hear, and all that is therein. For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and his fury upon all the armies; he hath utterly destroyed them; he hath delivered them to slaughter. And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll, and all their hosts shall fall down, as the leaf falleth off from the vine; and as a falling fig from the fig tree: For my sword shall be bathed in heaven. Come down, and sit in the dust, oh virgin, daughter of Babylon! sit on the ground, there is no throne, oh daughter of the Chaldeans; for thou shalt no more be called tender and delicate.”

But the sternness and strength of the prophet's nature, was tempered by sweetness and tenderness; and the severest denunciations are mingled with the songs of joy, and prophecies of future good.—His mysterious prophetic vision was ever turned far away across the wide, troubled ocean of human misery, and sin, and desolation, to the glorious era when the earth should be filled with righteousness, and joy and peace, through the holy Saviour; and while he records, with mournful sadness, the minute particulars of his fearful sufferings, he breaks forth in strains of lofty, exulting praise and joy in view of the blessedness of his kingdom; and then, far in the dim distance of futurity, he looks forward to the restoration of his beloved people, after captivity and unparalleled sufferings, to the land of their fathers, when the wilderness shall blossom as the rose, and the solitary places shall be made glad; when Israel shall learn righteousness, and all the earth shall come up to the mountain of the Lord, to worship him in the beauty of holiness.

Truth and reason, in this mixed state of good and evil, are not invariably triumphant over falsehood and error; but even when laboring under a temporary defeat, the two former bear within them one stamp of superiority which plainly indicates that Omnipotence is on their side; for the worthy conquerors in *such* a victory, universally retire abashed, enlightened, self-reproved, and exclaiming with Pyrrhus, “A few more such victories and we are undone.”

THE FUNERAL BELL.

BY S. E. BUSHNELL.

THE bell's slow chime sounds forth. As we pause and listen to its solemn tones, we imagine they speak to our hearts in language most eloquent. They tell of long tedious hours spent in anxious watching by a young girl's couch—of weary midnight vigils—of tears, and earnest prayers to heaven.

They tell of a life-current flowing more faintly, day by day, till its last faint ripple died away—of a narrow coffin—a young form robed in white, around which pale flowers are strewed—of a brow cold and pale—of bright eyes dimmed and closed, and of a voice whose tones are hushed forever.

They tell of a shadow fallen upon loving hearts—of a desolate hearth—a family altar, where *one* voice of prayer will never again be heard.

Now faster fall those tones as they number o'er the years the departed has lived upon earth. They speak of sunny childhood's hours—of youthful hopes and aspirations but just beginning to dawn, when the death-angel breathed on the heart-strings, and they ceased to vibrate to earth's music.

The bell's slow chime has ceased now, but in our hearts an echo lingers still, whispering of another seraph added to the hosts above—of a voice that delighted in music while on earth, now chanting heaven's anthems—of a harp tuned by her hands to the songs of redemption. It whispers of a starry crown, of companionship with angels and archangels, with seraphim and cherubim, yea, with Jehovah himself.

Thus that echo whispers, and more—it tells of a grave somewhere in the future, we know not how near, for *us*—of a starry crown, a golden harp, a home in heaven, that *we* too may gain.

Let us heed those whispered tones, and so journey through life that at last we may rest with those who have "come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb," in that fair land where no tolling bell tells of severed ties and desolate homes. No more shall earth's deceitful joys mock those who have entered there, but "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THE PLEASURES OF THE EDUCATED LADY.

BY A. W. MANGUM.

THE desire to be happy is universal. Whatever tends directly to its gratification is eagerly pursued. And this is right, provided proper care be taken in the selection of objects of pursuit. It is, and must be, conceded that there is no *real* happiness in this life. If it be granted to us, perfect in every other respect, it would not deserve its name, because it is fitful and transient, subject to the influences of unavoidable evils. Hence we are told that we have only *pleasure* here, not *happiness*. Granting this, we must needs make another division, for there are certainly feelings often experienced by the human heart, which are too pure, too sweet, and too exalted to be classed with low, sensual, and unrefined pleasures. Many of the former character are bestowed by a proper education on its possessor. It is our purpose to specify those that are enjoyed by the educated lady. We assume her virtue and piety, because, without religion, the mind, however gifted and stored, will fail of its influence for good on the one who possesses it as well as upon others.

The removing of evil is virtually the same as the bestowing of pleasure. This is one respect in which learning is a blessing. Ignorance is an evil, for it is the cause of many of the failures of life.—All this evil education removes. It relieves the mind of the difficulties and burdens which encumber it—dispels the shadows and darkness which enshroud it, and frees it from a pitiful servitude to error and superstition. Furthermore, if the mind be not strengthened and enlightened, there is great danger of its becoming the victim of cunning and imposture. In this world we find many whose purposes are mainly bent on entrapping the unwary and decoying the innocent. These “steal the livery of angels to serve the devil in,” and “wear a flowering face above a serpent heart.” Friendship, love, sympathy, piety, every thing noble in the heart, are made subservient to their evil designs. A true education is an excellent and ever-present counsellor and guide amid these exposures, and helps us to unravel the machinations of the heartless, and guard against the flattery and insincerity of those around us. Hence it blesses not only by removing, but by preventing evil.

But it gives also pleasures which are more direct and positive.—The desire of knowledge is common to all ; and even those who pro-

ness an entire aversion to literature and science, betray the existence of this desire in their hearts, by their inquiries for information on various subjects. They are charmed by something new, and seek the productions of that mental culture which they ignore. Education vastly increases the means and capacity of acquiring knowledge. It promotes the growth and expansion of the intellect, thus giving it more power to achieve, and also enabling it to summon continually new auxiliaries in its conquests for truth. It leads to the habit of original thought, which secures that refined and thrilling pleasure that has bathed the cheeks of the poet in tears of rapture. It is the magic-lantern of the soul that illumines the chambers of the inner world, revealing a wide realm of intellectual beauty and wealth; and, reflecting its beams on material nature, displays unnumbered lovely and inspiring pictures in her magnificent gallery. It attunes the soul to the mystic chords of nature's countless harmonies, and interprets the tongues which render vocal every object in the wide spread creation. It unlocks the golden temple of truth, and presents the enchanted soul with a multitude of glittering pearls and trophies, the offerings of faithful pilgrims to her shrine for a hundred ages past. In truth, a mind without learning is like one who is blind, standing amid a grand and beautiful array of flowers and paintings—their glowing tints and sparkling beauties all unseen. Without learning, it is like a bird without wings—made to soar untrammelled; but perched low, and doomed to rest forever far below its congenial heavens. In view of such truths, we may exclaim; though the truly learned are the truly modest, yet the lady whose mind is well trained and stored, may sit unhonored amid the shadows of obscurity, and look down from her height of worth and pleasure, and pity the listlessness of a queen who has not the treasures of learning.

But a most inspiring view of education is that it greatly increases the opportunities and means of usefulness. If in all the universe of feeling there be a pleasure peculiarly suited to the soft and lovely tenderness of a true woman's heart, it is that which swells the bosom when she hears the accents of gratitude from the lips, and beholds the tears of affection and praise in the eyes, of those whom she has blessed. She then enjoys the precious "luxury of doing good." It is a species of the divinest enjoyment of which man has ever heard. Ah, it is sweet to know that we have done good—that we have made others happy! What a vast field lies before the educated lady for the indulgence of this pleasure! She need not wander from the hallowed scenes of home. "There is no place like home" for pure affection and kindness—and there is no place like it for the necessity and efficacy of woman's influence. At home, then, she may always

be employed ; and beyond the family circle there are many occasions of usefulness which cannot mar the truest modesty, or affect the best propriety. Now let the daughter of learning offer her gifts and treasures to the discharge of such duties—to the performance of deeds of mercy—and then she will find that, instead of duties in the sterner sense, all her benefactions are but sacred channels through which the streams of sweetest joy may reach her soul. The more wise, the more useful—the more useful, the more happy.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY A. W. MANGUM.

True Friendship is a lovely flower,
That sheds a fragrance, rich and sweet,
Along the path of life each hour,
To make the heart more gladly beat.

It is a dew-drop from the leaves
That decked the trees of Paradise ;
Its purity, untarnished, lives
Amid the darkest stains of vice.

It is a sunbeam to the heart,
When shrouded with the veil of gloom ;
It maketh sadness all depart,
And in its stead sweet pleasures come.

'Tis precious then—'tis passing dear ;
And oft I've sighed with aching heart,
When I have met with friends sincere,
And known and felt we soon must part.

But, sweet the thought ! if *pious* friends
Are sadly forced by fate to sever,
Their precious friendship never ends—
It lives through life—it lives forever.

I give thee, then, a pledge sincere,
That while I live, I'll constant love ;
And when my heart's done loving here,
I'll love for aye, in heaven above.

THE SMOKE IMP.

BY ELIZABETH WILMOT.

"Faugh!" exclaims some worldly-wise individual at sight of this. "The Smoke Imp! What nonsense!" Softly, softly, respected sir—not nonsense, either, nor any silly matter at which you need elevate your eye-brows in the extent of your wisdom. Listen a moment!

As you sit beside your cozy fireside these cool autumn nights, with the curtains drawn, the solar lamp lighted, the evening paper on your knee, and perchance a good cigar 'twixt your teeth—when in this state of felicity, did you never, allowing your thoughts (poor prisoners!) a little freedom from the day's business, find them following the smoke wreath which curls so gracefully about your head, or dances in fantastic figures about the fire, and wondering at the odd, unreal, mysterious thing called smoke?

Now the story of the "Smoke Imp" runs on this wise. When, in the first ages of the world, the silly little Pandora lifted the lid of the fatal box, foremost among the evil spirits which from that moment asserted their power over the unhappy earth, was the Smoke Imp, attended by his more stately but no less troublesome brother, Fog. Together they wandered over the world, playing pranks on every poor mortal who came in their way; and when at last human wisdom had attained to so great height that all such beings received the name of fables, and the power of mind had subdued and imprisoned all other evil geniuses, then it was that the little smoke-sprite triumphed.—"Ha, ha!" cried he, as he danced about his beloved, the beautiful nymph of Fire, or called a frown to the face of the cook, whose dinners he delighted to spoil—"ha, ha! catch me who can." Many a naughty prank he plays, throwing a mantle of near-sightedness over an otherwise far-reaching vision, blinding the eyes of the little ones till, weary and sad, they go to bed. Only in his kindlier moments does he stride the end of a cigar, wrapping the owner in sleepy visions of happiness, such as—may yours be, most reverend man of wisdom, to whom I first addressed myself. If you have patiently listened, will you ever again deny the existence of the "Smoke Imp"?

UNIVERSAL CHANGE AND DECAY.

BY ORRIN P. ALLEN.

CHANGE and decay mark the course of time's revolving cycles.—“Passing away” is stamped upon all things earthly. There is naught on which we gaze, however beautiful its form, or grand and stupendous its structure, but that bears with it the impress of decay. The lovely flowers bloom an hour, then fade and die in their sweetness. The leaves that clothe the trees with luxuriant foliage during the bright summer time, are withered and scattered by the ruthless winds of autumn. The tall monarchs of the forest, that have waved in their strength and beauty for ages, fall and decay at last. The proudest monuments of man slowly crumble away to dust, 'neath the unseen touch of “time's effacing fingers.” Ah! how sad and mournful are the changes time hath wrought in his noiseless career over the earth. Change, ruin, and decay have followed in rapid succession, as the long train of ages have glided silently on.

The proud cities and mighty empires of antiquity, that flourished so long in proud supremacy, now slumber in the sepulchre of bygone centuries. Their glory and grandeur have forever departed. Mournful and gloomy indeed are the associations that cluster around the scenes of their rise and progress, and their downfall.

A shapeless mass of mouldering ruins now alone marks the spot, where once flourished Babylon and Ninevah, the mightiest cities of antiquity. Their majestic walls and lofty towers have been levelled to the ground. Their gorgeous palaces and splendid temples, decorated with all the costly magnificence of oriental grandeur, have all crumbled to decay mid the revolutions of years. The silence and gloom of ages brood over the deserted temples of Palmyra and Persepolis, whose splendid ruins tell a sad tale of their long-lost glory.

Where now is the glory of Egypt, whose grand and imposing architecture has ever astonished the world? Ah! she has shared the fate of the nations around her, whose sun hath set in the gloom of eternal night. Her gigantic pyramids and colossal ruins alone remain to attest her primal greatness. There along the banks of the glorious Nile, behold the magnificent remains of Thebes, “the hundred gated.” What a labyrinth of ruin meets the gaze of the beholder! “Magnificent temples, decorated with sculpture, forests of columns, and long avenues of colossal statues,” mutilated and de-

formed by the decay of two thousand years, present a spectacle melancholy as well as imposing. The myriads of active beings who once thronged her busy streets, are no more. Her thousands of warriors no more march forth at the sound of war's wild clarion note. For both victor and vanquished quietly repose together in the cold embrace of death. Desolation and silence reign in her palaces where erst the voice of melody resounded. There the ruins of hut and palace are mingled together. This is the fate of mighty Thebes, who dreamed not of her downfall, till the day of calamity came and humbled her in the dust. No less are the changes that have passed over Greece, "the land of the Muses." Once she stood at the head of the world, in point of literature and the arts. The beauty of her sculptures, and the elegance of her temples, still remain as models of perfection. Grand and imposing temples, filled with the statues of her heroes, everywhere met the gaze of the traveler. In her favored clime there were objects of beauty in nature and art, that ever conspired to refine the mind and create a taste for the beautiful. But, alas! lovely Greece, how art thou fallen now! Change and decay are deeply written on thy once fair brow. The muses no longer hover o'er thy land, the arts are neglected, and thy temples are pillaged by strangers. Thy orators, poets, and sages are no more. Demosthenes no longer thunders forth his phillipics in the deserted Pnyx. Homer no longer sings his heroic numbers to the assembled throng. And the lofty-minded Socrates is no more seen in the streets of Athens, imparting wisdom to the youth who stop to listen to his sage counsels.

"Lost land! where genius made his reign,
And reared his golden arch on high;
Where science raised her sacred fane,
Its summit peering to the sky;
Upon thy clime the midnight deep
Of ignorance hath brooded long;
And in the tomb, forgotten, sleep
The sons of science and of song.

Thy sun hath set, the evening storm
Hath passed in giant fury by,
To blast the beauty of thy form,
And spread its pall upon the sky;
Gone is thy glory's diadem,
And freedom never more shall cease
To pour her mournful requiem
O'er blighted, lost, degraded Greece."

A stranger might suppose, as he strayed through the enchanting vales of Italy, that time had left no furrows on her lovely brow; but

he will soon find even in that sunny land that time hath dealt his heaviest blows. "The ruins of Italy are the field of battle, where Time has fought against Genius, and those mutilated limbs attest its victory and our losses." Rome still sits upon her seven hills as of yore, but not now as the mistress of the world, for the sceptre has departed from the Eternal City. There she sits "crowned and ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre," with the mighty wrecks of the past strewn around her. Thus passed away the glory of the mightiest empires. Each have a period of prosperity, and a day of decay assigned them. On their ruins, younger nations rise, flourish for a time, then they too follow in the path of decline. While we thus contemplate the past, we are made to feel the insecurity of human greatness, the instability of earthly hopes and joys. And this feeling is impressed deeper on our minds as we gaze around and behold the sad changes that are continually going on around us. The earth is a mighty sepulchre, within whose dark portals time is ever bearing the slain who have fallen in the battle of life. And the myriads who repose in its silent chambers was once as gay and active, and were cheered with as bright hopes of the future as those who now read the inscription on their crumbling monuments.

Alas ! how transitory is life ! The blooming youth, who rejoices in the sunshine of pleasure to-day, is cut down to-morrow by the unsparing hand of death. Now a lovely child is playing amid the flowers of spring, happy in the smiles of innocence and love. A few years pass on ; old age has taken the place of childhood ; gray hairs have supplanted the golden curls that once concealed a sunny brow. Life's weary journey is accomplished, and the old man sinks to repose in the grave of his fathers. Thus departs friend after friend, down the dark valley, and we, too, in our turn must follow them, and lie down by their side in the silence of the tomb. The few friends who remain to mourn our departure, will soon follow us, then our memory will cease from the thoughts of the busy world, like the memory of those who have gone before us.

Expense of thought is the rarest prodigality, and to dare to live alone the rarest courage ; since there are many who had rather meet their bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet. He that has no resources of mind, is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessaries for the body ; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.

MUSINGS.

BY S. E. BUSHNELL.

I'm sitting all alone to-night,
The tears are in my eyes—
I cannot see one ray of light,
A shadow o'er me lies.

Dark, bitter thoughts sweep through my mind,
By wild unrest I'm tossed;
I fear my heart in human kind
All confidence has lost.

For those I loved and trusted most,
Have proudly left my side—
O'er my crushed heart is wildly rolled
Slander's dark ocean tide;

And cold neglect, and haughty looks,
Are all that greet me now—
Gone, is each kindly whispered tone,
Broken, each cherished vow.

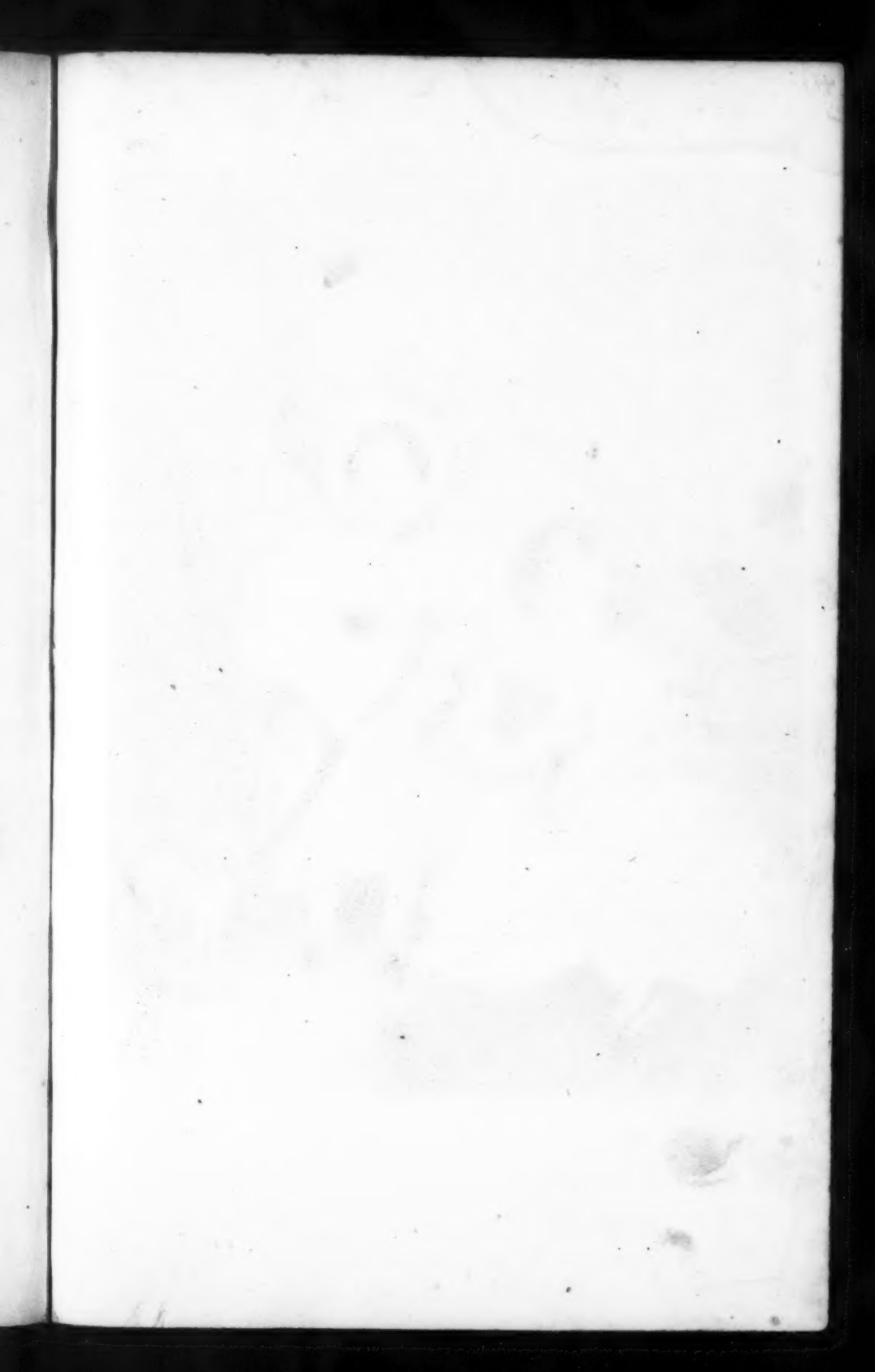
Death-knells of all my fondest hopes
Fall sadly on my ear—
And midst the gloom that shrouds my path,
No sunbeam dares appear.

But I will not despond—ah, no!
Though friends are friends no more;
Though darkest shadows o'er me fall,
And loud the wild waves roar,—

Fearless I'll sail o'er life's rough sea,
'Till on that better shore,
I launch my lone and fragile bark,
To meet the waves no more.

There safe before Jehovah's throne,
Free from all care and fears,
I'll sing the song, "redeeming love,"
Throughout the endless years.

In perfect trust and sympathy,
My weary soul shall rest—
And with a loving Saviour's smile
Forever more be blest.





Childhood



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THE FLORAL OFFERING.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"Is dinner ready?" inquired Mr. Crawford of his wife, as he came in from his business at the usual dinner hour.

"Not quite," was the reply. "It has been unavoidably delayed. It will be ready in about ten minutes. I hope the delay will not discommode you."

"Oh, no," said Mr. Crawford cheerfully, as with unclouded brow he turned towards a stand of flowers. After standing before it for a moment, he again turned to his wife with a glance of inquiry.

She smiled. "Do you miss anything, my dear?" she asked.

"I do."

"What is it?"

"That rose you coaxed me to buy only two days ago. What have you done with it?"

"Relinquished it for the benefit of one who, I thought, needed it more than myself."

"Who is that? Your friend Mrs. Jay?"

"No, it is where I believe it could be more useful and more highly prized than it will be in Mrs. Jay's conservatory. It is in the cottage of Mrs. Gore."

"Do you mean to say that you have given it to her?" The tone indicated considerable surprise.

"I do. Have you any objection?"

"Of course not, if such a disposition is the one most satisfactory to you. I am usually pleased when you are."

"But you seemed surprised."

"I must admit that I was. If you had said that you sent a joint of meat, or some chicken broth, or a warm garment, that would have been quite in the ordinary course of things; but this is a novel present to give to a poor woman like her."

"Why so? Do you not suppose that Mrs. Gore loves flowers? that it gives her pleasure to look upon a beautiful object?"

"Perhaps so; but these are not among the necessities of life.—Benevolence requires us to see that persons in the situation of this poor woman do not suffer for the want of necessities, but as to flowers and such things, that is quite another affair."

"There is no law, my dear husband, which requires our charity to

be confined to the supply of mere bodily wants. That love of the beautiful implanted in the soul by its Creator, has its cravings as truly as the bodily appetites have theirs. May not true benevolence sometimes find its proper sphere in gratifying the former as well as the latter, and may not such deeds be seen and approved by Him who does not overlook the cup of water?"

"It may be so," said Mr. Crawford, somewhat indifferently; "but I cannot help thinking that a bowl of chicken broth or a load of coal would have been more in place."

Mrs. Crawford made no reply, and the conversation dropped.

Mrs. Gore was a poor woman, who for the last six months had been confined by sickness to her house, and most of the time to her bed. She was a worthy woman, and a Christian woman too, and in her need had received many favors, not only from Mr. Crawford's family, but from other benevolent individuals, who were acquainted with her situation. An aged and infirm sister lived with her; but she could do little more than wait upon the sick woman, and the two were kept from extreme want only by the charity of the benevolent.

A day or two after the conversation above related, Mrs. Crawford proposed to her husband that they should visit the afflicted widow.

"I have no objection," was the reply. "Indeed I think we ought to go, and see if she does not want something more substantial than a rose-bush."

"You are a little unfair, George. Your words seem to imply that I overlook her other wants, but you know that this is not so."

"I know that, my dear. I only felt inclined to hector you a little about that novel present of yours. But we will go and see how the rose flourishes in the poor widow's apartment."

They found it occupying a very conspicuous place in the humble apartment. It stood on a stand, in such a position that the invalid could not raise her eyes without obtaining a full view of it. It had evidently been tenderly cared for, and could not have thriven better in Mrs. Joy's conservatory.

As Mrs. Gore grasped the hand of Mrs. Crawford, the latter observed that it was with an emotion which she had never before exhibited.

"I am glad you have come," she said. "I have wanted so much to thank you for that rose. You may think strange of it, and perhaps it is hardly right; but I never in my life felt so grateful for any present. I have had food and medicine sent me when I needed them very much; fuel, when I was suffering with the cold, and I was very grateful, but this present seemed to touch a different chord. I have always loved flowers, and now this sweet rose is so precious to me.—

I look at it, and think of the beautiful words, 'I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley.' It may not be so with those who see beautiful objects every day ; but the sight of that lovely flower always leads my thoughts to Him who is altogether lovely, and in this way it comforts me more than I can express, when ready to faint with suffering and pain. This one beautiful object reminds me of all the beautiful things with which this world is adorned, and then I think how much more beautiful must be the sinless world to which I am going. I shall see the beautiful things of earth no more, but this need not grieve me ; for I shall not be here long. In this way this sweet rose talks to me in pain and solitude, and brings to my mind sweet thoughts of God and heaven. I thank you for sending it to cheer with its sweet presence this lonely apartment. I thank you for all your kindness, but for none more than this."

"You were in the right, Clara," said Mr. Crawford to his wife, as they walked home. "I would not for many times the sum paid for that rose deprive this poor woman of the comfort she seems to derive from it. It was affecting to hear her speak of it. I was surprised at first, but on reflection it does not seem so strange. What one object of beauty has she to look upon besides ? In that dark, dingy apartment the beautiful rose must seem almost like a spirit from another sphere. You have taught me a lesson, Clara. I hectorcd you about your present to Mrs. Gore ; but I now see and acknowledge its appropriateness. I believe it has truly been the cup of cold water which will not be forgotten."

"I think," said Mrs. Crawford, "that we should not always confine our charity to the bodily or even spiritual wants of the recipients of it. I too have erred in this direction. Should we not follow the example of our Father in heaven ? He might have made a world without flowers. How cheerless would have been our home here, if He had acted upon the principle we too often adopt. He might have supplied every physical want without adding an element of beauty to our terrestrial abode ; but he has not dealt thus with the recipients of his bounty. How much has he given us to feast the eye, and to elevate and refine the spirit. Some simple gift which gratifies the love of the beautiful in nature or art, may be as refreshing to the spirit as a cup of cold water to the parched lips."

"I believe you are right. Still every one is not like Mrs. Gore.—She is evidently a woman of delicate and refined sensibilities. You know that she has seen better days ; but it is not every one among the poor, that would appreciate such a gift. On many it would be quite thrown away. Their natures are too sensual and degraded."

"But the love of the beautiful does exist even in such natures. It only needs to be developed, and would not its development tend to the elevation and refinement of such characters? I have of late sometimes thought that I would like to try the experiment."

"Suppose you try it on Mr. Warren's family. There is a fair chance for you."

"I suspect that is said a little mischievously," said Mrs. Crawford. "You have not quite done trying to tease me yet. It would hardly be a fair experiment. My poor flower would, I fear, stand a slim chance in that abode of dirt and disorder."

"It is no worse than many others."

"That is true, no doubt. I don't know whether you are in jest or in earnest about it, but really I have half a mind to try. I think I will offer that sweet little verbena to Hannah Warren. It will be no great loss, if the experiment fails. I will call there to-morrow and see what she will say to the offer."

The next day Mrs. Crawford called upon the Warren family. She found the one apartment they occupied in the same state of disorder and dirt that it was three months before, when she but called to inquire about a sick child. Mrs. Crawford soon introduced the object of her visit by inquiring of Hannah if she was fond of flowers.

"I like to see them very much," said Hannah, and her plain face lighted up in a way which revived the drooping courage of Mrs. Crawford.

"Did you ever have any flowers of your own?" she inquired.

"No, ma'am."

"Poor folks like us can't have such things," interposed Mrs. Warren. "They cost money. They are pretty enough; but they are not for the likes of us."

"I have in a little pot at home, a beautiful scarlet verbena, which is now in blossom. Would you like it, and take good care of it, if I would give it to you?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Hannah eagerly.

"You do not know how to take care of it," interrupted Mrs. Warren again. "It would not live a week, if you had it."

"I will tell her just how to manage it, when she comes for it. I think it will do very well. Will you come for it to-morrow morning, Hannah?"

Hannah agreed that she would. The next day, punctual to the appointed time, she came for the plant. She seemed much pleased with it, and listened attentively to the directions given about the care of it.

Two weeks later, Mrs. Crawford again called upon Mrs. Warren and Hannah to ascertain the result of her experiment. She felt almost sure that she should find her beautiful verbena, withered and half dead, expiring amid dust and cobwebs. On her first call she felt a wish to propose that the cobwebs should be taken down, and the window washed, preparatory to the reception of her present. But such a proposal would be very likely to give offence, and besides she wished to leave all to the influence of her little flower, if indeed it could have any influence on the habits of this untidy and degraded family. On this point she was not by any means sanguine. She was therefore quite surprised, on glancing around the apartment, to see the changes which had been effected. The cobwebs had been taken down, the floor swept, the one window washed, and even the dingy, smoke-colored curtain, had, by the application of soap and water, been made to change its hue to something very like white.—Was it possible that the verbena had accomplished all this! That, too, was in excellent condition, showing that the directions for the care of it had been carefully followed.

"Well, Hannah," said Mrs. Crawford, going up to the flower, "your verbena is doing nicely. I see that you have taken excellent care of it."

"Hannah thinks everything of it," said Mrs. Warren. "I don't know as you could offer her enough to buy it."

"I am glad to see it looking so well. How pleasant the sun comes in at that window! It is a nice place for the flower. I had forgotten that you had such a warm and sunny place for it. My impression was that the sun did not shine in at that window, the room seemed so dark when I called here before."

"Well, I suppose we may as well own up," said Mrs. Warren, with a side glance at Hannah. "No wonder you didn't know that the sun shone in at that window; for the fact was, it was so covered with dust, and cobwebs, and smoke, that the sun couldn't take a peep through it. But after Hannah had had that posy a day or two, she took it into her head that it couldn't feel comfortable where it was so dark and dirty, when it came from such a bright, clean place. Well, I told her I would wash the window, if she would sweep down the cobwebs and clear the room of dust and dirt. She took the broom, and you ought to have seen the way she went into it. I reckon the spiders thought it was new times; for not a cobweb did she leave.—I got the window as clean as soap and water could make it, and really the sun did shine in quite bright. Then we took down the curtain, and washed that. Since then Hannah has kept the room tidy like,

for fear, as she said, the posy would get home-sick, and want to go back to Mrs. Crawford's."

Mrs. Crawford was both amused and pleased by this ingenuous confession of the influence exerted by the verbenas. She sought to encourage the mother and daughter in their new course. She praised the cheerful appearance of the room, told Hannah if she would keep the walls free from dust and cobwebs, she would give her two or three pictures to hang upon them, and charged her to let the verbenas have the full benefit of the sun-light. On her return home, she informed her husband of the success of the experiment, and the result of this novel gift of a flower. Both were agreed that something might be done in these and similar ways to refine and elevate the poor, and that the result of the experiment would have been worth the cost of a dozen verbenas.

"OH, THERE ARE SPIRITS IN THE AIR"—SHELBY.

BY P. WILLOUGHBY.

Yes, there are spirits in the air,
Fierce demons ride the wintry blast;
They rage and shriek, they howl and tear,
As the swift night wind drives them past.

Now comes a loud and fearful cry,
In combat fierce the sprites are tost;
Anon low mutterings fill the air,
Like wailings of a spirit lost.

In what strange region is your home,
Ye frantic revellers with the storm?
From what wild land of mist and gloom,
On night's dark pinions are ye borne?

Ye cannot daunt or harm us here,
Safe by the warm fire's blazing light;
But spare, oh, spare the homeless poor!
The sailor on the sea to-night!

There's one who wanders, self-exiled,
From friends and country fled,—
Ye storms that rage, ye winds that blow,
Oh, spare that houseless head!

THE MAY WALK:

OR, THE TEACHER'S REWARD.

BY JENNIE E. L.

"To stamp with truth and wisdom's signet bright,
To mould again to new and beauteous forms,
To polish and refine what else were rough
And valueless—the youthful mind and heart."

THE fairest spring season cheered our mother earth; morning, with sunbright smiles, greeted many buoyant hearts and joy-lit faces, and as the church bells chimed the school-time hour, a merry group of children hastened to the old brown school house of their native village. Faces radiant with anticipation and hearts dancing with hope echoed the cheerful "good morning" of their instructress, then burst forth a chorus of voices: "Now, Miss L——, you will go with us for flowers to-day—we will get our lessons early, and not care for recess or noontime, only let us have a walk this afternoon."

The promise was given to dismiss them at three, provided they would be diligent and studious—then hushing their giddy rejoicings, the volume of inspiration was opened, while solemn stillness seemed to invoke a spirit of devotion as each pupil read, in turn, a portion of Divine Truth. Then rose a voice in simple, fervent prayer—a prayer for strength, for patience to impart the seeds of virtue and wisdom, and by daily culture raise their hearts and hopes above life's sinful pleasures.

With hearts swelling with gratitude, calmness and trust, the daily routine of duty was begun. Books, maps, slates, were sought with eagerness—lessons were learned as by magic power. The prospect of a woodland ramble made tasks easy and requirements light.—Three o'clock came, and the gleesome little band sought, with their willing teacher, to find in field and forest earth's fairest boon which Nature's hand had sown and reared, untouched, untrained by mortal. From their gladdened hearts joy and mirth in sweet, wild carols burst, till welkin rang and woodland echoed shouts of childish transport. The wee lisper bounded with fairy step, past brier and thorn unheeding.

With Rachel's watchful care the little flock were led away from

mire and hedge—the tiniest feet were lifted over fence and brooklet, and pointed out the peeping flowers struggling for birth. Gladly that teacher joined their sportive glee—gladly twined emerald wreaths of running pine, and wove garlands of moss and evergreen in cones with waking flowerets, till the time came to leave the field where mirth presided. The returning path was near the “silent city,” and, with strict injunctions of quietness, permission was given them to enter and rest while among the mansions of voiceless multitudes.

How soon their mirth-tones took a sadder key. There slept a playmate who, one brief year ago, joined in their pastimes in all the gayety of youthful ardor. “There is my mother’s grave,” sighs a ruddy boy as he hastily brushes away the pearly tear-drops, chiding himself for weakness. Little Mary sought the “resting place” of a loving and revered father, musing in wondrous thoughtfulness upon the hallowed past. Others stood by the graves of brothers and sisters, bidding the lava tide of fond remembrance roam unchecked.—Memory’s wild eruptions swell their hearts with sorrow for the “loved and lost,” and the imperaled dews of affection sparkle and fall from the soul’s windows despite every effort to subdue them.

Warmly the sympathies of their teacher were enlisted. Her heart beat lighter to see them all gay and happy, and when sadness usurped the place of mirth, a glow of enthusiasm and love lighted her eye, and she gladly soothed and cheered them. Gathering them around her, she talked of the spirit-land—the home of the good, where sighing or parting never entered—then told of Jesus’ love, his life, his promises to those who seek Him early—that they who drink from the “fountain of life shall never thirst.” Eagerly they listened—ready they seemed to treasure up a lesson given where every thing conspired to lead the mind from life’s short span up to the spirit-world. The voiceless tombstones whispered lettered warnings of truth. The varied records showed the uncertainty of every thing but death. Each tender mind appeared deeply impressed with the necessity of remembering “their Creator in the days of their youth.”

Pleasure is to women, what the sun is to the flower: if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, deteriorates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

DUTY.

ADA LESTER'S STORY.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

A PARTY of friends, gathered in a sunny summer parlor for a morning call upon the hostess, were discussing, gaily and unrestrainedly, the *on dits* of their circle. Pleasant, gossippy remarks went round, and jests and laughter were not wanting; and, alas! neither were harsh judgments of the absent, which were uttered in tones that sounded more kindly than the words in which they were couched.

A marriage, which all had deemed eminently and peculiarly suitable, had been broken off suddenly and without explanations save those which had passed between the parties principally concerned. Another was about to take place, in which a young and beautiful girl would vow at the altar, love, honor and obedience to a man more than twice her age, and whose life had been marked by a long catalogue of revolting vices, but whose wealth admitted him to the society of the pious and refined, and purchased for him the hand of a reluctant bride.

When they had discussed these topics fully, in all their bearings, the friends insensibly fell into such a strain of generalizing upon the character and mission of woman, as was readily suggested by what had passed. With considerable diversity of opinion, on other points, all agreed that the true sphere of woman was that of domestic life, or was to be reached only through marriage. One asserted, that unless married, woman had no well-defined social position, another that she had no satisfactory employments, another that she could not otherwise be what she was designed to be, the controlling centre of a home, another that she must necessarily become peevish, discontented, unhappy.

"In short, then, ladies," said Mr. Clement, as he rose to depart, "we are all agreed that a woman should marry, for love if she can, if not, as a sort of social necessity. I believe that she should marry, and for love. An old maid is a monstrosity in social life. She is morbidly restless and unhappy, and revenges her own loveless condition by picking flaws in the conduct of every other woman's husband, and in the culture of every other woman's children, not forget-

ting sundry inuendoes against those same women themselves. Her lack of domestic employments and cares leads her to go prying and prowling about, spying out 'left-hand defections and right-hand extremes,' in the house-keeping and expenditures of her more favored fellow-creatures. I need not describe a widow. We all know she is charming," bowing to his hostess, "but she is only in a transition state, and knows too well the desirableness of matrimony, to leave untried the wiles which, as she has scarcely failed to learn from past experience, will lead to the speedy exchange of the sables of widowhood for orange-flowers and white satin. Of young girls it is not necessary to speak—they are in a probationary state, waiting only for the proper moment to assume the position for which they were born. Ah! believe me, ladies," he added, "woman's aim in life is love, it is her being's true atmosphere, for it she was born, without it she languishes and dies, or becomes a monster to be pitied and shunned."

"I might object to Mr. Clement's speech," said Mrs. Loring, his hostess, "that it is ungallant in spite of its eloquence, inasmuch as the several classes of women whom he has stigmatized, are represented here. If personal references were not in bad taste, I might perhaps convince him of mistaken ideas, by relating the histories of some women here present. I believe that woman's true aim in life, like man's, is duty, and if any of you are not too much hurried, to wait and listen, I will illustrate my position by the story of the life of a true woman, and a happy one."

The friends eagerly gathered around—Mr. Clement laid aside his hat and sat down again, while several voices joined in desiring Mrs. Loring to proceed.

"I first saw Ada Lester," she commenced, "when, at fourteen, I was sent, for the first time, from home, and placed in a distant seminary. I had been accustomed to a large circle at home, from which I was now thrown alone among strangers, a shy, awkward girl—more than a child and not yet a woman. I shall never forget the uncomfortable feelings with which I endured the point-blank glances of the fifty pairs of eyes that surrounded the supper-table, on my first evening at the seminary. Every way I turned I saw only those pitiless eyes, some coolly staring, some twinkling with merriment, some glittering with scorn. No wonder that I sat blushing, confused, awkward, and replied at random to the questions and remarks addressed to me by the teacher in whose special charge I had been placed.

"I became sensible of one of these blunders when I heard a low

titter running round the table, and, in my distress, I believe I should have been unable to restrain the tears that would rise to my eyes from overflowing, had not a sweet low voice said, close to my ear:—

“Don’t mind them, Miss Clare. They don’t intend any harm, they only enjoy teasing a shy, new girl.”

“I turned a grateful glance in the direction of the voice, and saw a beautiful, gentle face, framed in ringlets of pale, golden-brown, bent toward me. Out of this fair, sweet face, looked eyes of a deep violet hue, softened in expression by sympathy for my distress, and there was a tremulous smile of encouragement playing about the small, crimson mouth as she spoke again.

“Miss Green has told me your name, and says I may speak to you. I am Ada Lester, and I am to be your room-mate. As soon as supper is over, we will go to our room, if you please, and stay there the remainder of the evening.”

“I thanked her again, with a look and a pressure of the little hand that she had laid upon mine, but dared not trust my voice. As soon as the signal was given for rising from table, I gladly stole away by her side, and holding still her guiding hand, reached the sanctuary of our chamber.

“From that hour to the present, Ada Lester has stood to me in the holy relation of a pure and perfect friendship. Her whole life has been potent to my eyes, no deed or thought has she ever sought to conceal, and I can say, knowing the truth of my own words, that I well understand the motive of all her actions.

“From the hour when she spoke words of sympathy to the plain, awkward school-girl, when she withdrew from the sports of her companions to spend her recreation hour in soothing my distress, to that hour in which, sacrificing her own hopes and wishes, she settled herself calmly to the pursuit of a life of harrassing cares and responsibilities, she has never wavered in her course. To her Duty is paramount to all other motives of action—it is the one ruling motive of her entire life.

“Four years we remained at school, and during all that time her life was the same. She was ever forgetful of self, ever ready to minister to the wants, to soothe the distresses of others, to add to their happiness at the expense of what seemed her own, to do right, rather than to follow the leading of inclination.

“Just before the examination which was to end our school life, a great misfortune fell upon Ada. Her guardian, in whose hands had been unreservedly placed all the fortune left her by her deceased parents, suddenly fled from his country, carrying with him all the

available means which he had in his possession. A series of gigantic frauds, which his position—one of trust and great emolument, had enabled him to perpetrate, were on the eve of discovery. Urged by the fear of imminent discovery and punishment, he fled, and with him disappeared the fortune of his wards—Ada Lester and her brother Clarence.

“Ada’s first impulse, on hearing of this misfortune, was to fly to her brother, but the advice of a friend—a man eminent in the legal profession—induced her to remain until the close of her school term. As her expenses had all been paid in advance, and as she would receive the diploma of the institution on graduating, she resolved to accept the advice. It may seem that she sacrificed duty to inclination in this instance, but such was not the case. Her brother, though still wanting some months of his majority, had recently married a very pretty girl, with whom he was still greatly in love, and did not need his sister’s society. Had she felt that she could be of use to him, no consideration would have hindered her from going to him.

“It was soon found that the recovery of any portion of the Lesters’ fortune was hopeless, and Ada resolved to devote herself to teaching, hoping thus to sustain herself and aid her brother, who had seemed to yield to the inertness of despair beneath the influence of his loss. She left school and went to her brother’s house, there to await the engagement which the principal of our seminary very readily undertook to secure for her.

“Here she found new and unexpected duties. Her brother’s young wife was ill, and he petrified, as one might almost say, by this new misfortune, seemed totally unable to make any exertion. Poverty was beginning to look in at the door of the pleasant cottage which had been the chosen home of the wedded pair. The disease under which Mrs. Lester labored was a hidden, hereditary malady that had developed under the influence of sorrow and disappointment, and bade fair to baffle all the arts of the physicians, while years of slow and ceaseless suffering were probably in store for the invalid.

“Ada was the kindest of nurses ; what she lacked of the skill drawn from experience, she made up in ready sympathy and perfect teachableness. She made herself so useful, so indispensable, she wound herself so closely round those suffering hearts that they felt a terrible shock when the long-expected letter arrived to announce that an engagement had been made for Ada as governess in a wealthy Southern family. A liberal salary was offered, and Ada, listening as she always did to the voice of duty, decided that she must accept the engagement before she communicated the contents of the letter to

her brother and sister. She would gladly have remained with them, but the thought of being able to earn money for them decided her.

"She went, and for a time her brother seemed aroused to activity, at the thought that Ada was toiling for him and his helpless wife.—He procured employment as a clerk, with small remuneration, but sufficient, with Ada's assistance, to supply the wants of the invalid, and the expenses of their small housekeeping. But his was a naturally delicate constitution, and weakened by sorrow and despair.—Before the close of his first year of exertion, a slight cold following some unusual labor, produced inflammation—he was prostrated by violent hemorrhage of the lungs, and Ada was suddenly recalled from her Southern home to the death-bed of her brother. She came, she remained by his side to the last. Her hand wiped the death-damp from his brow—her voice spake into his dulled ear words of holiest cheer, and answering the last mute questioning of his beloved eyes, promised never, never to forsake the helpless one whom he was about to leave forever.

"When the last sad rites were over, when the dust that had once been the stately, handsome Clarence Lester had been committed to its kindred dust, when all the small but perplexing details of business had been arranged satisfactorily, Ada would have returned to the South, leaving her afflicted charge in the care of a competent nurse. But the sick child, for Sylva Lester was but a child still, though wedded on her sixteenth birth-day two years before, clung to her so frantically, besought her so piteously not to leave her, that she yielded. Sylva was her sacred charge from the hands of the dead, and though conscious that she should be able to purchase her more comforts by returning to the South, she well knew that such sympathy as she could give, the consolation of her presence and cares were unpurchasable and invaluable. She yielded to the duty that seemed strongest, and remained. She opened a little school in an apartment of the cottage, for small children—she taught music and some of her other accomplishments to the daughters of her wealthier neighbors, and all her leisure she devoted to the invalid, whose comforts were thus purchased by her labor.

"Year after year of this changeless life passed on. At twenty-five Ada had the haggard, worn expression, the thinness and pallor that added ten years to her appearance. She looked back upon weary, desolate, toilsome years; she peered into the future and beheld the same unchanging pathway stretching long and far before her. But she prepared herself anew to perform with cheerful alacrity her duties, and after the little holiday which had signalized her birth-day, she

returned to her school and her teaching with unchanged mien and purpose. But there came a sudden interruption of her plans.

"Herbert Allison was the nephew and reputed heir of a wealthy merchant of the city where Ada had received her education. He had met Ada at Madame ——'s weekly receptions, had fallen in love at first sight with the gentle, graceful girl, and before the tidings of her loss of fortune, had proposed to her with the approval of his guardian. His love was returned and his suit accepted. The marriage would doubtless have taken place when Ada left school, but that her sudden poverty caused Mr. Allison to withdraw his consent, and to separate the lovers by taking Herbert with him to Europe, for a lengthened tour. There was a tearful parting in Madame ——'s parlor, and then they met no more. They were as the dead to each other for the weary years that followed, not even a message or a letter having ever been exchanged between them.

"Seven years had passed, when suddenly Herbert appeared at the cottage. He had but a few months previous returned from Europe, where he had taken advantage of the facilities offered, and perfected himself in his chosen profession, that of medicine. He had until then been unsuccessful in tracing Ada, but no sooner had he learned her residence, than he hastened to her side, determined, if she had not ceased to love him, to share her duties and lighten the burdens which were pressing out youth and life.

"His uncle had made his will in his favor, and, with his profession, he felt sure of being able to secure competence even during the struggling years of early practice. To take his place beside Ada, his first and only love, to aid her, even in poverty, in her sacred life-task was his warmest desire. He pleaded his cause with earnest, impassioned words, and Ada promised, that with his uncle's consent, she would become his wife; for, not even to promote his happiness, would she, in her fastidious delicacy, willingly mar his prospects by suffering him to bind himself to her.

"Herbert despatched a letter to his uncle, telling him all, reminding him of the seven patient years of probation, of the love that had outlived separation, neglect and seeming forgetfulness. He told him how he had found Ada weary and worn, yet patient and cheerful beneath her heavy burdens, and that duty as well as love called him to a place by her side, where he might sustain her drooping spirit, and interpose his own strong arm to uphold her sinking form.

"The letter was despatched, and he remained with Ada awaiting an answer. Days passed, happy days despite anxiety and suspense, days that memory glorified in after years, and to which Ada even now

recurs as some of the happiest of her life. At length, when they had begun to wonder and to grow impatient at the delay, and to predict refusal in the answer, it came—but not that for which they looked. Herbert's letter contained news of the sudden illness of his uncle, and summoned him to his side.

"He went after a brief parting, which they hoped would be followed by but a short separation. He found the old man living, and in undiminished possession of his faculties, save only those of motion and speech. He had been stricken by a fit, and death was near. Its approach softened the obduracy of his proud heart. His eyes expressed a welcome of the nephew whom, but a few days before, he had been ready to denounce and disown for his loyalty to his first love, and, by unmistakable signs, he consented to the marriage.

"But there was evidently some weighty matter pressing on the dying man's mind. In vain he strove, by looks, and signs, and inarticulate attempts at speech, to make his wishes comprehended. In the midst of his almost agonized efforts, a renewed attack took place, and in a few short hours he breathed his last.

"As soon as Herbert had retired from beside the dead body of his uncle, he wrote to Ada. He told her of the consent given by the dying man. He recounted the efforts he had vainly made to communicate his last wishes, and how he had died with some unuttered secret on his lips.

"He was too noble to make other than reverent mention of the dead, but his joy in his own prospects would show itself in every line, and caused the heart of Ada to thrill and throb with the burden of its own deep happiness. As soon as the funeral was over, Herbert would come to her, he said, and would remain near her constantly. A due respect for the dead would postpone their marriage for a little time, but they would never again be far separated.

"An intense, grateful joy flooded Ada's whole being, as she read. The words were words of hope and of deliverance. She had been desolate, and now she was made glad—she had been lonely, and now she had promise of the sweetest companionship—she had been weary, and before her was rest—she had been troubled, and peace awaited her—she had been sad, and joy was dawning upon her life, and already its auroral gleams lighted up the horizon of her future. Even the querulous invalid became cheerful as she saw the happiness that radiated from Ada's countenance, and made bright the glooms of her sad life.

"Letter after letter came from Herbert, letters that betrayed, in every line, his impatience at the separation. He was divided between

two strong influences—regard for the uncle, who in spite of his sternness had bestowed much upon the orphan nephew, and love for Ada, with the natural desire of being by her side. At length he announced that the funeral was over, that next day the will would be read, and that as soon as some necessary details of business had been attended to, he should come down to the cottage. In two or three days at most he promised to be at her side.

"But day after day passed, and it was not until the expiration of a week that Herbert presented himself at the cottage. He seemed sad and dispirited, and Ada forebore to question him about the trying occurrences of the period of their separation, until all the duties of the day were ended, the invalid's wants all provided for, and herself in a comfortable slumber. Then the lovers could, at length, enjoy a quiet hour of communion, and then, from Herbert's trembling lips, Ada learned the cause of his sadness.

"On the day succeeding that of the funeral, Mr. Allison's will had been produced by his lawyer, and read in the presence of his assembled relatives. To the astonishment of nearly all present, it was found that the bulk of his property had been left to a distant relative, while to Herbert he bequeathed only a trifling legacy, scarcely of larger amount than those bestowed upon his old and faithful servants.

"The will was dated on the day that he had received Herbert's letter, announcing his reunion with Ada, and asking the consent of his uncle to the marriage. His lawyer reported that Mr. Allison came to his office, apparently laboring under great mental excitement, and gave directions for having the will drawn up. That he expostulated with him, on finding that he was determined to disinherit Herbert, in whose favor a previous will had been made, but utterly in vain. Mr. Allison was peremptory, and left, expressing his wish that the will should be brought to his house that evening, to receive his signature. This had been done, the will was duly signed in the presence of witnesses, and the lawyer left, carrying with him the fatal document. He said that he had hoped Mr. Allison's anger at Herbert would be transitory, and quite persuaded himself that, in a few days, he should be called upon to destroy the will.—But he heard nothing from his client for several days, nothing until he was summoned to his bedside soon after his seizure.

"There the matter ended. The dying man's apparent desire to communicate something to his nephew, whom he forgave in presence of the near approach of death, was now explained. No one, except the fortunate heir of his wealth, doubted that his last moments were embittered by the revenge he had taken, and that he would have

caused the will to be destroyed, had he been able to make his wishes understood. But the opportunity was past, and Herbert saw that he must resign himself to poverty.

"Now came the great trial of Ada's life. Had she been alone, without burdens or encumbrances, she would gladly have cast her lot with Herbert's, and have placed herself at his side, prepared to aid him in the struggle that lay before him. But her promise to her dying brother chained her to the side of Sylva—she could not leave her, she could not lay such a burden upon the struggling man in his first attempts to win himself recognition and a livelihood in his profession.

"It was very hard for Ada to crush the beautiful blossoms of her new hopes—very hard for her, after gazing forward into a future bright and sunny as that offered by a marriage with her early love, to turn again to contemplate the blank and cheerless reality of a life of toil, and hardship, and continual self-abnegation. But she was no weak girl to shrink from duty; she was fully strong enough to do what she deemed right, even though she brought great suffering to herself.

"She put aside all Herbert's remonstrances, as best she might.—She would not even encourage him to expect a distant reunion, but bade him go and perform well his duties, leaving her free to the performance of her own. She bade him reflect that our life is not given us simply that we may seek our own selfish joy, but that we may nobly and worthily fulfil our appropriate work; that we may do good, "love mercy, walk humbly," looking forward to the coming life, where the gloom that so often overshadows this shall be cleared away, and we shall know that One wiser than ourselves has guided all our ways. And bidding him remember that should they meet no more on earth, they must be reunited in heaven, she bade him farewell, and turned to the hard duties that lay before her.

"Herbert, too, strengthened by her resolution, yet rebelling against a necessity which he was unwilling to comprehend, went his way in sorrow. For the first time, in his life of thirty years, he found himself compelled to seek the means of self-sustainment. He found it no easy task to deny himself the luxuries to which he had been accustomed, to live in poor lodgings, and to study by economy to eke out his little legacy, until he might establish himself in his profession. He found it hard to bear when he sat whole days in his little office, and no foot crossed his threshold, no demand was made upon his services, while men, with scarce a tithe of his knowledge and ability, were amassing wealth and making to themselves great names through the, perhaps, accidental performance of remarkable cures.

"Ada passed the long night hours watching beside the cold remains of the only man she had ever loved—an unmarried wife, a widowed maiden, a desolate, heart-broken woman, to whom the brightness of her few past days of hope made the gloomy present but darker and more sad.

"But Ada is not one to yield even to such grief. She knows not the meaning of despair. She bent beneath this terrible blow, and for a time I feared she would never rise again from the long sickness that followed. But she ultimately recovered not only health, but strength of endurance, and something of her old cheerfulness.

"As soon as she was well again, she told me that constant employment was a moral necessity, and that the days of her life must all be filled with cares and duties, until the time of reunion with the loved and lost should come.

"She has entered a large charitable institution, where she is teacher and almost mother to the forlorn and outcast children who are gathered there to learn the way of temporal and eternal salvation. She is the friend and adviser of the sinful and afflicted of her own sex, who also are brought thither, and her name is daily repeated with blessings by scores of grateful tongues.

"Ada is calm, cheerful, and even happy. She is content to wait all her appointed time, and well content to be made the instrument of doing good to others. I question whether she would truly have been happier in the domestic sphere, and surrounded by the influences of love. I believe there are few women, in any sphere, whether as wives or maidens, happier than she.

"When last I called to visit her, she repeated to me, with her still beautiful smile lighting up her lovely face, these words of Talvi:— 'I know that we women are wrong in believing *love* to be our aim in life—my hard fate has taught me that it is only *duty*.' "

Seeing that Mrs. Loring had concluded her story, her friends thanked her warmly, then rising, they silently went their several ways. There was a lesson to be learned from such a life as Ada Lester's, and each pondered upon it in awe and admiration, like that one feels in reading a noble poem, or standing in the presence of some great picture—the life-work of one of Art's enthusiasts. Mrs. Loring believes some of her listeners drew worthy lessons from the story. It may be that those who read it here, will gain from it some profit—added strength for life's toils, or increased cheerfulness in bearing its heavy burdens. Precepts are but dull, unmeaning words—it is the noble examples of earth's martyrs, that incite us to noble deeds and worthy lives.

"ORA PRO NOBIS."

BY M. CHRISTINE METCALFE.

EVERY heart has known its hour of agony, of heart-wearying wonderment concerning the mysterious future, the untried hereafter.— Perhaps you were still a child when Nature whispered to you, "There is a God." Night and day you wrestled with the mighty thought, seeking an explanation. Did you go to your mother? Poor child! you had none. But you went, in the calm twilight, and sat down on her grave, and wept. What bitter tears you shed as you looked up at the stars, which came out one by one, and strangely asked, "Who placed them there?" And when the night-wind fanned your cheek, you thought, "Whose breath is this?"—and half believed it was your mother's, coming to you from that far-off land whither they said she had gone. This was God's Spirit speaking to the little child, ere yet it had learned his name.

You are old now; your hairs are turning white with time and care, and still you have not learned the answer to the question of your childhood; yet you tremble in your soul sometimes when an irresistible power, which you cannot name, pours over your heart a flood of testimony that there is a Being greater than man, to whom he should submit.

You are very beautiful, young maiden; your cheek vies with the rose blooming in that pretty vase beside you. As you gaze on this type of your own beauty, do you not discern the eternal, unlimited Power which bestowed upon both it and you the precious boon of life? What pencil but the great Creator's has so exquisitely tinted its petals? Do you not discern in the delicious fragrance, the breath, in the pearly dew-drop which gems the cup, the tear of a Divinity?

Slowly the shadows fall. The richly-hued clouds wreath themselves into shapeless masses, then weave all round and round the earth a crimson cross, ragged in outline, it is true; but your quick imagination descries instantly the emblem of blood-dyed Calvary; and as the waves roll up at your feet, you think of Him who, on the banks of "mountain-bound Gennesaret," answered the cry of the poor mariners and fishermen—"Ora pro nobis."

Mariners upon life's sea, we glide in our frail barks, and as the winds arise and the tempest lowers, a thousand shrieks fill the death-

laden air. The Child of Rome, confounded in his trouble, turns every way, and cries to man, and saint, and God-head—"Ora pro nobis!" The Protestant, with more simplicity of faith, clasps the cross to his bosom, and raises his trustful eyes to the great Intercessor. From a thousand hearts all stained with error, in the hour of danger issues the plea they scarcely understand—"Lord, save or we perish!" Even the all-sufficient ones, whose boast has been to know no hell, who dream of heaven after heaven, until arrived at perfection they are lost in the Divinity—is not their last gasp spent in tones of anguish, which mock the surging death-waves, "Have mercy on us?"

Thus every heart feels the necessity of an Omnipotent Being, and though too proud to serve him as they should, follow at a distance. As the eye of the dying warrior turns upon the victorious flag of his country; as the needle is attracted by the magnet; as the heart beats while life is in the body—so must the soul, in every extremity of sorrow or of joy, turn to heaven, seeking a Providence to supplicate or bless; a Deity to praise; a Creator to worship. Yet the reckless crowd offer strange and heartless worship; they pursue the paths of pride and self-conceit, and when death comes, in vain they look for the outstretched hands, and the white garments, and the wings like the angels. They return to their mother earth—the cold ground covers their wasted forms; but the spirit!—

"The vision of the tomb is past;
Beyond it, who can tell
In what mysterious region cast,
Immortal spirits dwell?"

How strong is the power of association! These disconnected thoughts were raised by the influence of the murmuring billows, which come rolling over here from far-off Rockaway, breaking gently on Canarsie beach. There was a peculiar melody in the waves just now, which brought to mind the sweet, harmonious strains of the *Ave Maria*, as glad girlish voices used to breathe it forth in accents all subdued by religious fervor. Oh, I remember well one beauteous form, all robed in white, that knelt so oft in that darkened chamber at twilight hour. Little did we think how soon she would wear the white robes of heaven! She was saint-like; in all the bustle of school life, she was ever calm; sorrows and joys produced alike a smile.

We called her Julie; and I have thought of her while dreaming of Raphael's Julie—I mean the Raphael of Lamartine's creation.—

With all her seeming coldness, she had a deep, warm heart, capable of intense passion. She loved, (and who has not either a real or an ideal image?) and it was returned. This love was a panacea for all ills. If preceptors frowned, she remembered that *he* would smile at her fault; if friends proved false, she leaned the more confidently on *his* friendship; if loved relations died, she clung to him more closely, thinking *he* surely could not die! She did not see the hectic flush upon his cheek, nor note the startling brilliancy of his dark eye. We saw it all; and as his cough became troublesome, and his step languid, we knew what must follow soon, and trembled for our darling Julie. She jested at his illness; she would *not* see any danger.— And when we became very serious, and warned her to prepare for the worst, quite unlike herself, she became angry, from very fear that what we said was true, and told us we were wicked girls to frighten her so cruelly; then she would rush to him, and with choking sobs, repeat all that we had said. He would charm away her fears, telling her we imagined these things; that in reality there was no danger. He dared not speak the truth he felt too well.

Julie grew paler every day. Her fears affected her wonderfully. She still jested, and laughed, and wore a sweet smile; but we could see that she was becoming very weak. She would often ask us to run to the school-room for her books, or up stairs for her bonnet, saying she was *so* tired. Our teacher endeavored to persuade her to go home for awhile, and her parents sent for her at his request; but she would not endure the proposition, and still clung to hope and him she worshiped.

How softly we all tread now! The windows are darkened, and the only sound we hear is her low moan, as she lies in the "blue-room," across the hall. They have told her all—how peacefully he died, and that his last word was her name. She will listen to no consolation, but tosses her white arms wildly, crying always,—“O, Walter, Walter!”

Her parents have come. We steal on tip-toe to the door. No one reproves us, for it is a scene which will be an impressive lesson to us. There they stand: the mother is quite aged. See! she gazes earnestly around; she comprehends it all; she clasps her hands, and turning her eyes upward, exclaims, “*Pray for us!*” even as she sinks fainting into the sorrow-stricken father’s arms.

The grave was widened. Two coffins were placed there, side by side. On the marble slab above them was written, “Walter and Julie.” There was need of nothing else; their hearts’ history was expressed in these simple words. It was better thus. Julie never,

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never could have gone forth into the world, which waited impatiently to welcome her, leaving him there on the hill-side alone, for it was a solitary mound. She would ever have been wandering back, even when her voice was gay and her smile joyous, to the green grave, and the white stone, and the old yew tree which marked the resting-place of Walter.

"Walter!"—I am sure these waters are full of life. I heard that call as plainly——there! there is the answer, like an echo from a faithful heart—"Julie!"

These voices of the waters are strange illusions; yet possibly they are not illusions after all. Have you never heard them, at night, on the sea-shore? Perhaps they have spoken your name, and the voice may have been one you recognized instantly. It made your heart leap, and you gazed out on the ocean, hoping to see a well-remembered form; but you saw only some white-sailed boat, which was gliding like a sea-gull over the water, gracefully and calmly; so you turned away with a sigh.

If the waves are mute for you, perhaps it is a star which breathes your name sometimes in tender accents. When the night is stillest, then the star calls loudest, and with eyes turned towards that beacon light, you sing the songs that voice knew and loved. When the night is cheerful, and the air resounds with merry voices or with tinkling sleigh-bells, then the star whispers faintly, as though it did not wish to disturb the merriment by recalling sad memories—sad only because those scenes and friends can never more return.

The stars! the stars! poetical emblems alike of love and immortality—the better loved because so little understood. Who shall tell us thy wonders, or explain to us thy mysteries? What is science! Alas; it has but removed the outer veil; we only know enough to discover to us our darker ignorance. Were it not for the revealed knowledge of the Creator, whose laws govern the universe, learning would most surely drive us mad. And as we gaze upon these works of God, calling us to worship him, to supplicate him who has redeemed us, the greatest of God's works, greatest and lowest fallen, do we still rebel? How deep is our iniquity! Is there a mercy which can reach even this? A bow of promise spans the arch of life; it rises on Calvary, and disappears only in heaven. Our hearts are subdued; we cannot gaze unmoved on love like this; we cry, as we have never cried before, *Salvator, Redemptor, ora pro nobis.*

Marriage is a feast where the grace is often better than the dinner.

THE FIRST WIFE.

BY INEZ.

'Tis long ago—another face
 Now lights my altered home and hearth,
 And babes that never knew thy love,
 Climb on my knee with noisy mirth.
 I see the mother's kindly smile,
 I stroke the children's sunny hair,
 Yet comes between my heart and theirs
 A voice more sweet, a face more fair.

Bride of my youth, I see thee still,
 With blooming cheek and form of grace!
 Thy dark eyes beam with tenderest love,
 The soul's true sunshine lights thy face.
 Thy light foot meets me, when I come
 With weary, homeward tread at night
 I clasp thee, with a quick caress,
 And hear thy murmur of delight.

'Tis hard to think the grave conceals
 The face that always smiled for me,
 The tender lips all motionless,
 The loving eyes closed heavily.
 'Tis hard, and yet long years I've borne
 That mournful memory on my heart,
 And oft I wake from sleep to find
 'Tis true, with new and bitter smart.

My home, my life, my heart are changed;
 A stranger fills thy vacant seat,
 Whose children make thy garden ring
 With music of their merry feet.
 I could not bear that lonely hearth—
 Beloved spirit, chide me not!
 Though full my house and bright with mirth,
 Thou nevermore wilt be forgot.

No, thou art not forgotten, though
 My home no more is desolate;
 Thou wert the angel of my youth,
 Thou wert my first and fondest mate.
 Still when my fireside brightest shines,
 Thy smile bestows a softer charm,
 Still when my life most calmly flows,
 Thy memory yields a sweeter calm.

GRANDMAMA.

But most when I am desolate
 And cannot find repose of soul,
 When care is brooding on my heart,
 Or clouds obscure my longed-for goal—
 Then, oh beloved! on my head
 I feel thy hand's soft pressure rest;
 "Courage!" thou breathest as of yore,
 And courage warms again my breast.

Oh, early loved! I turn to thee
 Thro' years of change and doubt and gloom;
 Deep hidden in my secret heart
 Thy memory ever is in bloom.
 And when I call my household round
 The fireside at the hour of prayer,
 Bright soars my faith to heaven, for
 The one who loved me first is there.

GRANDMAMA.

BY GENEVA.

WE are by the cheery firelight, rev'rend grandmama and I,
 Sitting, snugly warmly sheltered from the bleak winds, wild and high,
 From the winds of drear December, and the sharply biting cold,
 Sitting musing by the firelight, musing of the days of old.
 She is dreaming, vaguely dreaming of her happy hours gone by,
 Of her busy life-scenes vanished long ago, and so am I.
 Both are silent, I am wond'ring how she looked in times of yore;
 If that brow now seamed and wrinkled, sweet, unsullied beauty wore;
 If those eyes so dim and sunken, sparkled with bewildering light;
 If that shrivelled hand that screens them from the fire was soft and white;
 If that lily hand was treasured, all things rich and rare above,
 By the manly heart that won it, as the dearest boon of love;
 If his hand bestowed the ring encircling still the finger spare,
 With its quaint, old-fashioned chasing, as when first he placed it there;
 If that form, now bent, misshapen, once was graceful and erect—
 Was she gay and full of nonsense, or reserved and circumspect?
 Were the visions of her girlhood gay and rainbow-hued, like mine?
 Did she live to see them perish, as all rainbow hues decline?
 Are those olden dreams before her as she muses there so long,
 With her hand her dim eyes shading from the fire-light bright and strong?
 Are there voices, long since silent, but whose echo slumbers not,
 Thrilling now her secret harpstrings, "once we were, but *we are not*?"
 Sees she still the lovelight gleaming from the eyes that see no day?
 Feels she the convulsive pressure of a dear hand passed away?
 Yes, she lives those lost days over, while remembrance, faithful still,
 Brings up vividly before her each departed scene at will.
 Blest remembrance! resurrection of the dead and buried past,
 Ever bringing back the lost ones, till we go to them at last.
 Yes, I bless thee while we're sitting musing by the strong firelight,
 Sheltered from the piercing breezes of this drear December night.

"LOST" "LOST!"

BY JOSEPHENE POLLARD.

I WISH you could have seen Stephanie Burt, as I saw her, on the particular evening of which I write. Her hair was light brown and curled in short ringlets, that just kissed her neck and brow, forming a beautiful coronet of nature's own bestowing. I do not think her face possessed one regular feature, and yet there was a charm, communicated, I suppose, from her manners to her face, that made Stephanie Burt by no means an unlovely creature. Spoiled she was truly, and orphaned too; so one could not blame the hearts that petted the darling they were so soon to leave to the care of a merciless world. A circumscribed world it was, withal; aunt Charry, to whose lot it fell to be guardian of the orphan child, while uncle Amos paid particular attention to the care of her little property, had been too long a devotee at the altar of self, to think of a young girl's usurping the place of her idol. And yet aunt Charry *thought* she did her duty; while uncle Amos performed his part to the letter; for Stephanie's money had bought the additional acres to the farm, which had improved his property so much, that the neighbors used to remark—"for all aunt Charry says about having a boydenish girl of fifteen about the house, it was a lucky day, for her and uncle Amos, when Stephanie came to make her home with them." As for uncle Amos, he was a nonentity in the household, his usual place being out of doors, where he generally remained until the dew began to fall; taking himself out again as soon as it was fairly light. I was a great-nephew of uncle Amos, and, having taken my diploma and weak eyes at the same time, which latter was more than I bargained for when I entered college, the physician being consulted, proposed a respite from study or employment of any kind. Some years of my mother's maiden life had been spent in the house of uncle Amos; and still remembering that aunt Charry, with all her oddities, was kind-hearted, she advised that I should domicile myself with her and her better half for the next six months, of which time but one week had passed since I found myself an inmate of their family. As yet, Stephanie had hardly noticed me. I had been, the greater part of the time, in the fields with uncle Amos, avoiding sunny spots, and looking only

on nature and her various adornings on her shady side. Besides, a young man of twenty-three, with weak optics, was not likely to attract the attention even of a wild little girl of fifteen, who courted the sunshine, followed the path of the streamlet, and, if report said true, actually climbed trees, in defiance of the reproof she was certain of receiving—for Penderley had its gossips like all other places. But then there was always some good to be obtained—first cherries, the juiciest ones were *very* high up—then chestnuts, butternuts, black walnuts, and large juicy apples, and I suppose Stephanie approved of doing evil, perhaps, that good might come. I have introduced you to the members of the family, separately, but shall proceed to speak of but two in particular.

"Are you in earnest, Stephanie?" asked aunt Charry; and I looked at them both, one sitting quietly by the table, the other standing in a mock-defiant attitude.

"In earnest? most assuredly," and the corners of that sly little mouth were drawn down to something like demureness.

"Well"—and aunt Charry pushed the table from her with one hand, and nervously pulled off her spectacles with the other. "Well, you may go, but Alek shall go with you; and if I hear of any more of your capers," laying a particular stress on the "if" and finishing the rest of the sentence in her own mind.

I was reclining in the window-seat, watching the sun as it went down behind the hills, and turned, to find Stephanie regarding me with arched eyebrows and open mouth, which gave her such a silly look, that, for the life of me, I could not keep from laughing. That laugh augured well for *her* cause, and shaking a tiny finger at me, with a look that seemed to say "if you *do* play spy!" she left the sitting-room, and that was the last I saw of her that evening. Aunt Charry was the first to break the silence that ensued after her departure, and of course as she returned to the subject, I wished to know what the affair was, and when it was to take place.

"Why, only a frolic; Mrs. Prescott's Kate, Bell Freeman, Alethea Lamb, and our Stephanie, are the wildest girls in this section of country. Every fortnight they meet to discuss some new piece of mischief, and now they have set the time for next Thursday."

"Where will they go?" I asked.

"Oh, about three-quarters of a mile from here, at a place called Locust Grove; that is, they usually go there, because Squire Fearing's orchard adjoins the grove."

"Then, I suppose they don't need to provide themselves with dessert."

"Good for you, Alek!" was spoken at my elbow, and looking out, I caught a glimpse of uncle Amos Burt's hearty, honest face, as he turned the corner of the house. Presently he entered the room, preparatory to retiring for the night: he never sate down in the room with us, and he frequently repeated to me in the open field—"Early to bed, and early to rise, will make a man healthy, and—help his sore eyes," then laugh at his own wit, a natural, hearty laugh, that did one's ears good to listen to.

"I am afraid, aunt Charry," continued I, "that you have appointed a sorry escort for these girls; for, if I might judge from your mention of them, they will be likely to play some trick on your humble servant."

"Not if you keep on the right side of Stephanie," spoke up uncle Amos, as he started to leave the room, while aunt Charry gave us a wonderfully scrutinizing glance over the top rim of her spectacles.—I concluded it was best for me, also, to withdraw at that moment, lest aunt Charry might, if she had not already, begin to think she had mistaken her man. Uncle Amos liked Stephanie, and aunt Charry knew it; that *she* did not regard Stephanie with over affectionate eyes, all the gossips of Penderley were well aware.

Thursday came, and I had decided to go; so Stephanie and I started from the house with becomingly sober looks. But once out of aunt Charry's sight, and Stephanie flew round as though she was crazy. I did really begin to think the child's reason was unsettled, and had strong thoughts of sending for a straight-jacket. She pulled at my coat-skirts; and, tossing her bonnet in the air, seized my 'panama' from my head, and placing it jauntily on top of her own, flew rather than ran down the country road. I could do nothing but follow; the sun was high, and my health was to be considered, so I clapped on the sun-bonnet and started hot chase after her. What a figure I must have cut in the eyes of the passers-by—and I know there were many; but, had I hesitated, I might have lost my way, and the flutter of that "de bege" dress was but dimly seen through the increasing foliage. To augment my misfortunes, just as I thought I had her sure, my foot caught in a trailing root, and I fell my length, and made a not very desirable "debut" in the presence of the young—ladies assembled at Locust Grove.

"Parson Alek, young ladies," Stephanie said, as demurely as she could after the laugh at my unceremonious entrance had somewhat subsided, at the same time making me a provokingly low obeisance. I noticed the contracted brows of the three, (with whose names aunt Charry had made me acquainted,) as they turned to her, their ring-leader.

" 'Needs must, when *Charity* drives you know,' " was her spoken apology to their questioning looks ; " but don't be afraid, girls, he's one of us."

Then began a whispered conversation, interspersed with occasional glances at me, until, feeling myself rested, I joined the conclave, and asked the initiation fee.

" Do you remember what the old folks say, Mr. Parsons, about a close mouth showing a wise head ?"

" I do, Miss Burt"—I was half tempted to say Miss Pert—" and I think I can exemplify the adage."

" Well, then, follow us ; do your duty, and you shall have plenty of work, I warrant you, and a permanent situation, and never mind the fee—unless you've a mind to send your bill to aunt Charry."

" I'll see about that," was my response ; and then commenced the fun in good earnest.

During the six months I remained at Penderley, these semi-monthly frolics, which I had learned to enjoy heartily, together with the communings in the fields with uncle Amos, did more toward restoring my enfeebled health, than any amount of medicines would have done in the same space of time. I soon discovered their object in selecting their frolic-ground so near Squire Fearing's orchard ; he had a son, a student, about my own age, whose favorite study was in a corner of the orchard, under the shade of a spreading chestnut tree. They tormented that fellow pretty near to death. I'd hang swings for them which they would enjoy for awhile ; then they would sail mimic boats in the stream just below the grove ; but, when weary of these, they would be sure to return, to perpetrate some new piece of mischief.—If the student took off his cap for a moment, a handful of Canada thistles were thrown at him, which lodged in his hair, and stuck to his clothes with admirable tenacity. His pamphlets were abstracted from the bench, where he frequently left them, by means of a hook and line attached to a pole ; and the patience with which the young man bore the attacks of his assailants, was just enough to provoke them still further.

I remember well the last frolic we had before my departure from Penderley ; we had become quite intimately acquainted, and these four ' wild girls,' as aunt Charry called them, spurning conventionality, yet never passing the bounds of propriety, made me a willing confidant of all their schemes ; while aunt Charry was surprised at the wonderful accounts I gave of their good behavior. But, I was speaking of that last frolic in particular. The student had never resigned his seat 'neath the chestnut tree, and I could but admire

the spirit that would not quail before a womanish attack. This day he lounged, as usual, on the rustic bench; reading, apparently, although I, who was stationed behind a tree very near, thought I saw a merry twinkle in those usually languid eyes. A string had been previously adjusted to one of the boughs of the tree, under which the student lay, and, at a given signal, down came a shower of chestnut-burrs, necessarily causing quite a hiatus in the manuscript. Almost at the same moment, the young man sprung over the bars and stood before the astonished quartette; hastily the girls, with the exception of Stephanie, beat an inglorious retreat; while I, who maintained my station on the 'look out,' already fancied I discerned 'breakers ahead.' I could not hear what was said; but it ended pleasantly, I know, for they turned to leave the grove, both laughing heartily.

I had learned to love Stephanie; many, very many pleasant walks had we taken together, and now when I saw her starting for home, I trembled when I thought of the vials of wrath that would be poured on her head if she entered the house without me.

While I sate at the foot of the tree, wondering what was to happen next, I was surprised to see Philip Fearing walking toward me, his long fair hair floating carelessly from his brow, his face lit with a sunny smile, and his eye beaming with kind good humor.

"You will find your friend by the hollow stump, as you leave the grove," he said, already anticipating my question, and bowing politely, disappeared over the bars, leaving me to gather up the remnants of war, which consisted mostly of sun-bonnets, and follow in the wake of the enemy.

I found Stephanie sitting by the hollow stump, looking very little like a conqueror; but when I ventured to tease her, calling her "Caius Marius," and such like, she resented it sharply, with more womanly dignity than I had ever thought her possessed of. She did not even seem to regret that the ensuing Saturday would find me far from Penderley.

She did not love me; I doubt if she had ever discovered that I thought more of her, or had paid her any more attention than Kate, Isabel, or Alethea had received. My love, that had prudently been concealed, was but a bud in my own breast, and I left Penderley determined to nourish it, that it might in time become a plant of a larger growth.

Just one year since I visited Penderley: I had not heard from any of my friends in that direction, and quite longed to discover if my absence had had any effect on Stephanie's affections. I did *not* expect to find her wasted to a shadow; but, I was surprised when she

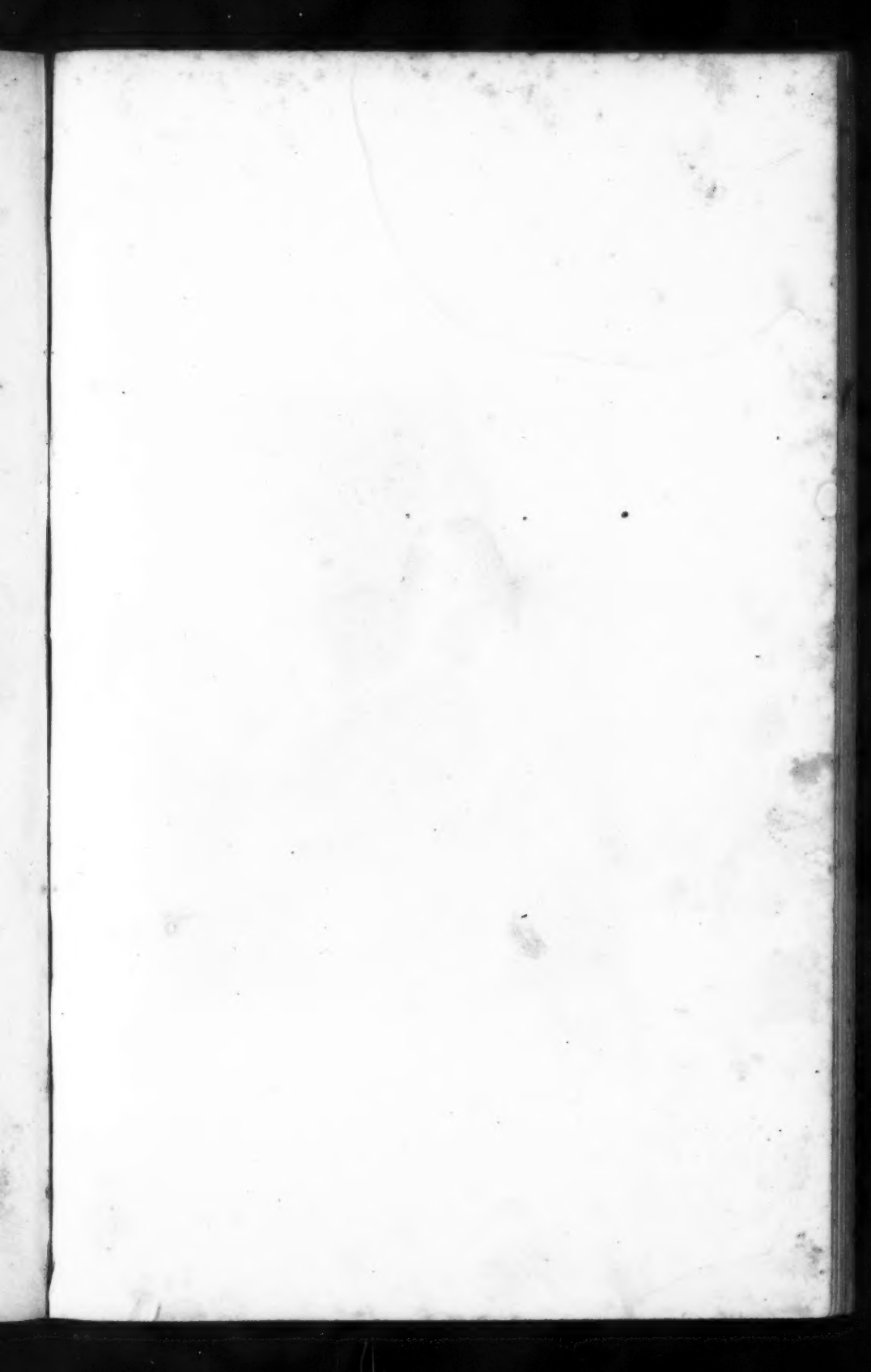
greeted me, on the first evening of my arrival, with the same mischievous smile, that was ambrotyped on my heart when I left. I had put down in my diary—"took the cars for Penderley, to remain three months"—when I went to my room that night, I made a slight alteration—"the length of my stay will depend on circumstances." I felt that the bud I had nourished had expanded to a rose, and was almost imperceptibly fading, because it needed the sunshine of Stephanie's smiles, and the dew of her tears. My rival was Philip Fearing—I knew it—I felt it even before she told me.—I was a friend to Stephanie as before—how much her friend she never guessed, and I was thankful; but another had taught her the passion, that I had been leaving to time; and, from the very opposite of their natures, Philip and Stephanie were attracted toward each other.

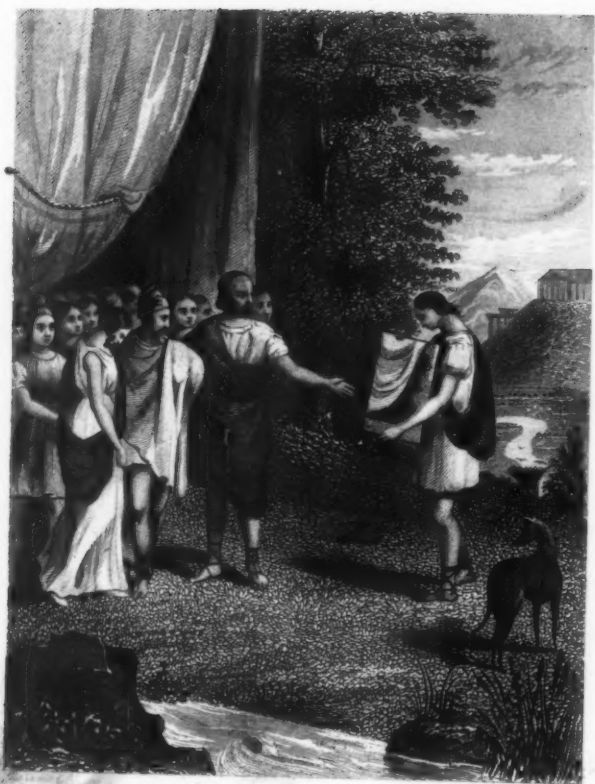
The wedding was to take place in June, and I remained to witness the ceremony, being prepared to leave on the evening of the same day, notwithstanding the coaxing of uncle Amos and aunt Charry for a longer stay.

It was a beautiful day for a bridal; festoons of roses hung from every bough, and so many were dressed in white, that, had it not been that Stephanie Burt was so well known, she would hardly have been discernible in the crowd of village maidens. I left Penderley while the wedding-bells were pealing, and they chimed, to my ear, a disconsolate wail, "Lost—lost—Lost—lost."

It is three years since then; and she, my Olivia, whom I call the "olive-branch" that brought peace to my heart, leans on my shoulder, smoothing the locks from a brow that twenty-six summers have kissed; and bids me remember "the bells chime an echo to the thoughts," and it is but doing her justice to say, that the bells are no longer a wail, but joy-bells, and I hear them now—"Joy—joy—joy—joy."

The intoxication of anger, like that of the grape, shows us to others, but hides us from ourselves; and we injure our own cause, in the opinion of the world, when we too passionately and eagerly defend it; like the father of Virginia, who murdered his daughter to prevent her violation. Neither will all men be disposed to view our quarrels in the same light that we do; and a man's blindness to his own defects will ever increase, in proportion as he is angry with others, or pleased with himself.







Mexican & Fragrant Columbine.

A LIFE WITHOUT LOVE.

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BY MIRIAM LEE.  
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"I, Miriam, take thee, James, to my wedded husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I give thee my troth."

Standing at the altar by the side of the man whom I had willingly accompanied there, I slowly repeated these words, from the marriage service, after the officiating clergyman. They were but the ratification of vows before given; I promised no more than I was ready to fulfil, for I believed that I loved this man as a maiden should love the man whose wife she becomes. As the last word was uttered, I cast a shy, happy glance at the face that bent beside me, but I instantly turned my eyes away and closed them as a thrill of strange repulsion shot through my frame. The feeling was vague, and yet almost irresistible. I would fain have placed a thousand leagues of sea and land between myself and him who, standing there beside me, received my troth-plight, and flashed upon me such a glance of triumph from beneath eyelids demurely cast downward.

I felt the ring—that mystic symbol of the perfect union that, in one moment, had become impossible to us—slipped upon my cold finger. I knelt mechanically and listened to the prayers, so full of beauty, uttered above us. I felt my hand clasped in his, and the solemn words uttered that bound us irrevocably. I received the congratulations of our assembled friends in silence, and, in a strange bewilderment, leaning upon my husband's arm, I accompanied him to the carriage which was to convey us homeward.

There was a wedding breakfast, and I was forced to listen to all the compliments and speeches usual on such occasions. I listened without heeding the meaning of much that was addressed to me, and I fancy I forgot to bend in acknowledgment of many of the fine speeches, for I heard one middle-aged matron whisper to my mother,

"Poor child! I really pity her—these public weddings are a great trial to a bride's nerves."

I really felt grateful if my absence of mind and strange stupor could be attributed merely to nervousness. I was glad when it was

all over, when the tearful adieux had been said, and I was rolling away, toward the nearest station, by my husband's side.

We were alone together, at last—the man who but yesterday was only my lover, was now my husband. The words had been spoken which bound us together—together we must live, enjoy, suffer according to God's will. And yet I shrank from him who but yesterday I had loved with all the intensity of a warmly affectionate nature. Was it like one of those strange intuitions by which we are sometimes warned of approaching evil or danger? If so, then truly had my warning intuition come too late!

It was in vain that I listened to the words of tenderness that my new-made husband addressed to me, in vain that I accepted his caresses, in vain that I tried to convince myself of the unreasonable-ness of the impulse that caused me to shrink from him, even while he assured me, over and over again, of his love in tones that but yesterday would have wrapped my soul in a deep delight. In vain I repeated to myself that in nothing was he changed, that only the relation which gave him a new claim to my love was different. But I could not conceal from myself that I had changed—that I loathed, almost hated where once I had loved.

We were soon installed in our pleasant new home. Here I found that my tastes had been remembered in all the arrangements of my future residence. All was simple and unpretending, as befitted the still humble fortunes of my husband, and though the furniture that had arrived before me from my city home, had been ordered with reference, as I thought, to my new surroundings, it was not by far so tasteful as that purchased and arranged by my husband.

I was really grateful to him for the thoughtful tenderness which he had manifested in preparing my home, and tried, more than ever, to win back the old love for him. But as the days and weeks passed, I became convinced that it was gone forever.

There were seasons of terrible struggling, of prayers and tears that ill befitted these early bridal days. But I maintained an outward composure, and tried to interest myself in all my new duties, and to find pleasures and enjoyments in my new life.

I could see my husband watching me, sometimes, with strange questioning looks, and I knew that he was utterly at a loss to account for the coldness that, with all my efforts to conceal it, had characterized my manner since our wedding-day. Had not the words been spoken that bound us to each other, I should never have feigned what I did not feel. But now I was his wife, and I allowed him to

believe I loved him, because I was constantly trying to persuade myself that I mistook my own feelings.

Thus I entered upon a life of deception, well and kindly meant, but fatal to the happiness it was intended to promote. I took up the burden of my duties, and bore them with martyr-like fortitude, striving by the extremity of self-sacrifice to atone for the love perforce withheld. Thus I went groping blindly along the track of weary years, hopeless of the future, and caring not to look back into the past, which had swallowed up all the beautiful illusions of my girlhood.

I do not wonder, I have never thought of complaining, that at length my husband ceased to love me. He had loved me well, but his was not the unselfish nature which loves on ever, without return. He could not willingly accept the shadow of dutiful submission, instead of the substance of the love I had not to give. He seldom reproached me, however, but when he found that nothing could win from me a loving recognition of my new relations, he sullenly submitted to his fate, and learned to look elsewhere than in his home for his pleasures and enjoyments.

A thousand times when I saw him enter the house, weary with the toils and perplexities of the day's business, and seat himself silently apart, without looking for the caress and loving welcome he had ceased to expect, my heart would sadden, and I would turn toward him. But, if the hateful repulsion that ever drove me from him, were by ever so great violence overcome, the sullen gleams that he had learned to shoot from his downcast eyes, seemed to warn me back. And so I learned to leave him quite alone, to accept my fate as he accepted his, only with a less sullen endurance.

Amid the cares and anxieties, and the one great sorrow of my life, there were some gleams of happiness. Three little children were given to us in the first years of our marriage, and though but one of them was long permitted to remain with us, each seemed to draw for a time our discordant lives into something that was nearer harmony. My husband almost worshipped his children. They were wailing, sickly little creatures, requiring the most unwearying and patient care, and my heart used to smite me with a strange sense of ingratitude when I saw him bending affectionately over their cradles, or bearing them tenderly in his arms through the long watches of the night. He mourned for them deeply and long when they died; but he never sought comfort from me who should have shared his sorrows. In the stillness of the night I would hear him sighing, and know that the silent tears were wetting his pillow. But if I essayed a

word of sympathy or consolation, he would turn away impatiently, or feign slumber, and so escape from what he perhaps thought my hypocritical condolences.

Our little boy, our darling Edwy, grew up a strong, brave, beautiful child, after the perils of his sickly infancy had been safely passed. We were both passionately fond of him, and I felt sure that my husband was jealous of every caress the child bestowed upon me.—While I was anxious that, at least, he should love me as dearly as his father, and would often playfully question him, as mothers will, who of all the world—his little world of affection—he loved best, his answer would ever be—

“Edwy loves papa and mamma best.” Then I would say,

“But which do you love most, papa or mamma, my precious boy?”

And he would answer,

“When I am at the office with papa, and he speaks to me so kindly, and says to every one who comes in so—,” and here he would imitate his father’s proud tones, “‘this is my little son,’ and gives me great sheets of paper to draw horses and soldiers on, I love papa most. But when I am at home with mamma, and she teaches me to read, and makes me such beautiful clothes, and holds me on her knee, and threads my curls with her soft, pretty fingers, and kisses me and says, ‘my precious boy,’ then I love mamma most. But indeed, indeed, I love you both more than I can measure.”

And so with these sweet, childish answers, I was fain to be content.

I had another source of quiet happiness. When I came, a bride, to my husband’s home, I found that Claude Hastings was to be our inmate. I had often heard my husband mention the lad, Claude Hastings, with great affection. I knew that he was the only son of an impoverished, widowed mother, and that my husband had taken him, when a mere child, into his office, for such nominal assistance as he could render, providing for his wants, and thus relieving his feeble mother of a heavy burden.

When I went to Elmwood, Claude was seventeen, my own age, but so boyish in look and manner as to seem quite a child beside one who, with the experience of no more years, had taken upon herself the cares and responsibilities of a wife. Claude made one of our family always, and was looked upon as a dear brother. His winning manners endeared him to me, and I took great pleasure in reading with him, and imparting to him my school-girl lore, for his education had been a good deal neglected, and he was very grateful for my aid. No woman who has not lived so desolate a life as mine, can know the happiness which I derived from the companionship and affection of this dear boy.

As the years passed, our affection but strengthened. Claude became a man, and took a man's place as counsellor and friend, no longer looking up to me as gifted by superior knowledge, or powers of mind, but with the same affectionate regard unchanged by our changed relations. His affection for my husband was deep, and grateful, and reverent; and I knew that the coldness and discord between us pained his heart and often made him most unhappy.— But with a rare delicacy he refrained from a word or glance that willingly betrayed his knowledge of our inharmonious lives.

Even in those terrible aftertimes, when my husband's habit of seeking his pleasures abroad, led him into scenes of dissipation, and stamped his handsome face with the unmistakable brand of a sinful life, when business was neglected and we began to miss many of the simple luxuries from our pleasant home, amidst his affectionate sympathy and active care for us all, he never whispered a word of blame of the erring one, or made my cheek flush by one allusion to that which was causing me such terrible pain.

My husband's business, through his neglect, became very small, and though I knew that Claude exerted every effort to sustain it, all was vain. At length there was nothing for him to do, and, because it was necessary for him to provide for his mother's support, he was forced to seek employment elsewhere. Soon afterwards he completed his studies and was admitted to the practice of his profession, and received as junior member of the firm to which he had gone when he left my husband.

Our house was still Claude's home, and he was my best and dearest friend. I lived then in a very narrow circle, but since, when I have looked over a broader expanse of life, have seen society as it is, with its miserable pretences, its shallow hypocrisies, its loathsome slanders, I have wondered that my name was never reproachfully coupled with that of Claude Hastings. Nothing but the frank innocence of our fraternal association, and the seclusion of our lives, that yearly deepened, could have saved us. My husband loved Claude Hastings as a son, and I know no jealous thought of wrong ever entered his mind. Once when one of the wretched companions of his fallen condition dared to utter a vulgar, drunken warning of our intimacy, he returned the cruel jeer with a blow that felled the creature to the ground, and forever and effectually put an end to similar insinuations. And when I watched beside him on his dying bed—but I will not anticipate.

In those days of darkness, little Edwy's loving ways were an inexpressible comfort to me. With his soft curls and pure white brow nestled closely to my bosom, I was at peace amidst poverty, and in

the shadow of coming disgrace. But the child grew fearful of his father's presence, and learned to shrink away and hide himself before the approach of that reeling form that daily darkened our threshold. His father noticed and resented the child's avoidance, and though, in his softer, saner moments, he would weep mawdlin tears over the loss of Edwy's love, there were periods when he sought the trembling little one with furious looks and fearful words, and compelled him to stand beside him and to submit to his loathsome caresses. Sometimes he even showered blows upon the tender, shrinking frame of the child, and once—oh, fatal day! in a fiercer excess of his drunken fury, he dashed his clenched hand full in the sweet, sad uplifted face, and felled our darling to the ground. But when he saw the child lying there, with the blood streaming over his pale face and dabbling his garments, the shock sobered him, and cursing his vile frenzy, he fled from the house.

Edwy never recovered from the effects of that blow. It was not the physical injury it inflicted, so much as the sorrow and pain occasioned by so terrible a wrong. He lived for many weeks, but he never left his little couch again, and would moan and tremble whenever his quick ear caught the sound of the distant approaching footsteps of his father.

My husband was very gentle with the child through all this strange, slow illness. And I know that Edwy forgave him, for when he died, and Claude sat on one side and I, his despairing mother, on the other, held his cold hands, while I pillowed his broad, damp brow, for the last time, upon my bosom, he whispered among his last words of earth and its affections a loving message of forgiveness to his absent father.

When my husband came home, straight from the scene of desperate debauchery, where Claude, after long seeking, had found him, and saw Edwy's still, cold form stretched upon the little bed where he died, he was maddened. His frenzy was fearful to behold, and it was long before, subdued by exhaustion, he fell into a deep slumber, which lasted many hours. He remained at home quietly and soberly until after the funeral had taken place, and then, as if unable longer to endure his sorrow, and see my pale face, and sit in the stillness of our lonely house, he plunged again into the vile haunts of his accustomed dissipation.

The carouse that followed was his last. In a few days he was brought home in a raving delirium, and for months he lay struggling with a lingering illness, from which we looked for no recovery. It is my consolation to know, that in all this season of deep distress, I

failed in no duty, in no tender care that even the most loving wife could bestow.

It was during this illness that Claude sailed for California. An offer most tempting to a poor and struggling young man, lured him to the land of gold—the new Eldorado. He debated the matter long with himself, I believe, before he finally decided upon his course; and it was not until that decision was made that he spoke upon the subject, either to his mother or myself.

I bade him go, for though I felt that I had never needed his comforting presence more, I would not selfishly stand in the path of his fortunes. I did not feel, either, as he seemed to do, that my husband's kindness in his unprotected boyhood gave me any claim except upon the brotherly affection, which would still be mine though a whole continent lay between us.

His mother could not so easily part from her only child, but even she consented at last, when she saw that he had quite decided upon his course. She came to live with me, and Claude arranged all things for her comfort and convenience with affectionate forethought.

The hour of parting came and passed. The old mother had gone to shut her sorrows into the solitude of her own room, and I sat beside my sleeping husband with the last words of my brother-friend ringing in my ears. With his arms about me, with his kisses lingering on my brow and lip, he had whispered frantically—

“Oh, Miriam! would that it had been my happiness to have saved you from such a fate—to have made you happy!”

I attached no meaning to these words that a brother might not have given them, and yet they haunted me strangely, and I found myself wishing more than once that he had not uttered them.

There was a blank in my life after he left us, but the increasing illness of my husband and our poverty, that made my days toilsome, left me little time for the indulgence of lonely feelings. Still Claude's letters always brought me great delight, and were eagerly watched for and read as joyfully by me as by his mother.

A year after Claude's departure my husband died. He had been strangely gentle and patient in his long illness, and I felt more lovingly toward him, in those days of suffering and poverty, than ever I had done before. On the very day of his death came one of Claude's letters, which by his request I opened and read to him. It brought us accounts of the dear wanderer's success, and gave us both much pleasure. After I had finished my husband lay very quiet and thoughtful for a long time. Then he feebly took my hands in his, and asked me to listen to him for a little time.

He spoke of my strange aversion in our early marriage days, and for the first time asked me to tell him its cause. He begged me to forgive him for not having striven more earnestly to win back my love, and above all he prayed me to pardon all the suffering, the sorrow, and the shame he had brought upon me.

Then he spoke of Claude as my brother, as the only friend on whom I would have any claim when he was gone, for my parents were long since dead ; and I shall never forget with what earnestness he bade me remember that he had always promoted and entirely approved our affectionate intercourse, and that nothing ever had shaken, or could shake his perfect confidence in the two beings dearest to him on earth—this he bade me repeat to Claude.

That night he died, and I was left alone in poverty, with broken health and wasted hopes. I was left alone to struggle with the numerous ills of my unhappy fate. I had always been too deeply absorbed in my home duties and in the sufferings and the enjoyments of my life there, to find time for the cultivation of friendships beyond its circle. And now that the aid and consolations of friendship were so greatly needed, I knew not where to turn. Still I received kindness and sympathy where it had been least expected—from strangers, and from men who had known my husband in business relations, and in some cases even from those who had suffered from his neglect of interests which they had entrusted to his hands.

From such friends as these, raised up in my affliction, I received such aid as enabled me to commence a little school, and thus, by my own industry, to eke out the sums sent periodically by Claude, ostensibly for his mother's share of our small household expenses, but, as I well knew, designed as much to add to my comforts.

Thus passed two quiet peaceful years. It is true they were toilsome and I was often weary, but never had I been more truly at rest than when, among strangers, widowed and childless, I earned my bread and shelter by unremitting labor. I ceased to regret the past ; I had long since ceased to look to any future, save that beyond the dark valley where, in the land above, I should again be united to the loved and lost. I was content to wait patiently, and to fill up the years of my appointed time with the duties that presented themselves in daily repetition.

During this time Claude's mother had passed quietly away. No distressing illness had heralded the change, no premonitions of death had tormented her gentle spirit. But the messenger came in the silence of the night, and just as the sunlight burst in gladness over the earth, she stepped with him into the dark waters, and went, with

a smile upon her aged face, into that fair land "beyond the swelling flood."

I felt more lonely when she was gone, but chiefly I sorrowed for Claude, who loved his gentle mother with an intense devotion, such as many simple, unheroic homes inspire in the breasts of strong men. And I knew that he would never cease to regret that he had not stood beside her, that her last loving glance might have rested upon the features she best loved.

As I expected, he was almost frantic in his grief and self-condemnation. It was my task to soothe and cheer him, and our letters from that time became more frequent, and more filled with the discussion of topics purely personal.

But a few months elapsed before I received a letter from him, that for a time changed the whole current of my spiritual existence. He wrote—he, Claude Hastings, my brother-friend, to ask me to become his wife!

"Looking back upon the past, Miriam," he wrote, "I know that I have loved you for years, perhaps all the years since I came to manhood. But in the unrestrained fraternal intimacy in which we lived, I might have been long in making the discovery. Your husband, Miriam, fathomed the secret of my heart, his questioning glance first elicited the reply of my heart, that its love was given to one who was a wife, and the wife of him who had been almost a father to me, my first and only benefactor.

"This was during his illness, Miriam, and I shrink appalled at the thought that the knowledge at which he had arrived, by, perhaps, some one of those subtle operations of the spirit gradually freeing from the bonds of the physical, might cause him suffering, might arouse some dire passion in the soul that should be peacefully preparing for its great change. I resolved to withdraw myself, and gladly hailed the offer which allured me to this land of gold.

"I fancy he penetrated my motives and approved them, for once he whispered to me, when we were alone, after a long conversation relative to my projected journey: 'You are right, my boy, quite right in going. Miriam will miss you much, presently, when she is left quite alone, but I think it is better that you should go.' I was glad that he said this, and thanked him, more for what he implied, than for the words he uttered.

"Miriam, I love you! I do not think that you have ever loved me, save as a sister might love, but it may be that the knowledge of what is in my heart for you, will arouse some return. I await your answer with patience, knowing well that it will be, like you, gentle

and truthful, even if it give no hope. Take time, Miriam, ponder the matter well before you decide. Do not crush my hopes utterly, unless you are sure that you can never love me. If you are not certain, you have but to tell me so, and then, if at any time you learn to regard me as one who may be your future husband, write only 'Come ;' and, if the word you write finds me at the uttermost parts of the earth, I will hasten to your side with the speed of love."

I pondered this letter long and well. It gave me the key, long sought, to his parting words. It made me very happy, and yet I shrank from acknowledging, even to myself, the possibility that even I could learn to love him, save as a brother. The very thought seemed a sort of infidelity to the memory of my dead husband, whom I had never loved from our unhappy bridal-day. And so I wrote and told him—and I told him, too, the message that my husband had sent him, on his dying bed, now, for the first time, understood ; and which I had never before dared to transmit to him.

Claude acquiesced patiently, and our correspondence continued as before his letter was written, only that he once reminded me of the charmed word that was to bring him to my side, if ever I desired to see him there.

I know not how it chanced, but the more I thought upon this deep, changeless, self-sacrificing and patient love, the more my heart was drawn out to yield it a return. I pondered upon it much, and, at length, I decided that there was happiness yet in store for me, that the love of Claude Hastings was to crown my life with joy. Then, and not till then, I took a fair sheet of paper and wrote upon it the magic word which was to bring my love to me—"Come." It was sealed and sent, and then, in tremulous suspense, I endured the long weeks that I knew must intervene before any answer could reach me.

At length my answer came—a letter brimming with words of love and joy. He wrote :

"I had thought, dearest Miriam, to sail upon the steamer by which I send, instead, this letter. But I have curbed my impatience by an iron will, because if I go now I shall lose much property. I have business unsettled here, and I do not wish to lose anything of what I have gained here by my four years of lonely toil. I want it all to minister to my Miriam's happiness. I want to place her in a home that shall gratify her refined tastes, and cause her to forget the poverty to which an adverse fate has condemned her. She will forgive me, for she knows that she is the star of my destiny, and that I do not tarry at this distance from love and joy with willingness. The next steamer will bring me to her side, never, never to go thence in life."

I treasured this letter, reading it again and again, while I waited for his coming. I pictured him upon the broad ocean with heart and eye ever turning northward toward the land where love awaited him. I pictured his return, and began to weave rosy visions of that future which was to be so full of happiness. Suddenly life had gained importance in my estimation. I was glad to live for his sake, and I even consulted my mirror to see if, by chance, any of my girlish comeliness of form or feature had withstood the wearing traces of years and sorrow. For his sake I would fain have been beautiful, though I knew that he would scarcely love me better even if I came to him like the young bride he first met in his boyhood.

I heard of the arrival of the steamer, and all day I watched for his coming. Night fell, and I lighted my lamp and sat down with curtains unclosed, that he might catch its first gleam. Every footstep seemed that of the expectant wanderer. At every knock at the door I started up to throw myself into the arms that I seemed to see outstretched. But the night waned, and he came not—and thus passed another lengthened day and weary night.

At last I knew that he had not come ! And then I set myself the task of patient waiting for the next steamer. It came, but Claude Hastings' name was not in the list of passengers. Then hope died out, and I knew that he was dead !

He was dead ! By some chance, what I shall never know, he took passage upon a sailing vessel—perhaps, because it was swift, he hoped to reach Panama in time to return by the same steamer that brought his letter—but in a sudden gale, at sea, the vessel foundered and was seen to go down, with all its human freight, into the seething, moaning depths of the great Pacific. And so my love and I were parted, ere yet we met as lovers !

Years—they are not many, but they seem very long—have passed since I learned the fatal tidings. I have no need to consult my mirror for the traces of youthful comeliness now. The ringlets which, by a trick learned in girlhood, yet shade my pale cheeks, in which grief has worn deep channels, look almost white as I pull their lengthened spirals within the range of my vision. My form is bent, too, and I have a hollow cough that seems an echo from that grave of many sad memories, my heart. It assures me that it will not be long before my life without love will close, and I shall go to meet those from whom but the narrow gateway of the grave divides me. And so I toil on, patiently and even peacefully, for I know that all toil and sorrow will soon be past forever.

I seem to hear the voices of the departed calling me ; I seem to

see hands, like those once clasped in mine, beckoning me from the battlements of the city of our Lord ; and I know that soon the good Father of the suffering will take me home to meet those who now dwell with Him in light and love.

THE BREAKING DAY.

BY META LANDER.

When draws near the night of death,
Then, my mother dear,
I will watch thy parting breath,
Breathe within thine ear

Melodies of that bright land
Opening on thine eye,
Of the sweet, celestial band
Luring thee on high.

Fast the rapid time-glass fills—
Through the misty gray,
O'er the distant, clouded hills,
Lo ! the breaking day.

When the veil is rent apart,
Thou shalt see thy dove,
Fold her to thy yearning heart
With seraphic love.

Glorious will be the dawn,
Past thy mortal strife,—
Rapturous the holy morn
Of immortal life.

Then, dear mother, cease to greet,
Still thy throbbing heart ;
Soon, in Eden, we shall meet,
Never more to part.

The truly great, consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God, and secondly, that of their own conscience ; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow men. But the truly little, reverse the thing ; the primary object with them is to secure the applause of their fellow men, and having effected this, the approbation of God and their own conscience may follow on as they can.

POVERTY'S SACRIFICE:

BY CARRIE LINDEN.

FOR three long days and nights the snow had silently descended, till vale and hill were deeply buried, and a thick veil of fleecy crystals, of a Parian whiteness, so enveloped the earth, that sun, moon, and stars were alike unseen, and their cheering light unfelt. In the country, the fields were all one common, the snow boldly assuming the right of covering all dividing marks, the slender bushes bent beneath its cumbrous weight, roads were no longer roads, but like field and meadow, unprinted by the traveler's track, the thatched barns bearing such a crown of white, that their very sides seemed to groan with the burden; huge drifts accumulating around doors, where vain attempts were made to force a passage through the snow, and heavy icicles hanging from eaves, window-casings and shutters, like so many glassy droppings. And in the city, roads were filled to several feet in depth, while some of the narrow lanes were blockaded by the silent intruder, and their tall and airy tenements creaked with each gust of wind that howled around their frames, and groaned at each deposit of the fleecy crystals, as though the next might crush their time-worn walls. In the more public streets, business still continued with slight suspension, and the merry jingle of sleigh bells attested to the hardihood of some, who dared the piercing cold and cutting blasts. But within the private mansions many a cheerful light bore witness to the warmth and comfort of the inmates, who there found a genial shelter from the wintry storm. But the poor, the starving poor, what did they through those tedious days? Some gathered round the dying embers, while others strove to find beneath the scanty bed-covering that warmth which the empty fire-place denied, for the heavy fall of snow put an end to leaving home for employment, till the storm should subside.

The lamps were lighted in the streets, and few, with fur and overcoats, ventured to brave the cold in pursuit of gain. But 'neath the lamp-post, one poor form was dimly seen, scantily wrapped in a thin faded shawl, relic perhaps of better days, which stopped, as though undecided what to do, or where to go. And what called a woman out, on so bleak a night, when those well wrapped feared the cold? Ah, a mother's love reigned in her heart, with a fire too ardent to be

quenched by the wintry blast. 'Twas for her suffering child, the hope that she might find comfort and food for him, nerved her sinking frame to seek the dreary street. Few would have recognized the face beneath that old hood, or stopped to distinguish her from a common beggar, but in her veins beat noble blood, and in her heart dwelt love and refinement.

Once, she was the loved, and tenderly brought up—once, that comfort was hers which now cheered so many on that bleak eve; but time had wrought sad changes in that happy home. Business, so fickle in its character, had failed, and the reverses of fortune so damped the heart of her noble husband, that health failed with his business, and as one little comfort after another was pawned to provide for increasing sickness, so with them hope after hope seemed to fade away in his heart, and he died, leaving his little family penniless, thrown upon the mercies of a cold, unfriendly world. Woman's courage often seems to brighten as darkness increases, and so with the now heart-broken wife and mother. A boy claimed her love and protection, and for him she plied the busy needle early and late, that his little wants might be supplied, and often were her midnight hours spent beside the flickering taper, cheered with the thought of her boy. She loved to picture him as the image of his father, so noble and manlike in his form, so kind and tender in his ways, and her fond prop and stay as age crept on. But her dreams were dreams.

Winter came with its piercing cold, and her darling boy began to droop. With all her unwearied exertions, she found it impossible to keep her rude tenement warm, and sadly, day by day, she saw him slowly fade away. And now the severe snow-storm came on—for two days but little smoke from the chimney proved to the passer-by that inmates called that house their home, and when the third day came, no cheering brand smoked on the hearth, no coals shone in the ashes. And could her darling perish thus? No, weak as she felt, one effort she would make—she might perish in the attempt, she would perish without it. And so she sought the dreary street, to seek her old employer, but the cold chilled her blood, and she paused beneath the lamp-post, hardly knowing where or what she was. The snow blinded her eyes, and the fierce blasts seemed to mock her feeble frame, and she turned back to seek her home—her grave. A light in the distance met her eye through the fast falling flakes—there she knew wealth and comfort dwelt, and in the bitterness of her heart she exclaimed, "Oh, God, and must my child perish, while others have enough and to spare!"

She reached her lonely hut, and opened the door—all was still, and she tremblingly sought the little cot where her earthly all lay, but the boy had at last sunk, by fatigue and weariness, into a disturbed sleep. Silently she crept beside him, and tenderly folded his loving form in her arms, thankful that he slept from his woes, when a louder blast rudely shook the cot, and the little trembling form more closely nestled to her side, and a little faint voice exclaimed—"Mother, draw me closer to your side—I am so cold. Oh, will it be warm in heaven?" She answered not, but pressed a loving kiss upon his brow, as the tears stole down her sunken cheeks—a shudder passed through his little frame, and her boy was in heaven. Closer she drew him to her breast, but she joyed to think him free from suffering.

Morning came. The sun broke through the film of clouds that long had darkened its rays, and shone upon the place where the mother and her boy reposed, but it woke them not. An icy coldness had stolen o'er their frames, till like a piece of sculptured marble there they lay, and both rested, free from pain or woe, in that bright land where wintry snows and chilling blasts would never trouble or disturb their sainted forms.

Then deal gently with the poor—for ye know not of their trials. Gladly mete to them from out your store, as God hath prospered you. For "inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

THE SHIP.

BY J. H. NONES.

WHEN the loos'd sail glanced,
Gaily the bark danced,
Free'd from her anchor—over the sea
Merrily springing,
Gray-beard singing
Some old watch song from under the lee.
Bound was she for a fair sunny clime,
Where the bells ring out at the matin prime,
Where the bride may cull the orange flower,
To deck her hair for the nuptial hour.

Blue vault without a cloud,
Faces glad and laughter loud.
Onward, onward they gallantly sped.

Luck to the outward bound,
 Each pledged a glass around,
 "We'll stray in fair lands," they exultingly said.
 "Farewell to our homes, when the season is o'er.
 Again we will seek her wave-wash'd shore,
 And in moments of sadness, song, or mirth,
 Our hearts e'er turn to the land of our birth."

"Where gay gandalas glide
 Over the silver tide,
 There we will linger in many an hour;
 Fancy shall weave a chain
 Beauty may break again,
 But who shall refuse to yield to its power?
 Land where a Tasso hath left his name,
 Fraught with legends and fill'd with fame—
 Music shall lull us and art shall please,
 Waft us on, waft us on, gentle breeze."

Ere day broke again,
 Clouds hung o'er the main,
 Darkly they gather'd where sunshine had shone;
 Ere yet the watch was called,
 Stout hearts were all appalled,
 Bowed to the tempest the bark drifted on—
 Trembling in hull and with rifted sail,
 She foundered amid that ocean gale,
 And hearts that so late were glad with glee,
 Breath'd prayers—then sank beneath the sea.

Over the lost bark,
 Closed the blue water dark—
 Far in the spirit-land now they may tread;
 Angry waves again are still,
 Storm-fiend hath worked his will,
 Lightly breaks the surge o'er the sea-tombed dead.
 Oft shall we miss them when summer has come,
 Whilst vacant their chairs stand within the old home;
 But the sea-bird shall scream his wild dirge o'er their sleep,
 And the absent may pray, and remember, and weep.

Always suspect a man who affects great softness of manner, an unruffled evenness of temper, and an enunciation studied, slow, and deliberate. These things are all unnatural, and bespeak a degree of mental discipline into which he that has no purposes of craft or design to answer, cannot submit to drill himself. The most successful knaves are usually of this description, as smooth as razors dipped in oil, and as sharp. They affect the innocence of the dove, which they have not, in order to hide the cunning of the serpent, which they have.

"'TIS SWEET TO BE ALONE."

BY M. E. H.

'Tis evening—and the stars are forth,
The glory of the night,
Casting o'er loneliness and gloom
A soft, poetic light,—
Evening, that shuts us from the world,
Stills each discordant tone,
And whispers in a gentle voice,
" 'Tis sweet to be alone."

'Tis evening—and the feverish toil,
The hurry and the strife,
The restless conflicts and the cares
That weary us of life,
Have ceased a season, and we feel
The influence of the hour,
Fall on the heart, as early dew
Falls on the parched flower.

All, all is silent, and the stars
That gild the vaulted sky,
Look down upon my solitude
In speechless sympathy.
A gush of music fills my soul,
And leaves a lingering tone,
That seems an echo of my thoughts,
" 'Tis sweet to be alone."

To be alone?—Yes, when the heart
Is swayed by hopes and fears,
Foreshadowings so strangely wild,
And dreams of unborn years—
When all the melody of life,
Embodied in a tone,
Has lost its music to mine ear,
" 'Tis sweet to be alone."

When flowers lie scattered at my feet,
And roses fade at noon,
When friendship's tie is severing,
Life's dearest, holiest boon—
When not a ray from yonder sky
Can cheer this weary one,
I say in bitterness of heart,
" 'Tis sweet to be alone."

It is not that I do not prize
The tear of sympathy,
Or that I deem all valueless
Kind words friends offer me—

THE PRESAGE.

But there are feelings, yearnings, all
 To other hearts unknown,
 And when they steal upon my soul,
 " 'Tis sweet to be alone."

I would not lighter hearts should know
 Or share in my distress;
 I would not breathe a tale of woe
 To mar their happiness—
 But 'tis not that I e'er would scorn
 Friendship's congenial tone;
 Oh, no!—though there are seasons when
 " 'Tis sweet to be alone."

 THE PRESAGE.

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 BY IRENE IPSWICH.  
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WHEN the sun was resting only
 On the hill tops and the spires,
 I was passing sad and lonely
 O'er the landmarks of my sires.
 As I neared the ancient homestead,
 Neared the willow by the door,
 On the well an angel rested,
 Angel form I'd seen of yore.
 In tones celestial he bade me
 " List the tale he had to tell;"
 How could I resist? I staid me,
 Though I knew his mission well."
 " Ere the moon shall thrice have wasted,"
 (Trembling seized me at his word,)
 " Thy fond mother shall have tasted
 Of the pleasures of her Lord.
 " I would have thee bear the message,
 Learn an angel's work to do,—
 Kindly she'll receive the presage,
 Freely she will rise to go."
 Much I shrank from the evangel,
 Prayed for strength in Jesus' name;
 Then I whispered " that an angel
 Soon would come her hand to claim."
 " Death's dark tide," she said, " is sounded,
 Jesus' plummet hath been there;
 I shall never be confounded,
 With the heavenly Shepherd near."
 Ere the spring put forth a blossom,
 Came the one the good awaits;
 Leaning on my throbbing bosom,
 Passed she through the pearly gates.

THE HEART'S WINTER AND SUMMER.

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BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.  
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CHAPTER. I.

"WILL you not come here, my dear, and sit with me?"

The question was addressed to a beautiful child of six summers, with a profusion of auburn tresses, fair complexion, rosy cheeks, and deep blue eyes, which reflected a world of love, tenderness, joy and hope. The speaker was a man far advanced in life, with a cast of countenance expressive of hauteur and reserve, yet the question was asked with a winning gentleness of manner—an expression as if he were suing for a favor, which was all the more attractive from the contrast it presented to his general bearing, just as a light shade is the more effective from being thrown upon a dark ground, or a rose more attractive when discovered under a frowning cliff.

Not that the speaker was exactly a frowning cliff, even figuratively speaking, yet only a few minutes before, aunt Kate, as she observed him standing by a piano-forte, carelessly turning over the leaves of a music-book, had set him down as a cold, stern man, an opinion which was a good deal modified, when his attention being attracted by the child, he took a seat near them, and sought to gain the favor of his little charge. It was the young lady's creed—and a pretty orthodox one—that there is a sunny spot in every heart to which childhood finds ready access, no matter how thick may be the crust of cold conventionalism or haughty aristocracy. The place where this little scene was transpiring was a parlor of one of the principal hotels in Saratoga.

Grace Harrison raised her deep blue eyes to the face of aunt Kate with a look which asked, "Shall I go to him?"

"Yes, go to the gentleman, my dear," said the young lady. "I dare say that he wants just such a little chatter-box as you to pass away half an hour."

"Indeed I do," said the gentleman. "Come, my dear, you and I must get acquainted."

Thus invited, Grace left the side of aunt Kate, and half timidly approached the strange gentleman. He lifted her gently on his knee.

"What is your name, my little friend?" he asked.

"My name is Grace," replied the little blue-eyed gipsy.

"Very rightly named," said the gentleman with a smile. "I much doubt whether you could be an ungraceful thing."

As the little nymph had not the most distant idea of the meaning of the word ungraceful, she was in no danger of being rendered vain by the compliment.

"How do you like this place?" said the gentleman, by way of promoting the acquaintance he had solicited.

"I don't know. Not very well."

"Indeed! why not? Every thing is very nice and pretty here, is it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you like it then?"

"Because—because there is nothing here to love, only father, and mother, and aunt Kate."

"I should think that was a good deal."

"Yes, sir, I know it is; but then at home I have them and so much besides."

"What have you at home that you love so much?"

"Brother Henry is at home, and I know he wants to see me very much. And there is my little Malta kitten, and Spot, my little white dog, oh so white! with two such cunning black spots. Don't you wish you could see Spot?"

"I would like to see him very much, but is that all you love at home?"

"Oh, no, there are my lilies and my roses, and there is Charley too."

"And who is Charley?"

"Oh, Charley is our horse. You don't know what nice rides he gives us."

"Well, what else do you love?"

"I love the pictures in the parlor and the library—and—and—I believe I love everything at home."

"And everything loves you, I suspect. I wish I had a little girl just like you to love. Won't you come and live with me?"

"No, sir," said little Grace, very firmly.

"Why not?"

"What do you think papa and mamma would do without their little Grace?"

"Well, my dear, I don't know, I am sure. It is a hard question to answer. But I wish they could spare you, for I want such a little girl very much."

"Hav'n't you a little girl?"

"No, my child, I have no little girl."

"Nor any little boy?"

"No."

Grace looked up in his face pityingly.

"What then have you to love?" she asked innocently.

The gentleman heaved a deep sigh as he answered the question, not to the little prattler, but to himself.

"Ah, indeed, what have I to love?" he soliloquized sadly. "I have broad acres, a splendid mansion, a proud name, and all the cold, cold glitter and tinsel of wealth, but what have I to love?" and the desolate chambers of his heart echoed—what? And the proud man forgot his surroundings, forgot even the beautiful child on his knee, while he wandered thus through the untenanted chambers of his own heart, and spied out its cold nakedness.

Little Grace meanwhile could not understand this prolonged silence. As it was not in harmony with her own gleeful spirit, she was about to slide down from the lap of the absent-minded man, when the movement was arrested by a glance at the sad expression of his countenance.

"I am sorry you have no little girl or boy," she said softly, for a feeling of sympathy stole into her gentle heart.

"Are you?" said the gentleman, arousing himself.

"If I did not love papa and mamma so well, I would come and live with you, that you might have a little girl to love," said the child with winning simplicity.

"You are a charming little nymph," said the gentleman.

"What is a nymph?" asked Grace innocently.

Ere there was space to reply, the attention of both was attracted by a gentleman who was at that moment entering the room. He was tall and fine-looking, with a high, intellectual forehead, and a prepossessing expression of countenance. He was observed by the child and by the elderly gentleman at the same moment. A bright, happy smile broke over the face of the former, while the latter gave a quick involuntary start.

"There is dear papa," said the child. "Please let me go to him." The gentleman at once placed Grace upon the floor with a movement so sudden and abrupt that she was almost frightened by it. He then rose, and with ill-concealed agitation walked to a window. After standing thus for a moment, he made his escape from the room with a precipitation not quite in keeping with the stately and dignified movements habitual with him. It was also apparent that the gentleman who had just entered the room was no more in his usual mood than he who had so abruptly made his escape from it.

The young lady who has been introduced as aunt Kate had been a close observer of this little scene.

"Why, brother Henry, what is the matter? How you look!" she said, as the father of Grace took the chair which had been so suddenly vacated, and lifted his child upon his knee.

"How *do* I look, Kate?"

"You look pale and agitated, and your face wears a strange expression that I cannot understand."

"*That* is strange," said he, with a forced gaiety of manner. "I thought you could always read my face like a book."

"Not always, Henry, I can't read it now. Do you know the gentleman who has just left the room? It must be you do, and that he knows you too. Who is he?"

"It is Mr. Haywood, Kate."

This was said in an undertone, and with a manner which implied that the fact communicated was of an interesting, perhaps of a startling character.

"Surely you cannot mean the father of Annie."

"Yes, I do."

"Did you know that he was here?"

"No indeed; the first intimation I had of it was a moment since, when I entered the room, and found my own child seated in his lap. You may well believe it was a sight which made my heart throb. What would Annie have said, if she could have seen her father and her child thus brought together?"

"He could not have known who she was!"

"Of course not. I do not suppose he would have spoken to her if he had. Did you observe how quickly he put her down, as if she had been—I won't say what—when she called me father?"

"I did observe it, and thought it very strange."

"If I had simply met him unexpectedly, it would not have startled me so. But to find our child in his arms. I am glad Annie was not with me. I fear the tableau so suddenly presented would have been too much for her. She was coming down with me, but, feeling quite fatigued with the journey, she decided to remain in her room an hour longer. But how came he to fall in with you?"

"I first observed him standing by the piano, looking over some music. Our little birdie here was corolling gaily, as usual, and at last drew his attention. After watching her for some time, he took a chair near us, and invited Grace to come and sit with him. When I first saw him, I thought he looked cold, proud and stern; but after Grace attracted his attention, I began to quite change my opinion of him."

"How strange! His own grandchild in his arms, and he knew it not."

"What did you say, father?" said Grace, who had listened to this conversation with a puzzled air.

"Oh, no matter, my child," said the father evasively. "It is something you are too young to understand."

"But I thought you said something about grandfather."

"It is something you don't know anything about, my darling. You have lived but a very little time in the world, and don't know much about the strange things there are in it. But tell me, darling, how you like that gentleman."

"Oh, very much, only he almost frightened me when he put me down so; and, father, he told me that he had no one to love. Don't you feel sorry for him? I do. He said he wanted a little girl just like me, and I felt so sorry for him that I told him I would go and live with him, if I did not love you and mamma so. I should think he would want somebody to love, shouldn't you?"

"Yes, my dear," said the father gravely. "I think if he would love you and your dear mamma, it might add to his happiness very much."

"But he has never seen dear mamma. If he should see her, he would love her of course, everybody does."

"Poor innocent child," said the father. "Would that you could ever remain thus ignorant of the stern, cold realities of life."

"Who knows now," said aunt Kate, "but that our little darling may prove a peacemaker."

"Ah, Kate, you don't know him. There is not a soft spot in his cold, proud heart."

"Yes, Henry, there is."

"How do you know? I ought to know him better than you."

"The cold surface may extend far downwards, but somewhere underneath is a warm spot."

"How do you know that?"

"The heart is not all cold which is attracted by innocent childhood, as Mr. Haywood was attracted by our little Grace."

"But how can there be a warm or sunny spot in the heart of that man who can ask his own child to lay her warm beating heart a sacrifice on the altar of pride, and exile her from his home and affections because she cannot. I would indeed that this idle fancy of yours was a reality, for the sake of my dear Annie. Your own warm heart deceives you, Kate. It goes heart-hunting, so to speak, and if, instead of a heart, it finds an iceberg, it still fancies that a heart is hidden underneath."

"And this is often no fancy either," said Kate, smiling. "Many an iceberg of pride and conventionalism covers a warm heart. While all is cold glitter on the surface, there is a warm current beneath, and sometimes, in an unexpected moment, this current flows outward, melting the iceberg, and turning winter into summer."

Annie Harrison was the only daughter and child of the rich, proud, aristocratic Mr. Haywood, yet it was many years since the father and daughter had been so near each other as then. The father's will and the daughter's love had crossed each other. Mr. Haywood had in the main been a kind and indulgent father; but his will had long governed in the household, and could not brook opposition. His daughter Annie loved the noble, high-minded, and talented young physician, Henry Harrison. When this fact came to the knowledge of Mr. Haywood, he was much displeased; for young Harrison, alas, was poor, and this—in the eyes of the proud aristocratic father of Annie—was an unpardonable sin.

Annie was a dutiful and affectionate daughter. But she had given her whole woman's heart to Henry Harrison, and when called to choose between her father's wealth and the love of that manly heart, she chose the latter. It was not so very much to relinquish her prospective inheritance as a rich heiress: but when she learned that she must relinquish also her father's affection, and become an alien from his home and heart, the sacrifice cost her many bitter tears; still it was made. She had loved wisely and well, and was not disappointed in the man of her choice. He was all that she had believed him to be. Her married life was happy. The one dark cloud of her father's alienation was the only shadow cast upon it.

They began life humbly; but Dr. Harrison rose rapidly in his profession, and soon acquired a standing and reputation of which even the proud Mr. Haywood need not have been ashamed. But he was not the man to retract what had once past his lips. Year after year found him still estranged from his daughter, whose only unsatisfied yearning was, not for a father's wealth, but for a father's blessing and forgiveness.

It was seldom that Mrs. Harrison spoke of the grief occasioned by her father's alienation, for she well knew the subject was a painful one to her husband, but occasionally her full heart would unburden itself. On one of these occasions, her husband, entering her chamber, found her in tears.

"What, weeping, my precious one," he said. "Tell me the cause of these tears."

"They come from the one dark cloud, Henry. This alienation from my father. It sometimes seems as if I could not bear it."

"And do you regret——"

"Stop, Henry, don't say it. If it were anything else that had made the breach, but I can never regret marrying you. Why cannot my father forgive me! I am sure it is a pardonable offence to love you," and Annie Harrison raised her tearful eyes to her husband's face, and he read in them, as he had often done before, a love stronger than death.

"If he would but give me his blessing," continued Annie, in a mournful tone, "I crave not his wealth. I have enough, jewels more priceless than pearls; treasures which wealth cannot purchase; but my heart so craves a father's forgiveness and a father's blessing."

"I know it, my dear; my heart often bleeds for you. Sometimes I reproach myself for plucking the flower under such circumstances, but surely I too may say that it is a pardonable error to love you. But you must not suffer your thoughts to dwell upon the subject. It will only make you unhappy, while it will avail nothing. If I could procure you what you wish at almost any sacrifice, how gladly would I do it. But you must not make yourself miserable about it. Who knows but your father's heart may yet be turned towards you? It is time your thoughts were diverted from the painful theme. Shall I tell you what the errand was which brought me to seek you at this time?"

"Yes, Henry, if you please."

"I came to consult you about taking a trip to Saratoga this season. You know my business has kept me very close; but I think I might now arrange matters to leave for a time. We will take sister Kate with us, she will enjoy it so much. What say you, my dear?"

"I shall be very glad to have you get away from business and care for a season, dear Henry," said Mrs. Harrison, as usual, taking that view of the subject which regarded the welfare of those dear to her rather than any personal considerations. "But what shall we do with the children?"

"Take Grace with us, and leave Henry with aunt Mary. The care of them both will be too much for you."

After some further consultation, the trip to Saratoga was fully decided upon.

Henry Harrison had not seen his father-in-law since his marriage with Annie. It was not strange that the scene so unexpectedly presented should have deeply moved him. After this conversation with his sister he returned to his wife, and related to her all that had happened. Mrs. Harrison was much agitated by the communication,

and this, combined with her previous fatigue, produced a headache so severe that she was unable to leave her room that night. Dr. Harrison and his sister saw no more of Mr. Haywood that day, and the former, on making inquiries the next morning, learned that he had left the previous afternoon.

About three weeks after their return from Saratoga, Dr. Harrison came into the room where his wife was sitting, holding in his hand a letter.

"Annie," he said, "I have just taken this letter from the office. It is addressed to us both. I think I know the handwriting, but I am not quite sure."

"It is from my father," exclaimed Mrs. Harrison, the moment she took the letter. "What can it be? I am too agitated to open it. Read it to me, will you not?"

Dr. Harrison opened the letter and read—"To Mr. and Mrs. Henry Harrison. It is unnecessary for me to inform you that I saw your daughter at Saratoga. I will own that I took a great fancy to her. If you will consent to her coming to me, I will take the best possible care of her, and treat her in every respect as a grandchild. Do not for a moment suppose that my feelings towards her parents have undergone any change, but I will not make the child answerable for the sins of the parents. If you consent to the arrangement, I will send Thomas for the child, and Mrs. Baker will see that she is well cared for, and whenever you require it she shall be sent back to you."

"How cold and unforgiving!" said Mrs. Harrison, with much emotion. "Is it not strange that he should ask for Grace when he cherishes such feelings towards her parents?"

"I think it shows, my dear, that he is yearning for something to love, and that to such a degree that it has brought him to ask a favor even from us, though, it must be confessed, it is done rather ungraciously."

"My dear father, I am sorry for him; alone in his old age; with none to love. How my heart was touched by what he said to Grace."

"Well, my dear, what are you going to do about this invitation?"

"Indeed I don't know. How can I think of parting with Grace? She is the very sunbeam of our home."

"Then might she not prove the sunbeam of your father's home and of his heart too? You know the nature of sunbeams, my love; they melt and thaw. Who knows but this may melt your father's heart and open it again to his daughter?"

"If I thought it possible."

"It does not seem to me impossible."

"But if we consent to this, will he not believe us actuated only by mercenary motives, by the hope that he will make an heir of the grandchild, though the child is disinherited?"

"It is for us, dear Annie, to do our duty, and if Heaven knows, and we know, that our motives are not mercenary, we must be content to let others judge of us as they will."

"If my father could but know that I value his blessing above thousands of gold and silver——"

"Hope for the best, my dear. Even now the way may be opening for you back to your father's heart. Is Thomas the one who used to live with your father?"

"Yes, the same. He is very faithful. I should not fear to trust Grace to his care, and I know that Mrs. Baker, too, would be very kind to her. But even if we should consent, how could we manage it with Grace? She would never be willing to go, and it would break my heart to see her forced away, and mourning about it."

"If you can consent to the separation, I think I can manage that part."

"It is plain that father very much desires it, or he would never have asked it. Nothing else could have induced me to part with Grace, but under these circumstances, I cannot refuse. She must go, and may a blessing go with her. If I did wrong in leaving my father, may the great Father who knows all that I have suffered forgive me, and make our precious darling the means of uniting again the severed links. But how shall we send word to my father? I cannot write him a cold, distant, frigid letter, like this—and he would not receive it well, were I to write as my heart dictates."

"You might write to Mrs. Baker, and request her to communicate our decision to your father, and you might add the condition that you should hear from Grace regularly."

"That I will do. Mrs. Baker can write very well, and she might write to me every week."

Grace was easily persuaded to consent to this visit to her grandfather, when she learned that her parents wished it. She comprehended only partially the real state of things. But she understood that the kind old gentleman, whom she saw at Saratoga, was her grandfather, her mother's father, and that her mother loved him, though, for reasons she was not old enough to understand, he did not seem to love her—that she wished her child to go to him because he desired it, and she hoped would make him happy to have some one to love. A letter was therefore written to Mrs. Baker, the housekeeper—a plain, but kind-hearted, sensible woman.

Mrs. Baker's correspondents were not very numerous, and letters were to her like angels' visits, few and far between, when, therefore, Thomas brought in the letter which he had just taken from the office, saying that it was for her, she exclaimed—

"For me, do you say? I wonder if it is from cousin Joe or cousin Hannah?"

"From neither, I suspect, said Thomas," putting the letter in her hand.

"I can't make out who it is from without my spectacles. Where are they? Oh, here they are. Now, seems to me I know that writing. I declare it is from Miss Annie herself. Shan't I be glad to hear from the dear soul once more!"

"From Miss Annie, did you say?" asked Thomas with a look of interest.

"Yes, from the dear young lady herself."

"Well, I never!" said the good woman, after reading the letter. "if this don't beat all. Don't you think Mr. Haywood has asked them to allow little Grace to come and see him, and this letter is to say that she may come."

"Then the old gentleman is coming round at last."

"Not a bit of it, at least so far as his daughter is concerned. Just hear what she writes. 'You may wonder, my good friend, why I do not write to my dear father instead of yourself. But he sent me such a cold, distant, unforgiving letter that I cannot answer it. I cannot write such a letter, and he would not receive it kindly, were I to write as my heart dictates. Tell him that I cheerfully send my child to him, at his request, though she is the very light of our dwelling, and I could yield her to none else. I send her with the hope that she may be a comfort to him and make him happy. Though he has ceased to regard me as a daughter, I can never forget that he is my father, and his slightest wish is to me as law, so far as it is in my power to fulfil it. I never disobeyed him but once, and could he know my own noble husband, I am sure he would forgive me for that. I am sure you will be kind to my child for my sake, as you were always kind to me. I think too that you will love her very much when you come to know her. She is a precious jewel. I have many comforts, and yet my heart is almost breaking for my father's blessing. If I could only once feel his hands upon my head, and hear him say, "I forgive and bless you, my child." But enough of this. I hope he will love dear Grace. I am sure he will.'"

"Now I do say it is cruel in the old gentleman," said Thomas.

"So it is. The dear young lady! She always was the best of

daughters, only she would love Dr. Harrison, and who could blame her for that? They say he makes a real smart man, that any one might be proud of for a son-in-law. Why can't Mr. Haywood make it all up, and just treat them as he ought to do? 'Tis my opinion he would be a great deal happier for the change. With all his stately ways, he wants somebody to love, and can't be happy without any more than the rest of us. It ain't gold, nor style, nor all that sort of thing that the heart wants. It just wants something to love. After you have said all you can about the difference between these great folks and the common ones, my mind is that we are all pretty much alike about that. They want something to love just as much as we do. I don't envy Mr. Haywood with all his wealth and pride, that I don't. When my grandchildren come here, and put their arms around my neck so lovingly, and say, 'Dear grandma, we are so glad to come and see you,' I am happier than Mr. Haywood. I am sure of that. But about this letter. I can't repeat all this to Mr. Haywood; I should spoil it, telling it. And besides, he looks so cold and stern when his daughter is mentioned, that it just frightens me out of my wits, and I can't say a single word."

"Supposing you should show him the letter?"

"That is the very thing. I will just do it, that I will. He ought to read it, every word of it."

Mrs. Baker was as good as her word. That very day she placed her letter in Mr. Haywood's hand. The yearnings it expressed for his blessing and forgiveness, did not, however, melt his heart. The only result of its perusal was, that Thomas was despatched the next day to bring Grace home with him, an errand which he undertook with the most hearty good-will.

Thomas received many directions from the fond mother regarding the care of his little charge, and a strict injunction to see that they heard from her every week. He gave his promise that this should be attended to, assuring the anxious parents that if the housekeeper did not write, he would. With many kisses, tears and blessings, little Grace Harrison was sent to her grandfather, and with many prayers too, that she might prove the angel of peace, to unite again the severed links of that broken household.

Grace was received very kindly by her grandfather. She also found a warm friend and a most devoted attendant in the faithful housekeeper, who was most sincerely attached to her mother, and would have been very kind to the little stranger for her sake, even if her own gentle and winning ways had not so won upon her affections.

Grace felt a little strange and a little home-sick at first, in the

great family mansion, so unlike her own home. She missed father, mother, and Henry too, very much. But children usually adapt themselves to new situations and circumstances with great facility, and Grace was no exception to this rule. All were very kind to her, and she soon began to enjoy herself very much. Mr. Haywood petted, caressed and played with her. Indeed he seemed to give himself up to the enjoyment of having an object to love, and spared no pains to make Grace contented and happy.

"It is just as I told you," said Mrs. Baker to Thomas one day. "Mr. Haywood has been another man ever since that precious darling came here. These rich people have hearts very much like ours after all, if theirs do beat under satin and fine broadcloth while ours go pit-pat under coarser garments. There is a new light in his eye, and it does one good to see him play and romp with Grace, though, by the way, I am careful not to seem to see him; for if he is observed, he puts on his old stately airs again."

Mrs. Harrison had cautioned Grace not to talk much of the family at home, as her grandfather might not like to hear her. For some little time, while Grace felt under a restraint in the presence of her grandfather, it was easy for her to remember and heed this caution. Besides she was compensated for this silence in his presence, by the encouragement she received to enlarge upon the topic, and to talk as much as she chose of the dear ones at home, when alone with the housekeeper, as she often was. She always found in Mrs. Baker an attentive and interested listener, when her father and mother were the subjects of her childish prattle.

But as she grew more and more familiar with her grandfather, and talked to him more freely of all that arose in her heart, she felt an increasing wish to speak to him of those whom she so dearly loved. At last she began to feel sure that her dear, kind grandfather, who was always so gentle to her, must like to have her talk about dear papa, and mamma, and Henry. As she sat on his knee one afternoon, she began in her childish way to talk of her dear mamma. A dark frown, so dark that it made little Grace tremble, gathered on her grandfather's brow, and in a harsh, cold tone, such as the loving child had never in her life heard before, he said—

"Hush, child. Never talk to me about your mother. She was my daughter once, but she was ungrateful and disobedient, and I wish never to hear any one speak of her again."

Grace looked up into her grandfather's frowning face with a frightened air, but when she heard the conclusion of the sentence, the great tears began to roll down her cheeks. She had very imperfectly

comprehended her grandfather's words, but she understood that he was saying something bad about her dear, darling mamma, and she could not bear it. A moment after she slipped away from her grandfather, and walked slowly towards the door. Mr. Haywood made no effort to detain her. The truth was, he saw that he had grieved the child, and was sorry for it, yet he knew not exactly what to say to comfort her, or to counteract the effect of his words.

Grace repaired at once to the housekeeper's apartment, and throwing herself into the arms of Mrs. Baker, began to weep violently.

"What is the matter with my precious darling?" inquired Mrs. Baker in alarm. "Tell me what has happened."

"Oh, Mrs. Baker, you don't know what grandpapa has been saying!"

"What has he been saying, my precious one?"

"Something about mamma. I don't know exactly what, but something dreadful, I am sure. Dear, kind mamma, and don't you think he says that I must never speak of her to him again!"

Mrs. Baker soothed the grieved child as well as she was able. She was very judicious, and while she tried to comfort Grace, was careful not to say anything to alienate her from her grandfather.

Half an hour passed, and Mr. Haywood saw nothing of his grandchild. He began to feel uneasy, and went to seek her in her favorite haunts about the house and garden, but she was not to be found in any of them. He then repaired to the housekeeper's room to look for her there. As the weather was warm, the door of that apartment stood wide open, and as Mr. Haywood looked into the room, he saw Grace asleep upon the lounge, and Mrs. Baker watching beside her.

He slipped softly into the room, and went up to the sleeping child. There she lay, with her beautiful face resting on her rounded arm, her luxuriant ringlets draping the pillow on which her head rested. Her cheeks were even then wet with recent tears, and as Mr. Haywood stood watching her, a quivering sob escaped from her. He saw how it was. She had cried herself to sleep in Mrs. Baker's arms, and had been laid on the lounge to finish her nap.

For a day or two after this Grace seemed shy of her grandfather, and manifested a decided preference for the society of Mrs. Baker. This state of things was by no means agreeable to Mr. Haywood. In truth, it disturbed him more than he would have been willing to admit even to himself. One day when Grace was stealing away from him to go to Mrs. Baker, he called her back.

"Where are you going, my dear?" he asked.

"I am going to see Mrs. Baker."

"It seems to me that you are with Mrs. Baker almost all the time now. Why do you like to stay with her so much?"

"Oh, because Mrs. Baker is very kind to me."

"Am I not kind to you, Grace?" There was something half sad, half reproachful in the tone.

"Oh, yes, dear grandpapa, very kind, and I love you very much—but—but——"

"But what, my child?"

"Oh, nothing, grandpapa. It isn't anything," said Grace, looking confused.

"What are you thinking of, my child? You must tell me, indeed you must."

"I don't want to tell you, grandpapa; I'm afraid you will be angry."

"No, I will not be angry, and you must tell me. You know you must mind your grandpapa."

"Yes, grandpapa, I know it. That's what my dear mamma told me. I like to stay with Mrs. Baker, because she lets me talk about dear mamma, and papa, and Henry, just as much as I like."

"If I should let you talk about them just as much as you pleased, would you then like to stay with me as well as with Mrs. Baker?"

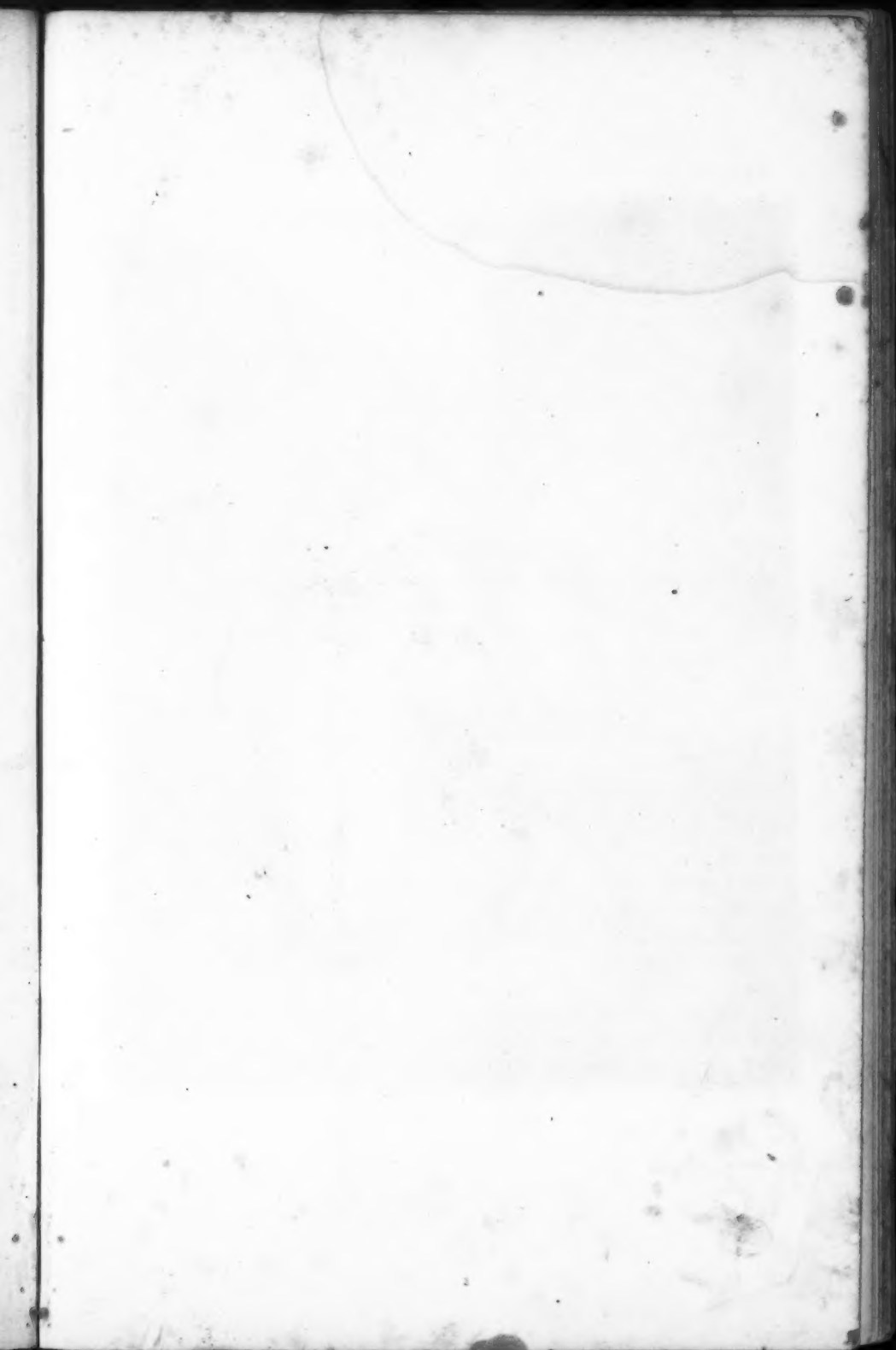
"Oh, yes, sir, and a great deal better, because you know you are my own dear grandpapa."

"Well, then, my child, you shall talk about them whenever you like. Forget what I said to you the other day, and only remember what I now say."

"Dear grandpapa," said Grace, springing into his arms. "I am so glad you will let me talk to you of dear papa and mamma. I am sure you must like to hear about them," she added with artless simplicity.

Mr. Haywood had made this concession, because he saw that Grace could not be happy in his society if she were not allowed to speak to him of those she loved.

Grace freely improved the liberty thus granted, prattling in her own artless way of papa, mamma, and Henry. Mr. Haywood winced a little on the first free introduction of this topic, but he was careful not to let Grace see that it was unwelcome to him, and so she prattled on—he gradually, in spite of himself, became interested in her detail of home scenes. At last, from listening with reluctance, he came to listen with something like pleasure. Many a picture of home felicity was drawn for him by the little Grace, and many a scene depicted in which the young artist, all unconsciously, was portraying her father's manliness of character, and unwearied devotion to his family, and her mother's domestic and social virtues.





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THE HEART'S WINTER AND SUMMER.

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BY CATHERINE M. TROWBRIDGE.  
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CHAPTER. II.

While things were in this state at the Haywood mansion, the ordinary routine of business and enjoyment was suddenly interrupted by sickness, that ever unwelcome visitor and sad disturber of the quiet enjoyment of domestic life. Mr. Haywood was seized with a severe illness. He grew worse and worse from day to day. There was no physician in the place in whom he could put confidence, and his attending physician came from the distance of a number of miles.

These facts were all communicated to the parents of Grace by Mrs. Baker.

"My poor father," said Mrs. Harrison, when the letter came to hand. "Think of his being very sick, as it is plain from this letter that he is, with none but hired attendants to nurse him, and his physician so many miles from him!"

"That is bad," said her husband thoughtfully. "Dr. Holmes, no doubt, is skilful, but it is hardly possible that he can give your father the attention which his case may require, when he has to ride so far to visit him, and has so many other patients. What a privilege it would be could I attend upon him now."

"Indeed it would. How I wish the thing were possible. In that case I am sure he would live, if human skill could avail to save his life."

Dr. Harrison was silent for some moments.

"Annie," he said at last, "I would gladly go and devote myself to the care of your father during his sickness, if his consent could be obtained. The thing is at least possible. However he may reject me as a son-in-law, I imagine that by this time he has confidence in my skill as a physician, and possibly in a case of life and death he would admit me to his sick-room in that capacity—and this is all I ask."

"But would you leave your business, and suffer all the inconvenience which must attend your absence from home for several weeks, and that too when my father would certainly refuse to admit you except as a physician?"

"I would do it gladly, Annie, for your sake, if by that means I

might be the instrument of saving the life of your father, which I well know is so precious to you."

"Dear Henry, my kind and noble husband. If you could but save his life! But he would never appreciate your motives, never understand your noble heart. Would that he could. But he is so prejudiced. He would say that you were mercenary, and had only contrived this plan to get round him, that you might secure his fortune."

"I am perfectly aware of that, Annie. This misconstruction of my motives will be the hardest to bear, but I can meet even that, strong in the strength of an honest heart and a worthy purpose. If you approve of it, I will go to-morrow. I know Dr. Holmes well, and I doubt not that he will cheerfully lend me his aid."

Dr. Harrison arrived at the residence of Mr. Haywood, just as Dr. Holmes was leaving it. They met a few steps from the door. After making various inquiries as to the condition of his patient, Dr. Harrison imparted to the physician the object of his visit. Dr. Holmes knew Dr. Harrison well. He could appreciate his character, and had an instinctive perception of the motive by which he was now actuated.

"If I understand you," he said, "you only ask to be admitted as a physician to the sick-room of Mr. Haywood."

"That is all I ask."

"It is noble in you to be willing to make this sacrifice of feeling, for such I know it must be."

"It is not too much to do for Annie's sake," said Dr. Harrison, with emotion. "But do you think his consent can be obtained?"

"I think it can. At all events, if withheld, it will be at the risk of his life. Mr. Haywood is a very sick man. He needs medical care and skill very different from what I can bestow, living as I do at such a distance from him, and leaving other patients who have an equal claim. With constant attention and skill, such as it is well known you possess, I think his life might be saved. If you wish it, I will advocate this measure to the utmost extent of my influence, and if other arguments fail, I will tell him what I consider to be the honest truth, that his life probably depends upon his consent."

"I shall consider it a great favor if you will use your influence to gain his consent," was the reply.

"Well, then, I will return to my patient, and see if this arrangement can be effected."

Dr. Holmes returned to the sick-room under the pretext of having forgotten some important direction. After some little conversation, he said—

"There is one thing, Mr. Haywood, which gives me considerable uneasiness. I think with the most assiduous care and attention you may recover. But you need a physician who can attend upon you more closely than it is possible for me to do. If I lived near, it would be very different, but I have so far to ride, and so many other patients."

"Well, Doctor, you must do the best you can. You know there is no other physician in the vicinity in whom I can have confidence."

"I know, sir, of a physician, and a very skilful one too, who is ready to attend upon you as constantly as may be required, if you will consent to it; and really, sir, I must be frank with you. I think your life may depend upon your consenting to receive the benefit of his services."

"Who is it, sir? I know of no such physician in these parts except yourself."

"It is Dr. Harrison, sir. You well know his skill. He has authorized me to say that, if you will admit him to your sick-room as a physician, he will attend upon you most assiduously. He can do for you what I cannot. He is now waiting your decision."

Mr. Haywood frowned and shook his head.

"I cannot have him," he said.

"He is a very eminent physician."

"I know that. But I never will have anything to do with him. I despise the man."

Dr. Holmes felt indignant, and half disposed to leave the wilful man to his fate. But he had seen for himself how entirely in earnest Dr. Harrison was in the plan he had proposed, and how anxious to accomplish it, and he resolved to persevere in the effort he was making.

"You acknowledge his skill as a physician, sir," he said, "and it is only as a physician that he asks to be admitted to your bedside. He asks only for the privilege of seeking to save your life."

"Very disinterested, no doubt," said Mr. Haywood, sneeringly. "I understand him. I can see quite through him. But he will be foiled in his intentions. If I am sick and weak, I am not weak enough yet to become his dupe. Not a cent of my fortune will he get hold of in that way."

"You do him injustice, sir. I feel quite sure that you misapprehend his motives. It is not your fortune that he seeks. He only asks to be admitted simply as a physician, because he feels that your life may depend upon it, and if you refuse this request, I fear it will be at your peril. May I say to him that you have given your consent?"

Mr. Haywood hesitated. He loved life. He knew the benefit which might be derived from the constant attendance of such a physician as Dr. Harrison. If his motives were mercenary, why should he not profit by the services thus proffered? It was Dr. Harrison's own offer, and he asked to be regarded only as a physician. After a somewhat lengthened silence, he said—

"Tell Dr. Harrison if he thinks to make me his dupe, because I am weak and sick, he will certainly be disappointed. I wish him to understand that I can fully appreciate his motives," laying a peculiar emphasis upon the word appreciate. "Be sure you tell him this, and then if he chooses to attend upon me as a physician, I will not object. I have confidence in his skill, and he shall be liberally rewarded for his professional services, but beyond that let him not expect to derive any advantage from my acceptance of these services. This is all I have to say. He can come to me, or not, as he chooses."

"But will you send so harsh a message to an honorable man like Dr. Harrison?" said the physician, in a deprecating tone.

"An honorable man, indeed," said Mr. Haywood, his face flushing. "It was very honorable in him, was it not, to steal my daughter from me without my will or consent?"

Dr. Holmes felt quite disposed to reply that he thought no father had any natural or moral right to set himself against the happiness of his daughter, as Mr. Haywood had done, but he judged it best to wave that subject.

"Am I to understand," he asked, "that this is the message which I am to deliver to Dr. Harrison?"

"It is. I wish him to know that I understand his very disinterested offer."

Dr. Holmes returned to Dr. Harrison, and gave him a faithful account of all that had passed between Mr. Haywood and himself. There was an unwonted glow of the cheeks, and an indignant flash of the dark eyes, but except these indications of excited feeling he was calm.

"To be forewarned is to be forearmed," he quietly replied. "I expected little better than this, and therefore am not disappointed. The chief point has been gained. I thought it not unlikely that he would quite refuse me admittance. This imputation of mercenary motives is the trial which I most dreaded, but I came prepared to meet it, as I could hardly doubt that it was in store for me."

"Then you will go to him, notwithstanding his harsh language."

"I will."

"I will accompany you."

The two physicians together repaired to the chamber of the patient, and approached the bedside. Mr. Haywood acknowledged the presence of Dr. Harrison only by a cold nod of recognition.

"I now resign you to the care of Dr. Harrison," said Dr. Holmes, "and I do so with the utmost confidence in his skill. I will frankly say that even were I where I could be more constant in my attendance, I believe you would be a gainer by the change, such is my estimate of his abilities. If you wish it, I will ride over and see you occasionally as consulting physician."

Mr. Haywood expressed a desire that he should do so, which was warmly seconded by Dr. Harrison. After exchanging a few words with Dr. Harrison relative to the treatment of the patient, Dr. Holmes took his leave.

After he had left, Dr. Harrison took the hand of his patient, examined the pulse, and asked a few professional questions, precisely as he would have done in the case of any other patient. On his first entrance into the room his presence had occasioned some slight symptoms of nervous excitement. But his cool professional manner served to quiet this excitement, and establish, as it were, the position in which they stood to each other—that of physician and patient, nothing more.

Dr. Harrison remained only a short time in the room. After asking a few questions, and giving a few simple directions to Mrs. Baker, he left the apartment, and went to seek his daughter. Grace was overjoyed to see her father, and her delight knew no bounds when she was told that he was to remain till her grandfather was better, and help take care of him. The society of Grace was also a great comfort to Dr. Harrison in the painful position which for his dear Annie's sake he had consented to occupy.

In a few hours he returned again to the chamber of his patient. This time he remained longer, performing various little offices for the comfort of the sick man; for Dr. Harrison was not only a skilful physician, but also an excellent nurse. His services were received by Mr. Haywood quite passively. He neither manifested pleasure nor annoyance, but quietly allowed his new physician to do whatever he chose.

As night drew on, Dr. Harrison said to him, "I am told that it is difficult to obtain watchers. I will watch with you myself to-night, if such an arrangement is agreeable to you."

"Just as you choose," was the seemingly indifferent reply.

The Doctor watched that night with his patient, taking such excellent care of him that the sick man could but feel how much his comfort had been promoted by the care and skill of his watcher.

By degrees Dr. Harrison took the place of nurse as well as physician. Mr. Haywood would never express a wish that he should remain with him, but he found so many ways in which to minister to the comfort of his patient, and was so quiet, gentle and skilful, that the sick man soon felt the difference between his attentions and those of others. It was not long before it became evident that he was never so quiet and contented as when Dr. Harrison was present. Though he was too proud to say so, he liked to be waited upon by him, because no one besides could do everything so much for his comfort. Ere long, therefore, the new physician was in almost constant attendance, seldom leaving the chamber except when his patient slept, and thus it continued till the crisis of the disease was past, and Mr. Haywood began slowly to recover.

Dr. Holmes rode over occasionally to see him. On his first visit after the crisis was past, he found the invalid weak, but very comfortable. After congratulating Mr. Haywood upon the favorable aspect of his case, and assuring him that he might now feel confident of recovery, he added—

“But let me tell you, sir, that you have been a very sick man. It is but right that you should know what you owe to Dr. Harrison. Nothing short of such unremitting care and skill as he has bestowed could, at your age, have brought you safely through so violent an attack as that from which you have suffered.”

“Dr. Holmes is in the conspiracy,” thought Mr. Haywood. “He intends to work upon my feelings of gratitude to induce me to own this man as a son, and leave to him my property.”

It is but justice to Mr. Haywood to say that he was not destitute of a certain feeling of gratitude to Dr. Harrison for his unremitting care and attention, and this feeling would have been much stronger than it was, had he not so firmly believed that these attentions had been prompted only by cool, calculating selfishness. His reply to the remark of Dr. Holmes was dictated mainly by the purpose to let them both understand that they had failed to accomplish what he supposed to be their principal object.

“I am free to acknowledge, sir,” he said, coldly, “that Dr. Harrison has been unremitting in his attentions both as a physician and a nurse. I am aware that I owe much to his care and skill. If he expects a liberal compensation, he shall not be disappointed. He shall be handsomely rewarded for all that he has done for me.”

Dr. Harrison was standing by the bedside. As he listened to these words, his face glowed and his eyes flashed, though he uttered not a word. Indeed no words could have been half so powerful or so elo-

quent a refutation of the charge of mercenary motives as was his whole air and mien at that moment. His countenance exhibited the working of strong emotions, just such emotions as a high-minded and honorable man would be likely to feel, when virtually accused of sordid and interested motives, while conscious that he was acting from the highest impulses of our nature.

The gaze of the sick man was riveted upon him. In fact he had turned to him when speaking to note the effect of his words. But the effect actually produced was quite unlike what had been anticipated. There was no mistaking the expression of Dr. Harrison's countenance. In that expression Mr. Haywood read more of the character of the man who had married his daughter than he had ever read before. He could see that he was deeply wounded by the remark just made. His very silence was more expressive than words. Mr. Haywood felt that he had wronged him. A deep conviction of this suddenly fastened upon his mind. He regretted the words he had just uttered, still he was too proud to recall or apologize for them.

Dr. Harrison had strove to prepare himself for similar thrusts, but this, coming as it did, after all the self-sacrificing care and attention that he had bestowed upon Mr. Haywood, was almost too much.

"Why," he thought, "should I separate myself from my family, and prejudice all my own interests to do more for the man who despises me, and attributes to a base motive all I have done for him?"

A few minutes later, he said to Dr. Holmes, in a low tone—"Will it not be safe for me to leave now? I am very much wanted at home."

Low as was the tone in which this question was put, it did not escape the quick ear of Mr. Haywood.

Dr. Holmes shook his head. "Mr. Haywood is not past all danger of a relapse," he said. "It would be safer for you to remain a day or two longer. After that I think you might be spared."

There was a brief silence, during which there was a struggle in the mind of Dr. Harrison; then, as he left the room with Dr. Holmes, Mr. Haywood heard him say, "I will remain."

For the next hour Dr. Harrison was absent from the room of the invalid, striving to recover his wonted calmness of mind. That hour was spent by Mr. Haywood in a new train of thought, something like the following.

"If Dr. Harrison is really an honorable, high-minded man, he must have been deeply wounded by my remark. Indeed it is quite plain that he was wounded by it. His look was just that of a man

who, having done a kind deed from the purest motive, is charged with a mean and sordid one. May it not be that I have misjudged him? If his motive had really been that which I have assigned to him, his face could never have worn that expression. There was no acting there. Well, if I have wronged him at all, I have wronged him deeply. An ungrateful return that to the man who has saved my life. I can't understand him exactly, but I can't get away from the feeling that I have wronged him. When he returns, I really must say something to counteract the effect of my words."

When Dr. Harrison returned his manner was calm and quiet as usual.

"Can I do anything for you, sir?" he asked, as he stepped up to the bedside.

"No, thank you," was the reply.

Dr. Harrison was about turning away when Mr. Haywood detained him.

"Stop one moment, will you, sir?" he said. His manner was visibly embarrassed, and there was a moment's pause, after which he added—"I hope, sir, that you will not think me incapable of appreciating the services you have rendered. If I have done you injustice, if I have wounded your feelings, forgive me."

Dr. Harrison was evidently much moved. He had to struggle with his feelings for a moment, ere he could speak. At last, in a serious, earnest tone, he said—

"Mr. Haywood, you have done me great injustice, if in your thoughts you have called me mercenary or selfish."

"Excuse me, sir, but I must say that I don't understand you. I don't understand why you should take all this trouble for me—if—if——"

"I understand you, sir; you mean if I have no self-interested motive. It is but simple justice to myself that I should tell you why I have done it—though you should doubt my word. I have done it for Annie's sake. I would do anything for her. Such is the love she still cherishes for you, that she would esteem as above all price any service rendered to you. Your life and your happiness are unspeakably precious in her eyes." So saying, Dr. Harrison turned quickly and left the room.

The subject was not again resumed. When Dr. Harrison returned again to his patient, his manner was the same that it had ever been. The various services required were performed in a gentle, quiet way. He was respectful, courteous, yet distant and reserved. But there was a marked change in Mr. Haywood's manner towards him. He

now treated him more as a friend. Gradually Dr. Harrison responded to this change by becoming less distant and reserved to his patient. Three days passed in this way, and then the Doctor informed Mr. Haywood that he must leave him and return home.

"And shall I not see you again?" inquired Mr. Haywood, with manifest interest.

"If you wish it, I will come again next week, and remain with you a day or two, to see how you are getting on."

"I wish you would. I have had the benefit of your attendance so long that it will be hard to break quite off at once. Will you leave Grace? I am just getting well enough to enjoy her society."

"Yes, I will, if you desire it, leave her till I come again."

The next week, as Dr. Harrison was preparing for his second visit to Mr. Haywood, his wife said to him—

"Dear Henry, I almost envy you and Grace, when I think of you as under that roof. How I wish I was going with you. It seems to me that it would be a comfort to me to be near my father once more, even though I could not be received as a daughter."

"If you feel so, supposing you should go with me, Annie?" said Dr. Harrison, after a thoughtful silence. "Mrs. Baker will welcome you; and your father need not know that you are in the house. Mrs. Baker and Thomas will keep the secret faithfully, if desired to do so."

"But would it be right to enter my father's house without his consent?"

"I think, under existing circumstances, it would not be wrong. You may go there as the wife of his physician, if you may not go as his daughter. Then you might improve the time when he was sleeping to see his face once more. Would it be any satisfaction?"

"It would indeed, though a sad one."

"Then I think you had better go with me."

It was evening when they arrived. Dr. Harrison made his way to the chamber of his patient, while his wife repaired to the house-keeper's apartment. Mr. Haywood appeared glad to see Dr. Harrison. He greeted him cordially, though only as he might have done any physician, whose care and skill claimed his gratitude and esteem. Mrs. Harrison meantime received a warm welcome from Mrs. Baker, who promised to keep the secret faithfully.

The next day, more than one tempting viand, prepared by the careful skill of the daughter, found its way to the room of the invalid, who expressed much surprise that Mrs. Baker should have so far outdone herself. Most of the day was spent by Dr. Harrison with his patient. Grace ran back and forth in high glee, from her

mother to her father and grandfather, keeping very close the important secret which had been entrusted to her.

"Your father is asleep now," said Dr. Harrison to his wife in the afternoon. He usually takes a nap of some length at this time of day. I think you may now visit his room without danger of discovery."

With trembling steps, Mrs. Harrison followed her husband. She was almost overcome by her feelings, as she stood by that bedside. It was ten long years since she had looked on that father's face. The silent tears rained down her cheeks, as she stood watching that beloved countenance, in the deep repose of sleep, tracing all the lines made by sorrow, age and sickness, which were not there when she last beheld it. Her tears would have been sobs, but for the fear of waking the sleeper. She took her seat at the head of the bed, and for one long hour watched the loved one in his slumber. Her husband watched too, for the agreement had been that he should give her the signal on the first symptom which he perceived of waking. At the expiration of an hour this signal was given, and Mrs. Harrison stole from the room.

Mr. Haywood was now able to sit up a part of the day. He was sitting in his great easy-chair the next day, when Grace came in to see him. There was no one besides in the room. He told her to climb upon his knee; he was too weak to lift her there.

"My dear Grace," he said, "what shall I do without you? I have no one but you to love me."

"Oh, yes, you have, dear grandpapa. I love you very much, but I know of some one who loves you quite as much."

"And who is that, my child?"

"It is mamma," said Grace, half timidly.

"And how do you know that your mamma loves me?" demanded Mr. Haywood—not sternly as Grace feared he might, but somewhat sadly.

"Oh, because I know she does. She calls you dear papa, and always speaks of you as you know we do of those we love very much, and she would do anything for you. I wish you loved mamma," she added, gathering courage from her grandfather's silent attention.

"My child," said Mr. Haywood, "you ought to love your dear mamma very much. She is a good mother and wife, but she has not been a good daughter, she has not been good to me. Would you be a good daughter, if you did not obey your father?"

Grace by this time had learned something of the cause of her grandfather's alienation from her mother.

"Dear grandpapa," she said, earnestly, "mamma never disobeyed you but once, and then she could not help it."

"Could not help it! what do you mean by that, my child?"

For a moment Grace was puzzled, but her child's instincts came to her aid.

"You told me, grandpapa, that she must not love father, and I don't think she could help loving him. I am sure I could not, if I tried."

Mr. Haywood was forced to smile at the simplicity of this answer, but he immediately relapsed into a grave, thoughtful silence. Was there not something of truth as well as much of childish simplicity in this reasoning? Despite of his wish not to see, he had seen much of the character of Dr. Harrison the last few weeks. He knew how devotedly he was loved by his family, and he could not but acknowledge that there was much to draw forth such an affection. His manliness, his integrity, and the tender, devoted affection of his character, had all been apparent. Was it strange that his daughter loved him? Was it an unpardonable crime? Was it right to shut out her prayer for forgiveness? to harden himself against her yearning for a father's blessing? Might not Dr. Harrison be entirely disinterested in the services he had rendered? Had he not in his pride and obstinacy wronged them both? Had he not opposed his daughter where he had no right to oppose her, in a devoted attachment to a true and honorable man, well calculated to make her happy, and to whom there was no objection except that he was not wealthy? These and many similar queries passed rapidly through his mind.

Grace remained quiet till she grew tired of the long silence, then, by way of attracting her grandfather's attention, she began gently to pull his fingers, but he did not seem to notice her.

"What are you thinking about, grandpapa?" she said at last. "A penny for your thoughts, as Henry tells me sometimes."

Mr. Haywood aroused himself.

"I am not sure that they are worth so much as that, my dear," he said.

"But what have you been thinking about, grandpapa, all this long time? Sometimes mamma sits just so, and when I ask her what she is thinking of, she says that she is thinking of you."

"Well, my darling, I have been thinking of your mamma now."

"Have you, grandpapa?" said Grace, looking gratified. "What have you been thinking about her?"

"A good many things. I have been thinking that I almost wished that she was here at this moment."

"Do you, grandpapa?" said Grace, quite thrown off her guard by this unexpected confession. "May I call her? She would be so glad to come."

"Call her, my child! what do you mean?" demanded Mr. Haywood, in a tone indicative of much surprise.

It recalled to Grace the fact that she had betrayed the secret which she had been so strictly charged to keep. She hung down her head, looked confused, but said nothing.

"Tell me, my child, what you mean. Do you mean that your mother is here?"

"Oh, grandpapa," said Grace, "I am very sorry. I didn't think what I was saying. I promised not to tell, and I am afraid I have been very naughty," and Grace looked frightened and distressed.

"Don't be frightened, my child. I don't think you have done much harm. But tell me—is your mother in this house?"

"Yes, grandpapa, she came with father, day before yesterday, and is going home with him to-morrow, but she didn't want you to know it, for fear you wouldn't like it. She wanted to come and help Mrs. Baker take care of you, and make all those custards and nice things for you, and father said he didn't think it would be wrong; for if you did not know it, it would not trouble you. But it was naughty for me to tell you, and I am so sorry."

"Do not be troubled, my precious child," said Mr. Haywood, soothingly. "You told of it before you thought. They will not blame you. I will tell them that they must not."

At this moment Grace's father entered the room.

"Will you assist me to get back to the bed?" said Mr. Haywood, addressing him in his usual manner.

Dr. Harrison immediately advanced to render the required assistance. He observed that Mr. Haywood seemed weaker and more helpless than usual, and that he trembled perceptibly, as he leaned heavily on his supporting arm, but he supposed that he had set up too long, and had become too much fatigued. Having assisted his patient to the bed, and arranged everything for his comfort, he turned to his little daughter. As soon as he observed her, he perceived that something was wrong with her.

"What is the matter with my little Grace?" he asked, drawing her towards him.

Grace was about to reply when Mr. Haywood, who had been watching them, said quickly—"It is not much. Don't ask the child any questions now, if you please."

"Very well, never mind then," said Dr. Harrison, as he lifted

Grace to his knee, and began playing with her tresses. His face was turned partly from the bed, yet he was conscious that the eyes of his patient were fixed upon him with a steady, earnest gaze. The trio remained in this position several minutes. Mr. Haywood was the first to break the silence.

"Grace, my dear, come here to me, will you not?" he said. "I have something I wish to say to you."

Her father placed her on the floor and she went to the bedside.

"Put your face down on the pillow," said her grandfather.

Grace obeyed.

"Go to your mother, my child, and tell her that her father wants her to come to him."

The tone was low, but every word was quite audible to Dr. Harrison, who started a little when he heard this message. Grace seemed frightened. The tears stood in her eyes, as she turned to her father with a look which said—"Shall I go, father?"

Her father now suspected that she had unwittingly let out the secret of her mother's presence in the house, and that this was the explanation of her troubled look. But if this was so, there was no help for it now.

"Do as your grandfather bids you, my dear," he said, calmly.

Grace departed on her errand, and her father, thinking that his presence might not be desired in the coming interview, arose, and turning to Mr. Haywood said—"Do you not prefer that I should leave the room?"

"I prefer that you should remain, if you will," was the brief reply, spoken in a tone slightly tremulous from suppressed emotion.

A moment later, Annie Harrison was by her father's bedside, bending over him, with eager, yet trembling hope. Her father clasped her in his arms, murmuring as he did so, "My daughter, my precious child!"

The tears of the daughter fell fast on her father's bosom as she said—"Dear father, will you forgive me—bless me?"

Mr. Haywood murmured words of fond endearment, as again he embraced his daughter.

"Say you forgive me, will you not, dear father?"

"I cannot. I have nothing to forgive. It was I that was wrong. I see it all now."

Then you will love and bless your own Annie?"

"Ah, that I will, my own precious child!"

"And Henry too," said Annie, now turning to her husband, who stood at a little distance, watching the affecting interview, with moistened eyes.

Mr. Haywood looked at him also, and raised a hand to beckon him to approach. Dr. Harrison complied with the silent invitation, and drew near. Mr. Haywood took his hand evidently with strong emotion.

"I have wronged you, sir, deeply wronged you. You are worthy of this precious child of mine, and that is saying enough. She is yours already, but take her now from me, her father," and he joined their hands together.

"And Henry too shall be your child, is it not so, dear father?" said Annie, earnestly.

"Yes, my child, if he can forgive and forget the past, particularly the words I have spoken of him and to him on this sick-bed. I have misunderstood him. I have done him injustice. This I frankly acknowledge. Will you, sir, accept the acknowledgment," he continued, turning from his daughter to her husband. "Will you from this hour be to me a son?"

"With all my heart," said Dr. Harrison, as again he took the hand of Mr. Haywood. "We ask not yours but you. We only ask the privilege of loving you, caring for you, making you happy, of pouring out for you our hearts' wealth, which, believe me, is not a meagre store."

"I do believe you. I have been blind, prejudiced, obstinate. I did not know you. I would not know you. But I have watched you the last few weeks. I have seen that not an act, not a movement of yours has been that of a man actuated by such motives as I have ungraciously attributed to you. You came not to receive, but to give—not selfishly, but with self-sacrificing benevolence, making that most noble of all sacrifices, the sacrifice of feeling, consenting to be misunderstood, even insulted, while you calmly performed the work which, for my daughter's sake, you had undertaken. But I do you full justice now."

"I always felt sure that you would love Henry, if you could but know him," said Annie, tearfully.

"Come," said Dr. Harrison, playfully, "I shall be obliged to resume my old character. I must not forget that I am your physician and you are my patient, and really I must order a little quiet after all this excitement. I think we must go back for a short time to the old order of things. Annie shall be installed as your nurse very soon, but just now I think her presence excites you too much."

"I will obey you," said Mr. Haywood. "Annie and Grace shall leave the room for a little while, and you shall sit by me, just as you have done for weeks past."

THE THREE FATHERS.

BY META LANDER.

"I HAVE three fathers," said my gentle child
 In all the fulness of her loving heart;—
 "My own dear father, darling grandpapa,
 And my kind Father, who lives up in heaven."

Her earthly fathers fondly loved the child;
 But the good Father in the spirit-land,
 Loving her better, took her to himself.
 He did not mean, that her young, tender heart,
 Should e'er be wrung with bitter agony
 Over the ruins of the loved and lost.
 Never was she to weep o'er fairest flowers
 Which in their bloom have dropped into the grave,
 Nor were her sweet and loving lips to drink
 Of life's woe-mingled draught.

That poisoned cup,
 Untasted, was to pass from her away.
 In early morn, while yet the dew-drops shone,
 Death, like a bright winged angel, comes for her.
 With heart unfearing, she confiding lays
 Her tiny hand in his, and goes with him
 As if he were a messenger of love.
 At the dark river's brink, she falters not,
 But promising, on the celestial shore,
 To wait for those she loves, she bids us all
 A last farewell, and while we weep aloud
 In anguish deep and inexpressible,
 That we must lose the sunshine of our home,
 She, with a sweet and fearless trustingness,
 Still clinging to that icy hand, goes on.
 Her little feet enter the swelling tide
 Without one shuddering fear, and onward tread
 As if that deep, cold torrent were to her
 Some dear, familiar path.

O, who can tell
 What words of love are whispered to her heart,
 Or what pure rays from out the rainbow throne,
 Stream through the wide-flung crystal gates of heaven,
 Illumining the depths of that dark stream?
 Bright shines her "silver thread" as on she moves,
 E'en to our tear-dimmed eyes. But soon, alas!
 The blazing radiance, blinding mortal sense,
 Like a bright veil, enwraps her from our sight.

But can we trust thee, darling child, alone
 On that far journey to the unknown world?
 When nigh those glorious walls of jasper bright,
 Dost thou not miss thy mother's loving hand,
 Thy father's kindly tones of gentle cheer?

And as thou enterest the gates of pearl,
 And find'st thyself amid the angel-throngs,
 The innumerable company of heaven,
 Dost thou not look around the shining ranks
 In search of some familiar face of earth,
 On which to rest awhile thy dazzled eye?

Ah, no! sweet one, for the kind seraph Love
 Guideth thy infant feet, and by a voice
 Sweeter than earth's most charming melody
 Thy fears are hushed. So dost thou pass along
 Until is reached the emerald throne of light,
 And thou hast looked on Him who sits thereon.
 But wert thou not, my timid child, afraid
 Of such effulgent glory, all unveiled?
 No, dearest one! for He who wears our garb,
 And blessed sweet childhood when upon the earth,
 Tenderly folds thee to His gentle breast.

Oh, when shall I, my child, be safely o'er
 Cold Jordon's dreaded flood? When shall I land
 On Canaan's calm and bright eternal shore?
 Fast fleets the day of life; the night draws nigh,
 And soon, over the golden towers of heaven,
 Will break eternity's clear morn. Till then,
 Farewell, sweet child, farewell.

MORNING AND EVENING.

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 BY HELEN BRUCE.  
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OVER the flowers went the little feet glancing
 Through the sweet meadows and over the hay;
 Shouting and singing they followed the mowers,
 Cheating hot toil by their frolicsome play.

Into the brook went the little feet glancing,
 Splashing and dashing the bright waters high;
 Swift passed the hours of their innocent pleasure,
 Swift rolled the sun o'er the arch of the sky.

Fair on the waters the pure lilies smiling,
 Wooed the light-hearted a prize to attain;
 Fearless the little ones leaped to their dwelling,
 From its cool depths to go up not again.

Home went the mowers with slow steps at even,
 Through the sweet meadows and over the flowers,
 Bearing, instead of the steel they had wrought with,
 The small, dancing sprites of the gay morning hours.

Heavy and still were the feet of the sleepers,
 Pale their small hands, and their glad voices hushed;
 Dripping and dark to the cottage they bore them,
 And the heart of the widow and childless was crushed.

EPITAPHS.

BY GEORGE S. BURLEIGH.

WHEN we walk through a grave-yard and read the epitaphs which extol the virtues of all who sleep in the dust below, we are disposed to ask with the artless little child, "Where do they bury all the wicked folks?" We go to the grave of one whose name we had ever heard associated with duplicity and greediness, to see for what virtue his friends loved him, and from that unbosoming of the private heart of the survivors, catch the subtle aroma of his better nature, which had escaped the dull sense of public notoriety. We are disappointed, and with a smile a little tinged with bitterness, we read—

"AN HONEST MAN'S THE NOBLEST WORK OF GOD."

Ah, the ambitious marble, then, would rival common fame, or even surpass it, by the keenness of its irony?

We leave the unlucky memorial, and find ourselves at the resting place of the residual dust of a poor old widow, who by her miserly meanness had outlived the love of all who knew her, but as she had left a grandchild in poverty, and a long stocking-leg of silver to a public charity, her ashes rest under a slab of pure Pentelican, not erected by the grandchild we presume, and the white lips of the marble seem to blanch with the utterance of these sacred words—

"Of a truth I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all."

On the tomb-stone of a rough warrior we read, under the emblem of crossed swords, and after the recital of his bloody exploits—

"A Col. in the Continental Army, and a common soldier of the Prince of Peace."

Yet he bore a commission in both armies, for he was honored with the title of Deacon as well as that of Colonel. We will not presume to doubt that he was faithful to both commanders, according to his light, but there seems to be something so incongruous between the symbols of war, and the noblest title of the great Martyr of Human Love, that we could have wished his double honors had been favored with separate announcements.

Yonder we see the simple stone which pity, or perhaps unexhausted love, reared to the memory, better lost than preserved, of a bright scholar, but an erring soul, one whose star of young promise was

quenched in the gulf of Intemperance, but over whose obsequies presided the same evil genius of satire which we have noticed before, for a Latin formula announces, to him who can understand, that his was

"A sound mind in a healthy body."

Ah, well! we must leave our memories at the iron gate, and let no impertinent chronicler open the pages of that life which is shut here under marble covers, nor disturb the impression which the noble truths, and deep moralities scattered about us, are calculated to produce. Any looking back, over the shoulders, to the bustling world we left, will fill us with the disagreeable thought that here live in marble the virtues that never lived in the flesh; that, after all, Death is the only flatterer, and on the stone gates of his many mansions all names are written with praise.

So it seems, if we look no deeper than the marble's polish, but in truth there is less flattery, and more justice than appears, perhaps more than is meant, in this stony record of the past.

Life brings us too close to one another. The slightest freckle or defect of feature and complexion, stands out with a disagreeable prominence. If the very breath of love is tainted with indigestion, we are more repulsed than attracted by its message. We hear the hissing and wheezing of laborious undertones in the sweetest music, whether of human voice or vocal instrument. Get away from your friend if you would keep your respect for him. Let him have room to speak and to act, and you to breathe without interference. The air once breathed is poison, though just from the lungs of an angel.

Men, like nature, demand perspective, and while the necessities of life jostle us together, we are more liable to meet by the angles of disagreement, the sharp clashing points of self-interest and individual peculiarity, than to touch congruous planes of affinity and sympathy.

Death comes as a counteracting necessity to throw into perspective what life had crowded, and bring out those fine proportions which are the more readily lost by contact, as the complete figure is gigantic and vast.

The defects and blemishes, the very crimes and corruptions of men, are easily let slip from memory when death sets its irrefragable seal upon them. Even to the eye of faith there is a sort of mysterious distance, a sacred aloofness, in the transformed spirit, which makes even an enemy seem less vicious, and casts over the friend a mist of holier tenderness, as the blue hazy outlines of the rudest earth blend on the horizon with heaven itself. As one glides away into that misty distance, feature by feature of his too harsh outline melts off

forever, and at last, when the far horizon of life dissolves in the sacred circle of death, there is left to us only the essential nature of our fellow man, and we are allowed henceforth to keep that image of him which alone is worthy.

An unconscious relenting visits the common heart as we bend over the dust of a kindred mortal gone before us into the new strange life, whose door we have named death, and something of the sanctity of that great mystery pervades the memory of the departed. If the future were as clear as the present, the dead would not be sacred, and life's petty discords of hate and jealousy would jar across the unclosed doors, and perpetuate the dissonances of time in a vulgarized eternity. Thank God for the mystery, that no faith shall quite fathom, no revelation render circumstantially distinct, for in that alone the dead are secure of more justice than the living, and humanity, defrauded of due reverence here, reaps compensation in the awful future.

In the solemn presence of that dim other life, which death reveals, we dare not palter and cavil, we will be just and generous; and whether we think definitely *why* or not, we shall hasten to make some fair amends for the virtual neglect, or actual wrong which the living have suffered at our hands, by speaking kindly of the dead.—Life, and the familiar day's-moods of them and us, hid the deeper fact of our brotherhood, but the blow which struck them down jarred our hearts clearer of the dust of blinding passions; and thus the falling of the meanest man from our ranks, lets in the fuller sense of our relationship.

It is the common law of public opinion that he who speaks evil of the dead shall himself be dishonored. The most vulgar sense of justice shrinks from such scandal; for when a man has fallen beyond the sphere of self-defense, the instinctive sympathies of all hearts rise armed to defend him. It is well that our selfish, narrow, and trivial judgments should veil themselves before the awful presence of the enfranchized soul, that having in life forgotten the holier element which is in the lowliest, we should hasten to confess it with softened speech, when death has shaken the vices of the flesh into the grave with its dust.

This we conceive to be the moral of epitaphs, of that universal flattery which makes all men courtiers at the throne of Death. If vanity has piled much marble, love has sanctified more humble states, and unassuming slabs; and even in the heaped monuments of the vain resides a lurking justice, or deference to justice at the least.—The human heart will keep some gentler memory of its brothers than

life has taught us to cherish, and to this demand of the human, this roused sense of fellowship, even wealthy vanity defers.

But a better, and more direct justice, governs the simple act of piety and love in bereaved hearts, by which the graves of the departed become shrines of the living, and witnesses of the immortal virtues that survive the forms they hallowed. Even that prevalence of bad taste in memorial literature and art, which provokes a smile in spite of the solemn associations connected with them, cannot quite obliterate the higher value of these witnesses. It shows how even the rudest mind is permeated with some gleam of the immortal light, and feels some thrill of the great revelation of Life beyond the grave.

Perhaps the symbols most shocking and abusive to all fitness, are those dismal death's-head and cross-bones, of old sculptures, which have been imitated even in these later years. The fat cherubs, of such moony breadth of face, are scarcely better as works of art, but they are children of a more smiling and hearty faith, and as such are more acceptable, when we encounter them in old cemeteries.

Distressingly out of place, and against nature, are all those messages in epitaphs addressed by the tenant of the grave to the living spectator. Say that it is an implied assertion of the immortality of the soul, as it truly is, yet it is but a sorry type of that bright verity; as if the poor wretch were imprisoned there in the damp earth, and found a wretched consolation in thrusting his message in the face of all dwellers above ground. Such a witness smells too rankly of the charnel; let him sleep and shut his marble lips, if he will lodge his ambiguous entity in the tomb.

There is something of touching and tender in the simple forms of savage memorials, where the rude axe, the bow, and the stone dish of the deceased are reverently deposited in his grave by the survivors who, in that rude way, would intimate his need of them, and hence his immortality. It is not less touching in its first repetition among humble believers in civilized lands.

The top and doll, little slippers, cap, and ball, of some beloved child, placed on his small green grave, is evidently a ritual but a little changed from the genius of the Indian memento, but the first time we saw it, it moved us tenderly, though a thousand repetitions of the same thing soon marred, and then inverted the impression.—The evil genius of imitation blights everything; and many of the richest monuments of Greenwood and Mount Auburn are as stereotyped and dead, as the wooden utterance of an automaton, because the taste of the builder was not commensurate with his wealth.

To mark the grave of one very lowly, and known only by the few

who loved him, a simple name is memorial enough. The same is true of the world-famous, whose names alone are better than all the pompous repetition of their familiar history, which the future may better read in books, now more imperishable than marble.

If monumental biographies are admissible at all, it is only for that middle class whose noble lives are of world-interest but local in their history, that the stranger, who sees how well their memory is cherished, may read what deeds have made them worthy.

Nothing can be more absurd than a cumbrous Latin epitaph on the tomb of a modern, of whatever nation, as if a dead language had any affinity with a dead hero, or the sounding syllables of a pagan tongue could more fitly than his own announce the virtues of a departed Christian.

If the designers of epitaphs will indulge in quotations, let them be very apt, and appropriate, if possible individually applicable and striking. We remember one monument raised by some admirer of Ossian's poetry, who made the old blind bard speak fitly to the memory of a wife and three little ones. Under the name of the wife was inscribed—

"Pleasant be thy rest, O lovely Beam! soon hast thou set on our hills!"

For the three children was this fine passage quoted—

"They fell like three young oaks that stood alone on the hill. The traveler saw the lovely trees, and wondered how they grew so lonely. The blast of the desert came by night, and laid their green heads low. Next day he returned, but they were withered, and the heath was bare."

We have seen many Scripture texts for epitaphs, some very aptly applied, but do not remember to have met with that one which of all texts seems the most striking for a Christian's monument—

"HE IS NOT HERE, BUT RISEN."

This combines all requisites. It is brief, it is pointed, and joins a high truth to a sacred association. It is an index finger lifted to the heavens to tell us that yonder in the path that Jesus trod, ascending to his Father, the humble disciple has gone, and nothing here but his cast-off mantle rests in the conquered grave.

This is the utmost that our art can do, so to express faith in speaking symbols or in living words, that the thin slab which marks our resting place may be a bridge across the gulf of death, where the calm soul may walk with cheerful trust, to the embrace of the freed souls beyond.

KARL, THE MUSICIAN.

~~~~~  
BY GERTRUDE.  
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CHAPTER I.

ONE warm, sunny afternoon in June—such a sunny June afternoon as fills all the Rhine-land with golden glory—the student Karl Von Edelstein seated himself at the open window of his apartment, which overlooked one of the principal streets in the old town of Heidelberg. It was a holiday, and the streets were thronged by a crowd of citizens and peasants from the surrounding country—some taking their way towards the public gardens, others passing and repassing through the gates of the town, presenting a scene of unwonted confusion.

Conspicuous amongst the crowd might be seen groups of maid-servants, fancifully attired in their holiday apparel, coquetting with their ardent admirers, the *Handweck barschen*, who divided their time between assiduous attentions to their fair favorites, and casting invidious glances at the bevy of students congregated around the corners of the streets, and who might easily be distinguished by their long hair, their careless attire, and by the troops of dogs following them. All classes of citizens were there represented—the wealthy burgher and his wife, strolling towards the public gardens, their fair-haired, blue-eyed daughters following modestly in the rear, not unmindful of the admiring glances bestowed by the aforesaid bevy of students on the corners—the less opulent shop-keeper and his family, glad to hail the holiday which they might keep as best pleased them—and swarms of little German children, singing, shouting, and skipping along, as only children who have a holiday in prospect can do. Then there were booths and stalls gaily decorated, with much to tempt the appetite and feast the eye—in short, Heidelberg wore that afternoon its gayest dress.

But it was not of all these that the student, Karl, was thinking; and presently, with a heavy sigh, he withdrew his gaze from without, and glanced listlessly around the apartment. But there was nothing there which he had not seen a thousand times before. The open piano, which stood in its allotted corner, the guitar lying on the well-worn sofa near it, the fencing-swords and rosettes hanging upon the walls, and the smoking cap and pipes, those indispensable companions of a German student's leisure hours, were all familiar objects

to his eye. The thoughts inspired by them seemed to be no more satisfactory than his former ones had been; for with an abstracted air he was once more resuming his half-recumbent position at the window, when he was aroused by a confused sound of talking and laughing, and of footsteps ascending, with no light tread, the flight of stairs which led to his apartment. The next moment the door was thrown open, and two or three students entered, who, in compliance with Karl's invitation, lost no time in making themselves perfectly at home. They were soon seated at the open window, puffing vigorously at the pipes which Karl, on "hospitable thoughts intent," had offered them on their entrance, or commenting upon the groups below, while their host resumed his half-abstracted air.

At last, however, he was aroused from his reverie by the appearance of a dashing equipage, attended by out-riders in fivery, which drove slowly past. But two persons were seated within, evidently English people—the one a proud, haughty-looking man, apparently past the prime of life, and a young lady, whose age could not have exceeded eighteen summers. She was exceedingly lovely, of a beauty entirely different from that of the countrywomen of the students assembled at the window, and many were the expressions of admiration which broke from their lips as the carriage drove slowly past.

"It is the young *Englanderinn* and her rich old father," said one. "He has bought the villa of the Herr Von Feldman, on the river, below Neckermanstick, and will spend the summer and part of the winter there."

The speaker would have gone on giving farther gratuitous information, had not their surprise been excited by seeing the young lady look up, evidently accidentally, to the window where they were seated, and then, recognizing Karl, she blushed, bowed, and turned hastily away. Leaving Karl to account, as best he might, for the fact of his acquaintance with the stranger, we will give you, gentle reader, a portion of his history.

CHAPTER II.

KARL AND THE ENGLISH GIRL.

"Oh! fondest wishes, sweetest hopes,
First love's own golden prime is this,
When on the eye all heaven opes,
And the heart revels in its bliss." SCHILLER.

Whoever had once gazed on the countenance of Karl Von Edelstein, would not be likely to forget it. The short, curved, Phidias-like lips, shaded by its slight moustache, the graceful and *spirituelle*

contour of his head, and the fine expansive forehead, around which clustered a profusion of flowing brown hair, were each attractive in themselves, and which, taken as a whole, made up a face prepossessing in the extreme. Yet it was not the mere beauty of face alone which attracted the attention of the beholder; it was the soul within, which diffused itself into every expression, and threw around him an almost irresistible charm.

Since boyhood, he had struggled with difficulties which would have appalled a less dauntless spirit; intent on his favorite pursuit, that for which Germany is famous above all other lands, and these difficulties and trials had produced the effect of throwing a shade of melancholy over a spirit naturally buoyant. To some, he would have appeared reserved—almost haughty; but there were times when the natural brilliancy of his genius gained the ascendancy over the force of circumstances, and it then seemed as if a glow of sunshine pervaded his whole being. Though a scion of a noble family, little was left of its ancient greatness but the name; and contending with the ills of poverty, he had bravely pressed forward in his career, and at an early age entered the University of Heidelberg. Here he soon became a universal favorite, while his musical talents gained for him the admiration of all who could appreciate them.

But, almost imperceptibly to himself, a "change had come o'er the spirit of his dream." A short time previous to the commencement of our tale, the brilliant flashes of wit and humor which rendered his society a valuable acquisition to the congenial spirits around him, became less and less frequent, and for many weeks he had been the thoughtful, reserved student, shunning society and the haunts which had been so often brightened by his presence. There surely must have been a cause for this. There was indeed one, which his comrades little suspected.

A nature warm and impetuous as his, could not long resist the influence of a passion powerful as life itself; and from the hour that Karl first beheld Alice Raymond, he was a changed being. All the beautiful visions which had before haunted his imagination, were now realized; and when he first gazed upon the face of the English girl, he felt that a star had arisen upon his destiny.

He had first met her in the old castle of Heidelberg, where, with her father, she was visiting the various localities most interesting to strangers; and having neglected to supply themselves with a *cicerone*, they applied to Karl, whom they found roaming through the castle, with a request, that as he was probably familiar with the interior, he would point out the places most familiar to the traveler.

Karl courteously complied, perhaps with more alacrity from having caught a glimpse of the sweet face of the English girl, half concealed by her close traveling bonnet. It was one which, when once seen, irresistibly attracted the attention of the beholder; and Karl found himself gazing upon it again and again, almost unconsciously, as they traversed the arched halls and gloomy corridors of the old castle, until he became aware that he had caused the young lady some embarrassment, and had drawn upon himself the scrutinizing glances of her father. But all things of this kind were forgotten, when at length they gained the summit of the castle, and looked around upon the scene which presented itself to their gaze—a scene long since immortalized by the past, and hallowed by the pleasant memories of the traveler.

CHAPTER III.

A PICTURE.

Beautiful, indeed, was the landscape which lay before the strangers and Karl. On one hand, and just beneath them, was the old town of Heidelberg, memorable for centuries past in the pages of the historian and poet. The busy murmur of the crowd stole up from the streets below, and not far beyond the town, smiling in the loveliness of early summer, lay the far-famed Engelswiëse, or Angel's Meadow. Before them was spread a broad and beautiful tract of country, smiling with verdure, through which the silver Neckar, that loveliest of rivers, slowly meandered, looking in the distance like a silver thread.

There, too, beneath them, was the beautiful valley of the Rhine, and they knew that far beyond the line which bounded their vision the course of that noble river lay through the most enchanting part of Germany—amid sweet vallies and green old hills, and that its banks were dotted over with smiling villages, from whose silvery bells, had it been vintage time, they might almost have heard, as one has said, "the watery peal of bells, which is sometimes heard at sea, from cities far away beneath the horizon." The setting sun was shedding its loveliest beams upon the scene, and a warm crimson and purple glow was trembling upon the shadowy outline of the hills which bounded the horizon, hills which lay in the direction of the distant Hartz Mountains.

It was a scene which Karl had always loved, but when he saw the countenance of the English girl lighted up with the inspiration of the moment, and heard the enthusiastic expressions of admiration which

broke from her lips, he felt that he had never fully appreciated its beauties before. A thrill of pleasure ran through his frame, as he heard her announce her intention to visit the castle the next day, for the purpose of sketching the scene which had afforded her so much delight—and he inwardly resolved to meet her there, and, if possible, continue the slight acquaintance he had already formed with her.

The next day found him at the castle, anxiously awaiting her arrival, though it would have been difficult to have accounted to himself for the motive which impelled him thither. It was something deeper and more powerful than mere curiosity, a newly awakened interest which he had never before felt for any individual. She came at length, and, as if fortune had determined to favor him, attended only by a servant. Uncertain as to the reception he should meet from her, he hesitated for some time as to the propriety of presenting himself before her on so slight an acquaintance, but the smile and blush of mingled surprise and pleasure with which she greeted his approach, entirely reassured him, and he was soon by her side, listening to her animated and original comments on the scene before them, or glancing over the drawings in her portfolio, some of which were exceedingly spirited, and evidently the work of no unpracticed hand. But he frequently found his eyes wandering from the drawings to the face of Alice Raymond, as she sat bending over her sketch-book, her fine face lighted up with enthusiasm, and her whole manner and attitude betraying a perfect *abandon* to the scene. As she was gathering up her drawing materials to depart, she met the eyes of Karl fixed upon her face. There was fascination in the glance, and blushing and half-confused, she turned hastily away.

"Will you not come again?" asked Karl almost entreatingly, as she prepared to descend the flight of stairs which led from the turret. A slight expression of pique at his presumption for a moment curled her lip, and she looked at him as if in doubt whether she had heard him aright.

"My sketch remains unfinished," she replied, "probably before long I may visit the castle again and complete it."

"Perhaps you may return to-morrow," said Karl in a low voice, as he looked at her with a half-deprecating, half-entreating glance.

"Perhaps so," she rejoined, and with a conscious smile and blush at the implied request, she beckoned her servant to follow her, and bade Karl a hasty adieu, while he returned to his lonely apartment and his books, to dream of her bewildering loveliness.

CHAPTER IV.

The next day found Karl at the castle, but Alice Raymond came not; and as day after day passed on without her having made her appearance, he returned to his former occupation. But he still kept the memory of that bright and beautiful face as fresh in his recollection as ever. It seemed to him the ideal of his wildest visions of loveliness, a gleam of sunshine that had lighted up his lonely way, "an oasis in the desert of the past." He now devoted himself exclusively to the pursuit of his favorite science and his books. In the former he gave brilliant promise of excellence, and his fame as a composer of music was known not only in the University, but throughout Heidelberg.

As he sat one morning in his apartment, with piles of manuscript music on the table before him, he was startled by a knock at the door. Supposing it to be that of a fellow-student, he merely bade him enter without rising from his seat, but what was his surprise when a stranger entered, whom he instantly recognized as the stranger he had seen at the castle a few weeks previous, the father of Alice Raymond. He was evidently surprised at recognizing his acquaintance of the castle in the young musician, and after slightly alluding to their previous meeting, he briefly made known his errand. He had come to Germany with the intention of spending several months, in order that his daughter might acquire that familiarity with the German language and literature which she could only obtain by a residence in that country. He had heard of Karl's extraordinary musical abilities from one of the professors of the University, and had called to request that he would undertake the office of instructor to his daughter for a few months, promising him a liberal salary for his pains.

Surprise and a variety of conflicting emotions kept Karl silent for a moment, but he soon acquiesced in the proposal, and the Englishman departed. A new field of anticipation was opened to the lonely student. He was to see Alice Raymond again, to meet her day after day, not only a permitted but a privileged attendant. What wonder that the morrow found him at her father's villa at an early hour. The look of mingled pleasure and embarrassment with which she greeted him, convinced him that she recognized her acquaintance of the castle in her new instructor, and that the recognition was a pleasurable one, and with feelings of agitation for which he could hardly account, he commenced the instruction of his young and lovely pupil.

Weeks passed on, and Karl met Alice Raymond almost daily, and the passion with which she had inspired him at first sight, deepened

almost into idolatry. She became the star of his waking dreams, a part, as it were, of his very existence. He was not unaware, too, that she reciprocated his attachment, and this consciousness, although it brought exquisite pleasure, was not unalloyed by pain. In truth, he was the personification of Alice Raymond's romantic ideas of a German student; but the admiration with which he had at first inspired her, soon ripened into a warmer and deeper sentiment, as more intimate acquaintance unfolded to her the rich treasures of his intellect; and when she gazed at him sometimes, as he sat at his favorite instrument, his long, beautiful hair falling about his face, *spirituelle* in its beauty, and his whole being partaking of the inspiration awakened by the creations of his own fancy, and listened to the low rich tones of his soul-thrilling voice, he seemed to her the ideal of a poet's heart, the realization of her dreams of the heroes of romance. Often, when their lesson was over, he would read to her from some of the sweet poets of his native land, in the original, and time flew by on angel wings.

To Karl these were hours of exquisite enjoyment, but if he ever allowed himself to indulge in dreams of future felicity, they were soon dispelled by cold reality. What had he to do with love, or, at least, what right had he to love such a being as Alice Raymond? he, a poor, nameless student, dependent on his own exertions for a livelihood, and she the daughter of a proud and wealthy English aristocrat, entitled by birth and fortune to wed the noblest of the land! Her father was the last descendant of a noble family, and proud and ambitious, his hopes were all centered in his daughter. But, familiar with the world as he was, he knew but little of the human heart, or he would never have placed her in contact with such a being as Karl Von Edelstein.

Could he have known how often, on these summer evenings, she had stolen out upon the lawn, to listen to the songs of the student boatmen as they rowed down the Neckar, that perhaps she might hear Karl's voice among them, or, oftener still, had listened in the clear moonlight to the rich tones of his voice, accompanied by his guitar, he would hardly have believed the evidence of his senses. When Karl thought of these things, and the hopelessness of his attachment, it sometimes seemed to him that it would have been far better for both if they had never met, and therefore was it that he sat silent and melancholy in his apartment, on the day when we first introduced him to our readers.

CHAPTER V.

It was a clear moonlight evening, and Karl and Alice Raymond stood upon the little romantic bridge which crossed the Neckar, above the villa of the Englishman. The moon had climbed far beyond the highest turret of the old castle, which lay dark and stately towards the East, and cast a flood of radiance on rock, field and river, while the spires of the distant town of Heidelberg were silvered over by its rays. There was hardly a sound which broke the solemn silence, except the ripple of the waters; and as Alice Raymond leaned over the railing of the bridge, and listened to their sound, she repeated, in a low voice, and in the original, the sweet song of the German poet, entitled "Whither"—a song evidently suggested to that poet's mind by the sound of gushing waters.

"And my heart, too, says whither?" said Karl, as she concluded. "For what purpose are all these burning aspirations after the unattained future, except that as the rivers hasten toward the sea, these tend toward the great end for which my exertions have been made? Fame! fame is the guerdon for which I strive—not for its own sake, but for what it will place within my reach. To-morrow I leave Heidelberg, perhaps for years; but I go to win for myself a name."

A faint exclamation broke from the lips of the English girl, and she convulsively grasped the railing of the bridge as if for support. The next moment, her hand was clasped within Karl's, and he was breathing into her not unwilling ear the story of his love, his hopes and his fears, and drew from her lips the assurance that his love was returned.

"But my father," said Alice, timidly, as he concluded. "Oh, Karl, you know not his ambitious spirit, or how much I fear to incur his displeasure."

"Never," said Karl, proudly interrupting her, "never will I present myself before him as a suitor for his daughter's hand, until I can offer a name which even he will not disdain to acknowledge. We are both young; life is before us; and something within tells me that the wishes of my heart shall yet be satisfied. At the expiration of three years, if successful in my exertions, we shall meet again. If I fail, we part to-night forever, and you will be free from the vows we have solemnly plighted to each other. In the meantime, they remain sacred and inviolable on the part of each. Shall it be so? And yet," he continued, after a moment's pause, "I tremble to think of the changes which may occur in three years. Should your father insist on your union with another —"

"Oh, he will not, he cannot!" exclaimed Alice. "Ambitious though he is, he will not, I am sure, force his daughter to bestow her hand where her heart can never be given." A glow of enthusiasm lighted up her face as she continued, "But you will return at the end of your probation victorious, and then ——"

"And then I may claim my reward," said Karl, earnestly.— "Blest with your approval, I shall be content to toil, even like a common *Hardwerk bursche*, till I gain the object for which I would exert all my powers."

"Oh, is not this the story of many a lover? are not these the dreams which come to many a young, trusting heart, as he sees the sunshine of Love illumine all the future, and goes forth bravely to battle with the storms and cares of Life?"

Bidding Alice a long, lingering farewell, at the gate of the villa, Karl wandered slowly forth into the serene moonlight.

Did they ever meet again? We shall see.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MEETING.

All Germany was resounding with the praise of the young musician, Karl Von Edelstein. Wherever he went, his fame preceded him, and his compositions excited the admiration of the musical world of the music-loving Fatherland. For three years he had wandered through various portions of Catholic Germany, winning inspiration from the sublime compositions of the old masters of the last century; and the favor with which his own productions were greeted, proved his success.

At the expiration of three years, he passed through various renowned cities of Germany, on his way to the capital, and everywhere his fame attended him. Wealth flowed in upon him in a golden stream, for his countrymen, though slow to be roused to enthusiasm, fully show their appreciation of merit when it is once awakened.

He was lingering at Baden-Baden, then the resort of the fashionable and gay from various parts of Europe. The next morning he was to depart for the capital, and from thence to England; and he was surrounded by a crowd of the *elite*, the wealthy and noble, listening in admiration to the wonderful creations of his fancy, as he sat at the piano.

The crowd were loud in their applause. They praised the musician's voice, his air, his Raphael-like face, his beautiful hair—in short, nothing was lost upon them.

Among a group behind Karl, stood a proud, haughty-looking man, and near him a lady young and beautiful, but deadly pale, leaning on the arm of an individual, who, from the brilliant star on his breast, and the various insignia of rank which decorated his dress, was evidently a person of no small consequence. As the musician resigned his place at the piano, a crowd pressed forward to greet him, and foremost among them was the haughty stranger, eager to claim his acquaintance.

It was the father of Alice Raymond; and for a moment Karl's feelings so completely overpowered him, that he was unable to speak. His agitation was unnoticed, however, and the Englishman led Karl to the group he had just quitted.

"Allow me to present you to your former pupil," said he, "the Countess Von Altenberg," and the next moment Karl and Alice stood face to face. For a second only their eyes met, but in that brief interval of time each had read a history in the other's glance.

Karl had seen too plainly in the pale cheek, the quivering lip and sunken eye, that the victim of a father's pride and ambition stood before him, and that beneath that jeweled bodice there beat a heart as wretched as crushed hopes and blighted affections could make it. And well, too, had the cold, blanched face of the musician revealed to Alice the despair which was blasting every other emotion of his heart.

Enquiring glances were upon the two, however, and hardly able to make his white lips form a word, Karl murmured something almost inaudible as he took her hand. It was not less cold than the one which clasped it for a moment, and then put away forever, as he released it, all the hopes and sunshine of his youth's wild dream of love.

How Karl left the crowd he never knew. The morning's dawn found him far away from Baden-Baden, on his way to a distant country. And Alice.—From the hour in which she had last met Karl, she was not seen to smile—and ere many months had passed she was numbered with the early dead. On her death-bed she revealed what her father had long before suspected—the history of her attachment for Karl, and too late he repented the harshness and cruelty with which he had forced her to bestow her hand upon a princely suitor, while he knew her heart was another's.

Many years passed before Karl returned to his native land, years in which but few knew of his wanderings, or the grief which was ever preying upon his life. He never loved again, but cherished the memory of his early passion as a star which had set forever upon his hopes.

Fame crowned him with her laurel wreath, but can fame satisfy the heart? He took up his abode once more in Heidelberg, and often might be seen, when age and grief had sprinkled his locks with grey, wandering through the haunts where he had roamed with Alice in by-gone days.

One calm, moonlight evening, he strolled down to the rustic bridge, where he had plighted his vows to Alice Raymond, and the next morning he was found there by strangers, apparently asleep. They lifted him gently, and placed a hand upon his heart, but it had ceased to beat.

Death had touched him gently, and the last name upon his lips was that of Alice—a name which came to him with melody as sweet as that which he had awakened to charm the ear of those who had listened to the soul-thrilling voice of the sweet musician. Alas! for blighted hopes, too often the only heritage of genius!

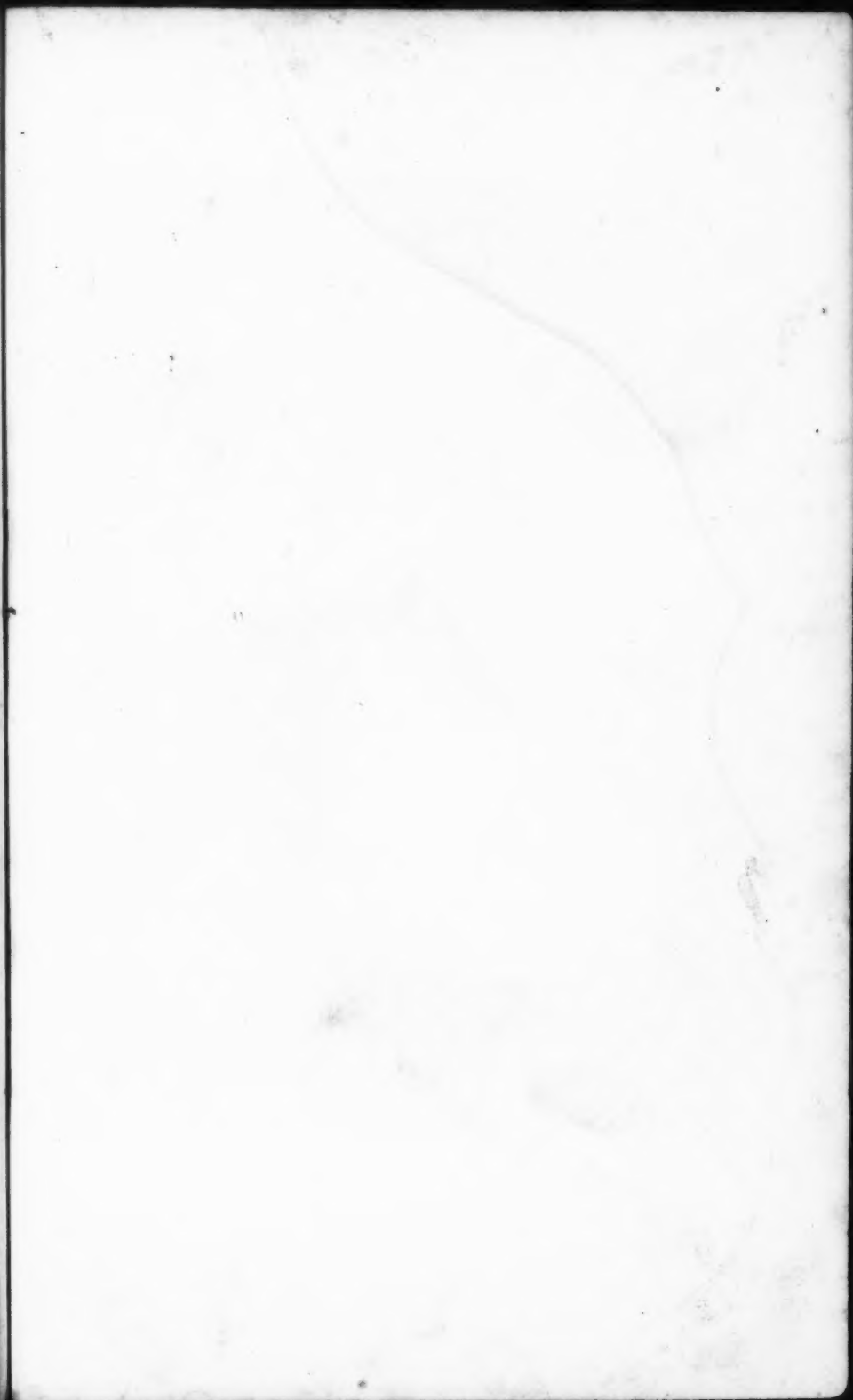
BE CHEERFUL.

BY ENOLA.

THOUGH weary earth-cares oppress thee, and adversity twine her dark cypress wreaths about thy brow, yet repress the tear—check the deep sigh, and go forward in thy life-path, trustingly and *cheerfully*. Thou knowest not but on the morrow Prosperity may kiss thy now tear-dimmed cheek, and scatter flowers of radiant beauty in thy now desolate pathway. But should she *not*—should the clouds that encompass thee increase in gloom, still it will not make the way brighter to say to despair, “I yield to thy sway.”

“Be cheerful!” There’s magic in those words. List, and thou wilt hear them in the low rippling of the streamlet—in the joyous warbling of birds, and the low murmur of the breeze. Look, and thou wilt see them written in the clear depths of yon shining stars—in the dew-drop glistening on the leaflet—in the sparkling fountain, and in the glad sunshine thou wilt see written in golden letters the words, “be cheerful!”

Then yield not to misfortunes; but with a firm soul, and trusting heart, go onward—ever onward; and whether in clouds or sunshine, ever heed those voices whispering so sweetly, “be cheerful!”



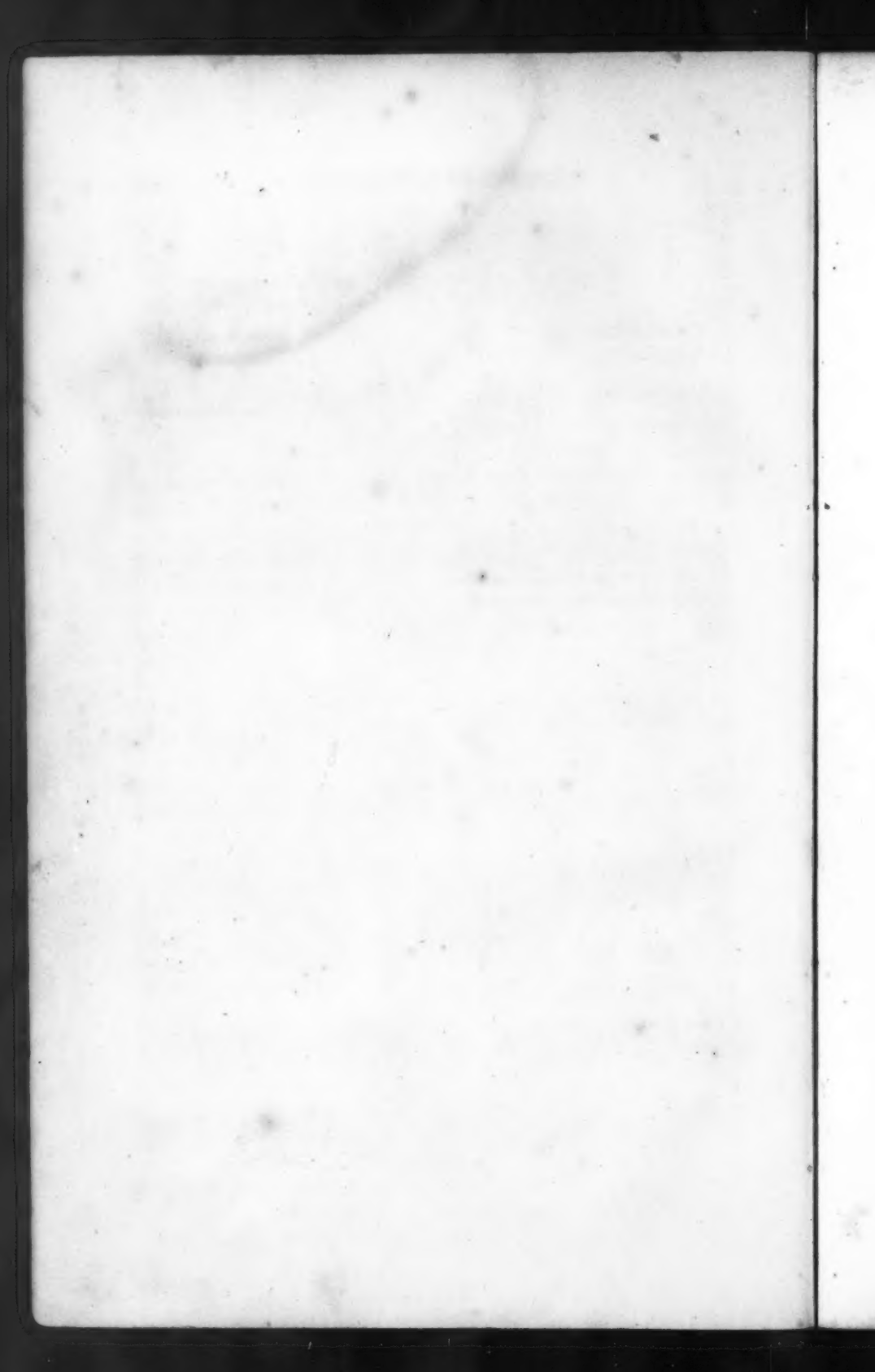


Engraved by Charles L. O'Brien.

The Orphans Reverie.



Will. B. H. 2

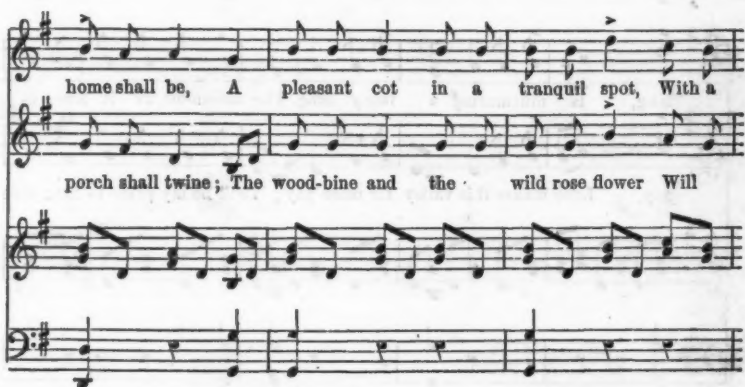
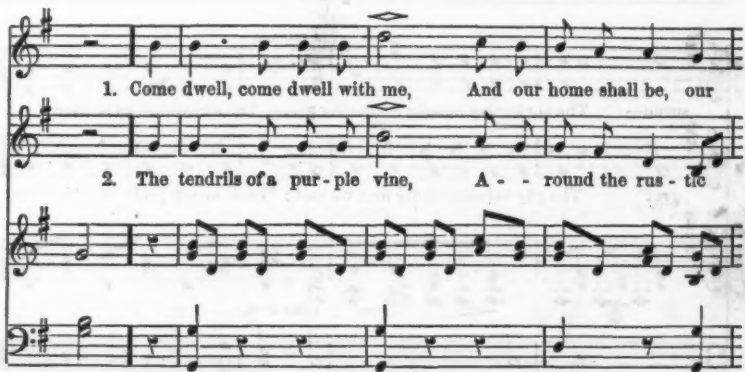


Come, dwell with me.

Words by E. M. Bailey.

Melody by Alex. Lee.

ANDANTE.



dis-tant view of the changing sea. My cot-tage is a ma-gic
make each case-ment seem a bower. I will not let thee once re-

This system contains the first four staves of the musical score. The first two staves are vocal parts (Soprano and Alto) with lyrics. The third staff is a piano accompaniment with chords. The fourth staff is a bass line.

A FIACERE.
scene— The sheltering boughs seem ever green, The streamlet, as it flows a-
gret The gay saloons where first we met; 'Twill be my pride to hear thee

This system contains the next four staves. The first staff has a vocal line with the instruction 'A FIACERE.' above it. The second staff continues the vocal line. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line.

long, Is murmuring a fair-y song, The streamlet, as it flows a-
say, Love makes this valley far more gay; 'Twill be my pride to hear thee

This system contains the final four staves of the score on this page. The first staff has a vocal line. The second staff continues the vocal line. The third staff is a piano accompaniment. The fourth staff is a bass line.

long, Is mur-mur-ing a fair-y song. Come, dwell with me, come
say Love makes this val-ley far more gay. Then dwell with me, come

This system contains the first two lines of the song. It features a vocal melody in the upper staves and a piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves.

dwell with me, Come, come, come, come, dwell with me, come, dwell with me, come,
dwell with me, Come, come, come, come, dwell with me, come, dwell with me, come,

CREA. f DIM.

This system contains the third and fourth lines of the song. It continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part includes dynamic markings: CREA. (Crescendo), f (forte), and DIM. (Diminuendo).

dwell, dwell with me.
dwell, dwell with me.

COLLA VOCE.

This system contains the fifth and sixth lines of the song. It concludes the piece with a final vocal phrase and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal staves. The piano part includes the marking COLLA VOCE. (Colla Voce).

I THINK OF THEE.

~~~~~  
 BY HELEN BRUCE.  
 ~~~~~

I think of thee in the bright hours of morn,
 When earth is bathed anew in rosy light,
 And thou art with me in the dewy eve,
 And in the silent watches of the night
 I think of thee.

When mirth and gladness haste the flying hours;
 When jest and song the song and jest repay:
 Or when the twinkling stars look from the sky,
 And I retire to fold my hands and pray,
 I think of thee.

When in gay troops the village youth go forth,
 To rob the forest of its autumn spoil—
 And I with heart and voice, join in their glee
 And with light footsteps, spurn the leaf-strewn soil,
 I think of thee.

When stormy clouds obscure the light of heaven,
 When pour the floods from out the upper deep;
 When in the homestead only light is found;
 And all within its charmed shelter keep,
 I think of thee.

Of that dark night I think, when at my door,
 Thy brown locks wet with winter's chilling rain,
 I saw thee stand, and sprang to welcome thee—
 Ah! absent one, 'tis oft with *sharpest pain*
 I think of thee.

When the cold, frosty days of winter come,
 And its keen days of sparkling, dazzling light,
 When from dark nooks we draw our garments warm,
 Shake out their folds, and view their wrinkled plight,
 I think of thee.

When royal eloquence my pulses thrills;
 When music's witching tones my senses charm;
 When rapt, entranced by sights or sounds sublime,
 Till pleasure seems akin to keenest pain,
 I think of thee.

When sadness darkens all my weary hours;
 When pity leads me where the hungry dwell:
 When 'mid the rich, the honored, and the proud,
 I move, unawed by pomp *they* love so well,
 I think of thee.

The changes nature knows; the artist's power,
 The grandeur of the world; the wail of woe;
 The sacred stillness of the Sabbath Day,
 And its pure worship cause my thoughts to flow
 Ever to thee.

THE ORPHAN'S REVERIE.

BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.

NOWHERE, in New York at least, did the sun, that universal starrer, peep into a pleasanter apartment than Mrs. Bartoll's boudoir. It had been fitted up according to that lady's own directions, and it did no discredit to her exquisite taste. Costly and magnificent as were all the decorations there, it was not their richness which first attracted the attention, it was the air of quiet elegance and simplicity which characterized the whole, and which, while it seemed so unstudied, was yet the very triumph of art. The subdued half-light, the quiet landscapes on the walls, the glowing coal-fire, and the faint perfume that filled the air—each contributed to make the apartment seem the very embodiment of luxurious repose.

Mrs. Bartoll, the only occupant of the boudoir, half reclining on a divan heaped with cushions, and ever and anon sipping her coffee from a cup of the most delicate *sevrés china*, seemed to have given herself up to the delicious languor which all around her inspired.—A book which she had been reading, slipped from her fingers to the carpet by her side; but its fall did not arouse her from the pleasant reverie into which she had sunk. She did not even observe for some moments, the entrance of a servant, who stood silently before her, as if accustomed to and respecting her moods.

At last she looked up, and with some displeasure, asked what was the cause of this intrusion.

"There is a gentleman in the parlor," began the servant.

"And did I not give you express orders, John," interrupted his mistress, "that I was not to be at home to any one this morning?"

"So I told him, ma'am; but he persisted on coming in, and said he would wait here till you *were* at home."

"Very well, then, *let him wait my pleasure*," returned Mrs. Bartoll, and dismissing the footman by a wave of the hand, she sank back again upon the divan, as if trying to resume the train of thought which he had interrupted; but in vain—the charm was broken, and half pettishly, she rose at last and sauntered into the drawing-rooms.

A gentleman who was seated there, rose at her entrance, and introducing himself as Captain Emerson, led forward a little girl of some ten years of age, saying simply—

"This child, madam, together with this letter, both of which I promised to deliver to you in person, must be my apology for this intrusion upon you, and as I have but a short time to remain in port, during which I shall be much occupied, I was obliged to insist on coming in this morning to wait for your return."

Mrs. Bartoll looked with some surprise at the child, but took the letter mechanically, opened it, and read :

"They tell me I am dying, dearest Harriet, and I feel that it is but too true. Mine has been at best, but a sad life, and death is to me no unwelcome visitor. But I have a child—my poor, little, motherless Bianca, soon to be an orphan—alone in the cold, pitiless world, friendless, penniless. The thought that I must leave her thus, alone makes death bitter, and that thought is agony. I have but one hope, that my appeal to you will not be in vain.

"Once, I know you would have granted my request. By the memory of our childish days—by the love you bore me long ago, I conjure you to heed it now : oh, Harriet, take and cherish my orphan child, for such she will be when this reaches you. Farewell, and may God hear *your* dying prayer, as *you* hear that of your cousin,

HORACE EVERETT."

The words had evidently been penned with difficulty ; yet the half-formed and nearly illegible characters had a strange power over the worldly woman. They carried her back to the days of her childhood, and a thousand recollections of childish joys and sorrows in which he had been a sharer, rushed over her mind. With all the happy, innocent days of her infancy and early youth he was associated ; for living in the same retired village, their mothers, who were sisters, and even more warmly attached to each other than it is common for sisters to be, had spared no pains to cultivate and increase the attachment existing between their children. The boy and girl had rambled over the fields together, read the same books, studied under the same teachers, gone to church and school hand in hand, and in fact had been almost inseparable ; but the current of their lives, which had flowed on so peacefully together, had long since widely diverged, and for years, she who had once been his constant companion had hardly thought of him. She had known indeed that Horace had married in Italy where he had gone to pursue his studies, for he was an artist, and that his wife, a lady of high rank, had been disinherited by her father in consequence of her union with one whom he considered so far beneath her ; but so rare had been the interchange of letters between the cousins, that even this fact had

almost escaped Mrs. Bartoll's recollection, until it had been recalled by the presence of Horace's child. Crowds of memories of the past filled Harriet's mind, as she listened to Captain Emerson's simple statement of the last hours of his passenger, who had endeared himself to all by his gentleness and patience ; in everything she recognized the loving, thoughtful, unselfish spirit which had characterized the boy, and as the seaman proceeded to tell of the hope which Horace had cherished, that the sea-voyage would restore him to health, and of his feverish longing for his native land, and yet the fortitude and resignation with which he bore the extinction of all his hopes, the calmness and serenity of his last hours, and the burial at sea, all the long dormant affection which she had felt for her cousin was aroused. Captain Emerson's voice was choked as he concluded the simple story, with the promise which the dying man had exacted that he would place the orphan under Mrs. Bartoll's protection, and tears filled Harriet's eyes, as grasping the worthy man's hand warmly and drawing the child gently to her side, she said—

"I shall never forget your kindness to my poor cousin, Captain Emerson, and so long as I have a home his child shall share it with me."

"God bless you, ma'am," was the seaman's only reply, as well satisfied with the result of his visit, he bade the weeping Bianca good bye, and departed.

Mrs. Bartoll was not heartless, and yet it must be confessed that after the first glow of feeling which the captain's story and her cousin's letter had caused, subsided, she began to look upon the charge which she had undertaken, with a sensation of annoyance.—Not that the expense of Bianca's education had any share in causing this, for Mrs. Bartoll was not only wealthy, but lavish to a fault ; but she was gay, volatile and fond of society, and from the care and responsibility of training a child, which she felt would interfere with her own pursuits, she involuntarily shrank.

She fully intended to do her duty by the orphan, and began by dressing her nicely in the deepest mourning, loading her with play things of all sorts, and exhibiting her to the ladies who visited her, while it was a novelty, but after a time contenting herself with the knowledge that Bianca was well and had every bodily want supplied, Mrs. Bartoll, once more immersed in gaieties, gave herself little farther concern about her protégé.

She was always kind to the girl, and would have punished severely any neglect or disrespect of the servants towards her ; yet Bianca, with a child's instinct, knew that she did not love her, and often

sobbed herself to sleep at night, as she contrasted the ardent attachment of her father with her cousin's good-natured indifference.

Sometimes for days together she would hardly see her cousin, except at table, and Mrs. Bartoll never enquired what had been her occupation during the time that had passed. She was allowed to do whatever she liked, and fortunately that was nothing very improper. Her greatest pleasure was to examine the portfolios, filled with engravings, in the library, for she had inherited all her father's love of art, and when tired of these, she would spend hours gazing at some fine paintings, which hung in that room, quite lost to all around her.

She was thus absorbed one day when a gentleman was ushered into the apartment : unperceived by her, he approached and stood by her side—he looked at her, as she remained totally unconscious of all around her, for some moments in amazement, and at last he addressed her.

“ You are fond of paintings then, my little one ? ”

Bianca started at the sound of his voice, for she had supposed herself alone, but she was not shy, and very readily replied to him. They were chatting merrily when Mrs. Bartoll appeared.

Mr. Percival had called, he said, as she had requested, and would arrange for the first sitting if she still wished him to paint her portrait.

Bianca listened delighted, as it was decided that he should remove his easel to the house, and when he was fairly established there, she could not resist the temptation of going to his studio. He not only allowed her to enter, but finding her quiet and careful not to disturb anything, gave her permission to come as often as she liked. Never was there so happy a child !

She looked forward to the days of his coming with impatience, and was always ready to meet him with a bright smile and exclamations of delight. He too soon became attached to her, for she was a gentle, winning child, and he pitied the lonely little creature ; besides her evident fondness for him pleased him, and in return for her simple story which he drew from her, he began, half unconsciously, to make her his confidant : he talked to her of his plans, as if thinking aloud, and she listened, sympathising with all his varying moods, and longing as earnestly as he did to have him visit Italy to study the great masters there. He petted her as no one had since her father's death, and she loved him with all the ardor of a hitherto repressed yet passionate nature.

The portrait was finished at last, and hung in the drawing-room.

It was really a fine painting as well as an admirable likeness, and it was Bianca's delight to be present when visitors came, to hear their commendations of her favorite's skill.

She was sitting in a recess reading one afternoon, while Mrs. Bartoll chatted with several ladies on all sorts of subjects, when the name of Mr. Percival fell on her ear and instantly she was all attention.

"He really has genius—it is a fine painting," remarked one lady. "What a pity that he should ruin himself as he is doing!"

"How, Mrs. Mercer?" asked Mrs. Bartoll carelessly.

"Why, is it possible that you haven't heard?" returned Mrs. Mercer. "I thought everybody knew that he was intemperate. Not perhaps an habitual drunkard, but on the very verge of ruin. Another victim to the wine-cup."

"Is there no way to save him?" asked a pretty blue-eyed lady. "If he were only warned now, who knows but he might be saved?"

"May be so; but who is to do it?" replied Mrs. Bartoll. "It is rather a delicate subject to touch upon, and to *him* of all persons! He is as proud as Lucifer, and would no doubt resent it highly.—Your proposition reminds me, Mrs. Lane, of the old fable about putting the bell on the cat: the idea is excellent, but the difficulty is to put it in practice."

"Very true," said Mrs. Mercer; "and after all, it is none of our affairs. If a man will throw himself away, *we* are not accountable for it:" and the conversation turned on other matters.

Bianca had listened aghast. Was it possible that her friend was on the brink of ruin, and yet they could talk of everything as lightly as if he were not in danger. She could not endure it, and stealing off into the garden, sat down under an elm-tree, and with an aching heart, thought of what she had heard.

The autumn wind was chill, but she did not notice it till the old gardener, with whom she was a great favorite, seeing her there, brought a cloak, which he carefully wrapped around her, presenting her at the same time with a basket of his choicest fruit. She thanked him with a faint smile, but the fruit remained untasted.

She had been sitting, lost in a painful reverie, for sometime, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a familiar voice exclaimed,

"Well, little one, what are you thinking of so seriously?"

Bianca's heart beat violently, for it was Mr. Percival. She could hardly speak at first, but gathering courage and repressing her sobs with difficulty, she faltered, "Of you."

He sat down by her side and kissed her forehead. "What! tears in your eyes!" he said gently. "What is the matter, darling?"

"Oh, Mr. Percival," sobbed Bianca, "don't be angry with me, for I love you very, very dearly—but I have just heard something about you that makes me feel so badly. I must tell you, even if you *never* love me again," and with a tremulous voice, she repeated the conversation she had overheard.

Mr. Percival made no reply. He rose and paced up and down the gravelled path, while Bianca dared not look up. At last she faltered—

"Oh, Mr. Percival, don't be angry with me! For when I heard them say that perhaps some one could save you, I thought, I am only a little girl, but I will try. Perhaps it was wrong, but it was because I loved you *so much*. Won't you *please* to love me again?"

He lifted her from the ground and pressed her to his heart.

"My darling child," he whispered. "What they said of me is too true; but here I solemnly vow, in the sight of God, that with His aid it shall be so no longer. I am not yet utterly lost. God bless you for recalling me to myself."

He kissed her again and again, then rapidly walked out of the garden.

Several weeks had elapsed, and Mr. Percival had not again been at Mrs. Bartoll's. Bianca was almost in despair, when at last he called with the request that the child might sit to him for a picture, which he was going to place in the exhibition.

Mrs. Bartoll consented, and the happy child went day after day to the studio, never complaining of fatigue, though at times obliged to sit silent for hours. At last the picture was completed. It was called "The Orphan's Reverie," and represented Bianca as she sat in the garden, where lost in thought he had found her when she bravely told him of his danger.

It was a quiet, simple picture, and in the exhibition, surrounded by many others of more pretensions, it was apt to be overlooked.

One day as Percival was walking through the rooms, he saw a gentleman standing before it gazing at it attentively; for a long time he remained as if totally absorbed in the contemplation of the picture, and Percival drew near him, for such a close examination and evident admiration was quite flattering to his artist-pride.

"Can you tell me," asked the stranger with a strong foreign accent, "where I can find the artist who painted this?"

"He stands before you," said the young man with a bow.

"And is it a fancy-sketch?"

"No, sir; it is a portrait."

"And where can I find the original? Can you tell me her name?"

Mr. Percival hesitated, and looked surprised. The stranger observed it.

"You are astonished," he said, "nor is it strange that you should be ; but it is not mere curiosity which induces me to inquire so strictly. I am an Italian. My daughter married an American artist. It was against my will. She died, leaving one child : her father returned with her to this country, and too late repenting of my hardness to the mother, I have come here for the purpose of finding the husband and my grandchild. I have lost since then, my only son, and I am a lonely old man with but one object in life, the finding my daughter's child. I have advertised her and sought her for months in vain ; coming in here by accident, I observed this picture, which bore so surprising a resemblance to my daughter, that it chained me to the spot. It was a mere fancy perhaps ; but despair catches at straws, and I felt that I must find out something more of the picture."

"It is strange indeed," returned the artist, "yet I cannot but think it is the portrait of the child whom you are seeking. Her name is Bianca Everett."

"My God, I thank thee," exclaimed the stranger. "It is she. Can you tell me where to find her?"

He gave his card to Percival, who glanced at it and replied,

"She is at present under the protection of a cousin of her father's, to whom he commended her on his death-bed. Mrs. Bartoll will probably be willing to give her up, however, should she prove to be your grandchild."

Count de Montalembert, for it was he, proceeded at once to take the necessary steps to prove his claim to the child. In company with the Italian chargé of affairs, to whom he was well known, he called on Mrs. Bartoll, and found that Bianca was indeed the child of his lost daughter. And not long after she returned to Italy in company with the Count and her friend the artist, who by the liberality of the noble was enabled to spend many years at Rome, to the no small delight of his pet Bianca, who was overjoyed at the accomplishment of the object for which he had so long sighed and struggled in vain.

On Percival's return to America, whither his fame had preceded him, his studio was thronged with visitors who were eager to see the works of which they had heard so much. Conspicuous among them hung the simple picture which had been exhibited in America so long before.

"Why do you hang that daub in such a prominent place?" asked one of his brother artists.

"That," replied Percival, "*daub*, as you are pleased to call it, I value more highly than all the rest of my works. We look upon it with far different eyes : it made my fortune ; it did more—it made *me* what I am."

"Ah, thereby hangs a tale, hey, Percival?" said his friend significantly.

"Yes ; but not such a tale as you perhaps imagine," was the reply.

To have one's portrait painted by Percival, the famous artist, is quite the rage among the belles of New York ; but it is hinted that he is strangely insensible to all their beauty and grace. There is a rumor which may account for his indifference, if it is true—and Mrs. Bartoll, who has just returned from the tour of Europe, and a *long* visit in Italy, does not contradict it—that a second Countess de Montelambert is about to marry an American artist, but this time, with the old Count Victoriano's consent.

THE MASTER-WORKMAN.

Lightly poised his stalwart figure
On the ladder's topmost round—
Keenly scanned he wall and column,
From the roof-tree to the ground :—
And his voice like rolling thunder
Echoed thro' each stately hall—
And each heart and arm grew stronger,
Thrilling to the master's call.

Those bared arms with cord-like sinews,
Have toyed with many a massive weight—
That broad chest all bared and tawny,
Hath dared full many a stormy fate—
That clear glance hath faltered never
From height above or depth below—
And, in that firm tread's resounding,
You the *man* and *master* know.

Lightly poised his stalwart figure
On the ladder's topmost round—
But his glance so lately roving
Resteth not upon the ground ;
There beneath the elm-tree's shadow,
Half obscured and half in sight,
On her lip a gleam of pleasure,
In her eye an artist light,—
Stood a lady from her dreaming
Suddenly aroused quite—
By this picture grand and glowing
In the rosy evening light.

With few lines, but touch unerring,
 She hath sketched that outline bold,
 And would go—a spell is on her
 Which doth eye and footstep hold.
 Half unconscious—half foreseeing—
 Yet not strange, tho' all unknown—
 Growing stronger—coming nearer,
 Now she standeth not alone.

Never moved the gaze from off her—
 Of that figure in the sky—
 From the time his eagle vision
 Met the glancing of her eye.
 All the narrow rafters treading,
 And the ladder's steep descent—
 He with will and eye unswerving
 To the shadowy elm-tree went.

Then with courtesy most gentle,
 Greeted he the lady there—
 All the Artizan forgotten,
 She confessed the manhood rare.
 "Lady—since I've served as subject,
 May I view your pencil's skill?"
 Tho' the words were softly spoken,
 In them was deep power of will.

Nodding—smiling an approval,
 Still the master as before—
 From her hand he took the pencil,
 Swiftly touched the picture o'er,—
 Bringing here a depth of shadow—
 Leaving there a bold relief—
 Throwing in some stronger features—
 Lengthening out the foreground brief,
 'Till the sunset shadows parted
 Close beside the shadowy elm—
 Then forebore—and folding downward
 Passed the picture back again.

Then he talked of ancient masters,
 Of the pencil and the lyre—
 And his words upbore the spirit,
 Like a chariot of fire.
 Then the veil of sense was lifted,
 And dark misty truths grew bright—
 Then life's mysteries were unfolded,
 And their hidden sense made light.

Since her childhood backward glided,
 Ne'er was life so sweetly blest,—
 She was found, was known, all childhood
 Gathered back in that deep rest.
 Thus the Artizan—the Master
 Wooed and won his high-born bride—
 Thus true nobleness may ever
 Thrust all coward forms aside.

THE IMAGE BOY.

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BY M. C. METCALFE.  
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THE poorest, the proudest, yet the most upright boy in Roselyn village-school, was Joe Irwin. He was a clever scholar, yet his books were not his chief delight. Early in the morning, long before school-time, he left his mother's cottage, and hastened to the little "studio" he had hollowed out in the clay banks which lay at the south of the village. Here his leisure hours were spent day after day, and dreams of future fame cheered the wretchedness of his present poverty.

The old men of Roselyn remembered when that hill-side was a fertile lawn, fragrant with the odor of mint and wild-flowers. Deceitful under-currents had undermined even the great old sycamores, and now there remained naught but a mass of tangled briars, fallen trunks, and ridge upon ridge of clay stretching from the creek below to the table-land upon which the village was situated.

In one of their morning rambles, Mr. Welton and his daughter Louise, discovered this queer little mud chamber which Joe had fashioned in the hill-side.

"Do come this way, papa!" cried the merry child. "'Tis the oddest place you ever beheld! It must be what the village folks call 'Little Joe's Studio.'"

Mr. Welton was a stranger to Roselyn "lions," having just purchased the handsome country-seat across the creek, without any acquaintance in the village or with town affairs. Louise, however, had made rapid progress in her daily excursions, and among other things had learned that little Joe Irwin made wonderful images out of the dark clay of the "*slide*." Mr. Welton hastened forward, but Louise had started back timidly, having unexpectedly encountered the bright, questioning eyes of the young artist. Joe immediately recovered his self-possession, and invited the strangers to enter his rude apartment. Mr. Welton examined the group of figures he was then engaged in shaping—half-a-dozen sailors, rallying around a flag—and was surprised at the grace of the attitudes, the expression of the features.

"Who taught you how to make these figures, my boy?"

Joe stared in reply, and looked very much as though he felt insulted.

"You have learned to make them yourself, have you?" continued Mr. Welton, smiling.

"Certainly, sir!" answered Joe, proudly. "None of the boys can make them but myself; and I was never outside the village."

"What do you do with your figures?"

"I sell them to the children, sir; for my mother is poor, and is obliged to work hard. These little ones are a penny, and the largest six-pence."

"Who is the group for?"

"I am making that for Dr. Benson," answered Joe, while his face flushed with but half-concealed joy. "He is going to give me half a dollar for the group."

"And that is to go to your mother?"

Joe was embarrassed for a moment, but presently replied, "No, sir. I have commenced saving to accumulate enough to take me to New York, where I can learn to make figures in marble."

"Can you copy features, Master Joseph?" asked the stranger, thoughtfully.

The boy replied by placing before him two plaster of Paris busts and the copies he had made of them.

Mr. Welton was astonished. "Do you think you could make a likeness of my little daughter?" he asked, doubtfully.

"I am sure I could!" answered Joe, for his eyes had been resting upon Louise's superb head, whenever they dared, during all their conversation.

"Well, you shall try at least; and if you succeed, I will willingly furnish you with money enough to take you to New York, and add 'God speed!' to that, with all my heart."

The school-bell called Joe to his day's task, for his sensible mother had "no mind the boy should go without book-learning if he *could* fashion images;" so Joe wiped the pen-knife which served him as a chisel, and accompanied his new friend up the hill. How buoyantly beat the boy's heart as he lifted the little girl from ledge to ledge of the slippery clay; and she merrily laughed when the wind blew off his brimless straw-hat into the stream below. Joe looked after it for a moment, heaved a sigh, then said, "Never mind, I shall soon earn new ones, now!"

Poor Joe had yet to learn how steep is the ladder of fame, especially when its lowest round rests upon such an humble beginning as the little clay studio.

Day after day, during that bright summer month, Mr. Welton accompanied his daughter to Joe's studio. The work progressed admirably, but the young sculptor professed not to be satisfied with his first attempt, and begged the privilege of retaining the tiny bust he had executed, and to make another for Mr. Welton. His request was readily granted, and the second bust was executed. The whole village praised Joe's work, and heartily wished him success when the hour arrived for him to leave the home of his boyhood to battle upon the thronged shores of the stormy world.

With much of sorrow, yet with much of hopeful joy, Joe Irwin paid his last visit to the scene of his youthful labor. Carelessly he descended the slippery paths, unmindful of their danger, for his thoughts far outstripped his tardy steps. As he reached the well-trod platform just in front of the cave, Louiee Welton sprang out to welcome him.

"You see I have come to bid you good-bye, as I said that I would!" she cried merrily, while the rocks across the stream echoed her ringing laugh.

"Yes, and you seem very glad to have me go!" he returned, with a sad smile.

"Of course I am glad, Master Joseph. Who would wish to cage such a genius as papa says *you* are, in a little mud cabin like this! But I will not forget you very soon for all that."

There were tears in Joe's eyes as he gazed upon the sympathizing girl. "You may be sure, Miss Louiee, I will never forget you, and nothing shall tempt me to part with the tiny clay bust which will ever remind me of you. And now, Louiee, you who have been so kind to the son, will you promise me sometimes to visit the humble home of my mother, who will miss me sadly?"

"Indeed I will, Joe; and I shall tell her grand stories of young sculptors, whose first works were not made even in anything so durable as clay. Father told me ever so many the other evening. The name of one was Canova, who made his first appearance in—what do you think, Joe?"

"I am sure I cannot tell. I have only read a few histories, and know but few great names."

"Well, Joe, it was in an ornament of butter for the prince's table, and I will tell your mother all about it, and make her laugh when she feels like crying, because you are so far away; and I will show her your name in the papers, when you become famous, and oh, I can't go any farther; my imagination would quite run away with me!"

Joe clasped little Louiee's hand in his own so stained with the dark clay, and said lowly, "Remember me at night, when you pray!" So they parted, and though their paths might never cross again, a holy remembrance would "the good fairy of his clay studio" be to Joe, and a sacred treasure to her, the farewell smile of the boy-sculptor.

Until now Joe Irwin's life had been sweet and pleasant, although one of privation. Arrived in New York, he found himself, as it were, in another world. A few days passed in fruitless searches for—he knew not what. His money was soon exhausted; he was bewildered by the whirl of life around him, in which he seemed to have no part, yet he did not despair. His mind was not made of that weak stuff which disappointments overwhelm. He was proud, not of his genius, but in his genius, and would not give up until he at least made a fair effort to overcome the difficulties of his situation, which might have paralysed a spirit less determined. As he walked along the streets he hummed the air he had learned at the village-school—"Try, try again," and took for his motto that of his native State—"Excelsior."

Joe's eye was constantly on the look-out for something to do. He was eating his last penny-worth of bread, when he saw a man, carrying a load of plaster images, crossing the Park. After following him some time, he attracted his attention, and boldly asked, "Do you make those figures yourself?"

The wily figure-merchant did not give a direct reply, but drew from Joe his story, little by little, learned how utterly miserable he was, and promised to help him. Joe was but half-pleased with the proposals he made, but what could he do? He was almost starved, and he would neither steal nor beg.

The next day found Joe perambulating the streets, with a board on his head, loaded with plaster figures of doubtful propriety or beauty, which he cried in a husky voice, after the manner of his fellow-venders—"Images! Images!" He soon learned that these plaster men and women were made in moulds, as he had seen his mother make tallow-candles, and felt thoroughly disgusted with his business. It was indeed a very different employment from fashioning by his skill and perseverance the beautiful figures he had pictured in his day-dreams.

Heartily weary of recommending his "sham wares," Joe placed several of his own clay statuettes among the plaster images, and was so fortunate as to attract the notice of a real artist to his skilfully

formed figures. The painter, recognizing the kindred genius of the "Image-Boy" soon succeeded in rescuing him from the tyrannical rule of the figure-merchant, and placed him upon the high road to fame. He became the owner of a block of marble, a veritable chisel, and an excellent collection of works treating of his art. His progress, in public opinion, however, did not, by far, keep pace with his real improvement. In vain Louiee Welton watched for his name in the public journals; the long summer passed, and the winter too, still no mention was made of any young sculptor, who might be the future glory of Roselyn.

Mr. Welton laughed ironically when his daughter talked of the boy-sculptor, and daily became more displeased with her romantic attachment to the clay studio. Louiee soon learned to mention Joe Irwin's name only when at the cottage of his mother. Mrs. Irwin seldom heard from her son, but when letters came they were full of kindness and cheered her for many a long day.

As years passed, and still Joseph Irwin did not return to his native village, the people concluded that his schemes had failed, and many strange reports were brought home by the young men who now and then traveled out into the world. One reported having met him in the dress of a chimney-sweep; another said, he had joined a circus company; the village generally gave credence to the belief that he was a member of a celebrated (?) band of "negro minstrels." Mrs. Irwin heard in silence these ill-natured reports. She trusted in Joe implicitly; and when Louiee Welton, now a tall, beautiful girl of seventeen, called to bid her good-bye ere she set out with her father to make the tour of Europe, the widow smiled patiently at the mention of her son, and said she knew that Joe was doing right, whether he were still poor or had amassed a fortune.

Miss Louiee shook her head. "I cannot believe so noble-hearted a boy as Joe Irwin would ever forget or wilfully neglect his old mother. Still as we have heard no news of him for a long time, and as I am going away so far, I trust you will not hesitate, Mrs. Irwin, to use the sum which I shall leave with our dominie for your benefit, whenever you may need it."

"God bless you, Miss Louiee, and return you home safely," said the poor, patient mother, who knew that the kind girl remembered her always, in obedience to the promise made to her wandering son.

Italy! the very name is suggestive of all that is beautiful in art and nature. Louiee Welton was charmed with the balmy air, and delighted in all around her. She forgot the storied castle-ruins of

England, the gay fashion of Paris, all, all, even the dream of her heart in this first rapturous experience of life in Italy. Her father was delighted with her enthusiasm, her brilliancy, her cheerfulness, and readily foresaw that the society of his talented daughter would be courted in Florence, as it had been in London and Bremen. She immediately became the star of the American *réunions*; her beauty and her grace was a proverb among the *amateurs*. "*La belle Americaine*" became the standard of all female loveliness.

"How strange!" suddenly ejaculated an ambitious artist, one evening to a friend who stood near him in a Florentine *salon*. "See, Rinaldo, yonder is the living embodiment of your Fairy-Queen. I never half believed there was such beauty upon the earth; especially that peculiar contour of the head."

Rinaldo, the sculptor, was wholly occupied for the moment in studying that same graceful head. He soon turned again to his friend and said, "I confess, Albert, that my Fairy-Queen is but half my own. The real grace is drawn from a tiny clay bust I once saw in the beggarly studio of a poor artist, who, for all the world cares, may to-day be starving. I must be presented to this *real* Elfin, and—who knows——"

"Do not waste your admiration, friends mine!" sneered a third gentleman, approaching them. "Rinaldo's own statue is not more cold and invincible than yonder gleaming iceberg."

"*Nous verrons*; and in waiting suppose you introduce me."

How quickly sped the joy-winged moments now! Rinaldo, the sculptor, who had not bestowed a smile upon the gay belles of Florence, was seemingly captivated by the first glance of the stranger. "Ah! it is that head which has conquered his indifference!" said one and another, as they remarked the striking similarity of the young sculptor's best work with the graceful head of Miss Welton. Perhaps they were right.

The following morning Mr. Welton remarked to his daughter, "Louise, I am inclined to accept the Signor Rinaldo's invitation to visit his rooms. What say you, *ma belle*?"

"As you please, father," replied Miss Louise, abstractedly; she was thinking of the mud-cave in the hill-side at home.

"They say his Fairy-Queen resembles you, Louise. Strange, isn't it, darling? But I always thought you must be something like an artist's dream," said the father, fondly.

Louise blushed, not so much at the compliment—in fact, she was wondering if she ever figured in the dreams of Joe Irwin.

"And, do you know, pet," continued the scheming papa, "he is

of noble descent, and rumor says he has the right to the title of a Count."

"I always thought so, father!" exclaimed Louiee, still thinking of the young sculptor of the *slide*.

"'Pon honor, child! I do believe you are cogitating over that circus-boy! What can possess you, Louiee?"

"Only a memory!" laughed Louiee, waking from her reverie," and now to make amends for my imperfect attention, I will go with you to Signor Rinaldo's studio, which you were talking about, I suppose!" and with a kiss dissipating his gathering ill-humor, she ran to prepare for the visit.

Signor received them with evident delight. Mr. Welton gazed at the Fairy-Queen, turned away, and gazed again. He hemmed, coughed, sighed, exclaimed, "It *is* wonderfully like!"

Louiee Welton was lost in admiration of the exquisite statue. The position was faultless; every line was one of beauty, and every flower was a gem of loveliness. By degrees the resemblance of the Fairy-Queen to the bust of Joe Irwin had wrought, stole upon her, and she asked wonderingly, "Is this a fancy-piece, Signor, or a likeness, or what?"

"Scarcely a fancy-piece, yet not a likeness, unless it be of yourself, Miss Welton. I caught the idea from a little bust I saw once."

"Come, Louiee!" cried the anxious father," we will visit the Signor another time, but now we must meet Mrs. Van Dyck; a positive engagement, you know."

"Yes, in a moment, papa. But where did you see this bust, Signor?"

"In a wretched garret-room, occupied by a penniless artist, who, afterwards, according to report, became a negro-minstrel or something of the kind, which is quite probable, as the only friend he had in the busy world was buried that very day I made my last visit to his miserable room."

Louiee's cheek had paled, then blushed, and the artist continued as her father's movements led them towards the door, "He had a mother, somewhere, in his native village, I think; perhaps she lives still."

The close of his remark was almost a question. Louiee glanced up, but a passionless, indifferent face met her look. "If the artist you mean, is the one whom I knew once, his mother still lives in a quiet American village. What was his name, pray?"

"Indeed, I never asked it. It was scarcely known; he had not

acquired any fame at the time I referred to just now, and probably has altogether disappeared from every one's recollection, save his mother's."

Mr. Welton hurried his daughter away; and circumstances conspired to hasten their departure from Florence. A very pleasant coincidence it was, however, to meet again their Italian friend Rinaldo, on board the Havre packet which was to convey them to New York. A crowd of admirers hummed about the famous young sculptor, whose coming was already heralded in the New York papers, and who was to be received with a grand banquet at the Astor House, given by his fellow-artists, many of whom had met him abroad.—Very devoted, however, was the Signor to "*La belle Americaine*," who in return, treated him rather capriciously, now all smiles and enthusiasm, and now all coldness and neglect, as if thinking of some dearer knight far away.

To Mr. Welton the voyage was a very satisfactory one. Piqued at Louiee's refusal of a dozen brilliant offers abroad, he now rejoiced at the probable success of her artist-lover. The sculptor was of excellent family—so said all Florence, wealthy, and with yearly increasing coffers, elegant in manners and appearance—"Miss Louiee *cannot* resist!" concluded the ambitious father.

Nevertheless, very different were Miss Louiee's reflections when Rinaldo ventured to speak of the love which she had inspired. She was in a wretched fidget of indecision. "Do I love him, or do I not?" was the vexed question of her doubting heart. Sometimes, she admitted, she felt very much like devoting her life to him; but it was generally at those moments when he was repeating to her the inspiration of his "*Fairy Queen*." Was it not Joe Irwin she was thinking of in fact, and not the grand Signor Rinaldo?

"Pardon me, Rinaldo," said the fair girl. "My hesitation may be an enigma to you; but I cannot decide until I have returned to the quiet of home and recovered from all this transatlantic dissipation. I will understand myself better then. If a week or two of New York life does not drive me effectually from your mind, you may come up to Roselyn, and I will tell you there the reason of my seeming inconsistency."

"It will all be right, Signor," said Mr. Welton privately. "Never fear; 'faint heart,' you know, and so forth."

Rinaldo smiled his gratitude for Mr. Welton's encouragement, but said not a word.

The reception of the Italian sculptor was all that the most ambitious could desire; but his heart was not in the gay festivities. Very

often a sad smile stole over his features, as though a spirit-voice were whispering to him of other days. He soon tore himself away from the enticing flatterers who thronged his path, from the patronizing millionaires who poured their orders upon him, from the bewitching belles who greeted him in the drawing-rooms of the Fifth Avenue, and took the boat for Roselyn.

In the meantime, Louiee Welton had been gladly welcomed home, and from no one was the kind reception more grateful than from widow Irwin who still lived in the cottage near the slide. Joe had never returned; still the lamp of faith in her son's virtue and affection burned brightly in the mother's heart, and served to re-kindle to a purer blaze the hope-fires in the heart of Louiee Welton. They were talking together, the old woman and the young girl, when a stranger passed the cottage-door. He smiled pleasantly upon this charming tableau, and walked on to the village hotel.

An hour later, and he rang at the door of the elegant residence across the creek, and was kindly greeted by its owner, Mr. Welton. That gentleman soon discovered himself to be in quite a pet, all owing to the ridiculous obstinacy of his dear, vexatious daughter.—Signor Rinaldo's lip turned white with offended pride, as he received the message from Miss Welton, begging him to excuse her appearance that evening; but he smiled again when the servant handed him a card upon which was written,

"To-morrow morning, I trust my wretched headache will have disappeared. Meet me then an hour after sunrise, at 'Little Joe's Studio,' in the Slide. Any one of the village boys can play the *cicerone*."

At the appointed time, Rinaldo sought the rendezvous. It was in admirable preservation, being carefully repaired from time to time by the village-lads, who still, half in derision, called it Little Joe's Studio.

Louiee Welton was awaiting him. After the first cordial welcome, he said frankly,

"And now, my dear Miss Welton, I request for the last time your answer to my already twice repeated question, Can you link your fate to mine?"

She replied as frankly, "Here and here only can I give the answer. I have loved an ideal always; and yet it is not an ideal, for it had a beginning in reality. Rinaldo, if you possess any generous affection for me, or pity for an aged mother, tell me if you know aught of the young artist who fashioned the bust from which you drew your idea of the Fairy Queen?"

Rinaldo had seated himself upon the bench at which Joe was wont to work. He drew from his pocket a well-worn jackknife, and motioned his companion to seat herself in the wicker-chair opposite.—With his eye still fixed upon her, he took up a piece of clay and began to work :

“Louise ! Louise ! have we never sat thus before ?” he cried with a passion in his voice she had never heard until now.

One earnest, searching glance she cast upon his face. There was little left of the poor image-boy, save the enthusiastic eye, and the clear brow which gave a warrant for his mother’s faith. The lower part of his face was abundantly concealed by a mass of jetty whiskers. The position he assumed now, revealed all at once. Louise glanced from his face to the little clay image of herself he had placed in a niche on the wall, and gasped, “Oh, Joe, how happy we all shall be !”

His story was soon told when they had retraced the well-remembered path to the top of the hill, and were again seated in widow Irwin’s cottage. The mother could not gaze enough upon the returned wanderer—her Joe, notwithstanding the magnificent moustaches and the Astor House banquet.

“It seemed I was doomed to obscurity,” said the *soi disant* Rinaldo. “My American name was a mighty incubus. No one admired—who could admire the works of such a named artist as Joseph Irwin ? Then I had no European fame. Poor as a church-mouse, I must go to Italy. A kind friend who had aided me somewhat, died suddenly. The next day, I shipped as a cabin-boy for a French port, and thence worked my way to Rome. I succeeded in finding a sculptor who was willing to give me something to do. There was no rest for me now. I had hoarded all, left home and country, I must sacrifice my name too, ere fortune would smile upon me. Thus was Joe Irwin transformed into the Italian Rinaldo, and whatever fame or wealth he has acquired is at the service of his patient, trusting mother, and the faithful girl who has inspired all his efforts for a virtuous renown.”

Arm in arm went the happy youth to Mr. Welton’s aristocratic mansion, followed by the prayers of the mother at the cottage-door.

The old man was loth to recognize Joe Irwin in the worshipped Italian sculptor ; and when the truth was forced upon him by the evidence of his own senses, he was very averse to his daughter’s marrying the son of the village-laundress. It was a decidedly shocking idea to his aristocratic mind.

He summoned Louise into the library.

“Indeed, Louise, I cannot permit it. The very idea is repulsive.

Anything but a—how unfortunate it all is!—oh, if she had been anything but a *washer-woman*!”

Louise's laugh struck fright to her father's heart, it was so exultant.

“Now, papa, listen to our several pedigrees. My father is a retired merchant; your father was a physician; and his mother, your grandmother, and my great-grandmother was—a—well, we must confess it—a washer-woman. Joe's mother has been for sometime engaged in that same honest vocation: her father was a lawyer, and his father lived in style on the interest of his money. Joe now is wealthy, all that our hearts could desire; as for genealogy, there is scarcely a choice. So father—”

“Yes, on the whole,” interrupted Mr. Welton, “I guess we will say no more about it.”

So the wedding was solemnized. New York was in convulsions for nine days, and Joe Irwin celebrated the event by executing an admirable statuette of an American boy, bearing a banner upon which is engraved this device—“NEVER DESPAIR.”

THE LOVED AND LOST.

BY JULIA A. BARBER.

TEMPTED oft to wrong and error,
In this dark abode of sin,
Still our Heavenly Father ever
Seeks from earth our love to win.

Shall we weep when our hearts' treasures
Fade before our sight away?
Weep, that all our love was powerless
To keep the spoiler, Death, away?

Shall we cease to love the Giver?
Shall we doubt His boundless love,
Though the idols we had cherished
Have been gathered home above?

We had loved this earth too fondly,
Were no earthly ties e'er riven—
We would be content with loving,
And would seek no other heaven.

Thus in mercy the All-seeing
Sendeth parting, tears, and pain,
To win our hearts from earth to Heaven,
Where we shall meet the lost again.

LUCY WARNER.

OR, THE WORTH OF MONEY.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

"I HOPE father will be in his very best humor when he comes home to dinner to-day."

The speaker, Lucy Warner, was sitting in the elegant drawing-room of her father's beautiful dwelling, located in the midst of the aristocratic mansions of the Empire City. She had been for some-time carelessly conversing with her cousin, Ernest Linsley, when her face lighted up with a sudden animation, as she uttered the exclamation just quoted.

"Why so, coz?" said Ernest. "Why is it of special importance that your father should be in a sunny mood to-day?"

"Oh, because I wish to make a pretty large draft upon his purse, that's all. I am going out shopping to-morrow."

"An event too common to be worthy of any particular note, I suppose."

"Undoubtedly; but I don't spend five hundred dollars on a single article every time I go out for that purpose."

"I should hope not. Do you seriously intend to do it to-morrow?"

"I certainly do, if I can get it, and I presume there is no great doubt on that point, unless the sky happens to be particularly lowering, or the wind gets into the east before father comes home to dinner. To-day I saw the love of a shawl for that price, and to-morrow I intend it shall be mine."

"Oh, cousin," said Ernest, in a tone half reproachful, "do you think you know anything of the worth of money?"

"I know, coz, that five hundred dollars will purchase a splendid shawl, and that is all I want to know about the worth of it. Mrs. C. purchased a shawl last winter for a thousand dollars, which, according to my way of thinking, was not as handsome as the one I saw there to-day. It is a splendid thing, I can tell you, cousin Ernest."

"But allow me to repeat my question, cousin. Do you think you really know anything about the worth of five hundred dollars?"

"Why, what if I do or do not? I fancy it don't matter much."

"I can't agree with you in *that* opinion. The money which may

be placed at your disposal is not, in a very important sense, your own. It is only loaned to you as a steward, and the time will come when you will have to give an account of the manner in which you have expended it. It must therefore be of importance that you should understand its real value, that you may make such a disposition of it as shall satisfy the claims of Him to whom it really belongs. If I should entrust a considerable sum of money to an agent, with the understanding that he was to employ it in such a manner as would bring me the largest returns, would it not be of great importance that he should understand the full value of the funds thus placed at his disposal, and how they might be most profitably invested?—Before you expend so large a sum on a single article of dress, are you not bound to inquire whether such a disposal of it will be pleasing to Him who has placed it in your hands? Will it not assist you to settle the question rightly, if you justly appreciate the worth of such a sum?"

"Oh, cousin Ernest, you are too deep for me. Pray don't confuse my poor brains by the agitation of such profound questions."

"Patience, cousin, just consent to listen to me a few minutes longer, and I shall hope to convince you that it is a very plain, and not a profound question. I only wish to bring up two or three cases to illustrate the worth of five hundred dollars. How many families, plunged in deep distress by pecuniary embarrassments, might be relieved, and made happy by that sum!"

"I think you must be mistaken there, cousin. So small a sum as five hundred dollars would be only a drop in the bucket to one involved in pecuniary difficulties."

"You forget, my dear Lucy, that the business operations of the whole world are not conducted on so large a scale as those with which your position has made you familiar. There is many an humble merchant and mechanic who would be relieved from the most painful embarrassment by such a sum, and placed in a position to support his family through life in comfort and respectability, in the circle in which they move. The sum of five hundred dollars, at a certain crisis, would save many a man from ruin, and those dependant upon him from a large amount of physical and mental suffering."

"Then, think again of the worth of five hundred dollars invested in the education of some poor young man of noble intellect. There are many institutions in our country so endowed, that, within their walls, such a young man might receive gratis the boon of instruction, lectures, libraries, and all the expensive appliances of science, could he obtain the comparatively paltry sum necessary to pay his bills for

board and lodging. Think how many talented young men there are in our country, who might receive all the benefits of a liberal education, if, in addition to their own exertions to sustain themselves in such a course, they could command the sum which you design to expend on a single article of dress. If you will consider the value of the influence which one such educated individual may exert on the interests of society at large, you may understand something of the value of five hundred dollars expended in the education of such a man.

"Once more, think of its value in feeding and clothing those who are destitute of the necessities of life. For how many shivering with cold would it procure fuel? How many thinly clad would it supply with comfortable garments? How many half-starved would it provide with nourishing food? After taking an estimate of its worth in this way, can you feel as if it was possible to obtain the worth of it by expending the whole of it on a single article of dress? Can't you gratify every dictate of genuine *good taste*, and find the necessary comfort and warmth, in an article far less expensive than that?"

"Oh, yes, I could get a shawl quite as warm for five dollars. How would you like to see Lucy Warner sporting a five dollar shawl in Broadway?"

"You know that I am no advocate of anything of that kind. The proprieties of station should not be disregarded. No one rule of dress can apply to all. Each one should duly estimate station and means, in settling the question how much is to be expended in clothing and adorning the body. We cannot suppose that He who has clothed the flowers with such beauty, and so often produces exquisite results even by the delicate and beautiful blending of colors, can be displeased with his children for consulting harmony and good taste in the selection and disposition of those articles of apparel which the usages of society render necessary. But if a five dollar shawl is not in keeping with your standing and circumstances, the same, I think, may also be said of one that costs five hundred. Are you sure that even your father's means will justify such an outlay?"

"I have no uneasiness on that point," replied Lucy, with a little haughtiness.

"Perhaps not," replied Ernest, with the same calm and mild demeanor, not appearing to notice the slightly haughty manner of his cousin; "but allow me to ask if you are equally confident on another point?"

"What is that?"

"On the point of your stewardship. Every thing we possess can only be ours for a limited season. It truly belongs to Him whose are

the silver and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. When we shall be called to give up our trust, if it shall then appear that we have been faithful stewards of all that was entrusted to us, our reward will be great. If, dear cousin, you are satisfied with the way in which this item of which we are speaking, will stand in that account, then I have nothing more to say."

"Now, cousin Ernest, can't you see that your moral lectures are thrown away upon me? It is a great pity, I know; a great waste of distinguished talents on the part of Mr. Ernest Linsley. Strange he has not penetration enough to look out for a more appreciating audience. But the fact is, I can appreciate the beauty of that shawl vastly better than I can such nice points in morals."

Though this was spoken lightly, the penetrating eyes of Ernest Linsley could see that the frivolity was in a measure assumed. He could see that his words had made an impression upon Lucy—that they had produced a struggle between vanity and love of display, and that sense of accountability which she could not wholly disregard. He saw, indeed, with pain, that the former had triumphed; but as he ended the conversation, by taking up a book which lay before him on the table, he did not give up his thoughtless cousin, to whom he was warmly attached, but still cherished the hope that he should one day see her actuated by higher principles than those of mere self-indulgence.

The wind was not in the east when Mr. Warner came home to dinner. On the contrary it was a clear, life-inspiring, life-invigorating north-wester. The dinner itself was well cooked, neither overdone or underdone, and every thing seemed to combine to produce in his mind that sunshine of good humor which his daughter had desired. Before the family arose from the table, Lucy remarked, with assumed carelessness—

"Father, I am going out shopping to-morrow."

Mr. Warner smiled fondly upon his favorite daughter as he replied,

"Nothing uncommon, certainly. But what will this trip cost? I suppose that is the question which most nearly concerns me."

"It will only cost the price of one article. I shall purchase but one to-morrow. I saw the love of a shawl this morning. I know you will say it is a splendid thing when you see it. It suits my taste better than anything which I have seen this long time. I have set my heart upon having it, so don't disappoint me."

"What is the cost of this wonderful shawl?"

"Rather more than I ever paid for any one article before; but then it is such a beautiful thing. They told me they had sold shawls

not so handsome, for two or three hundred dollars more than the cost of that. They will sell me that for five hundred dollars."

"Five hundred dollars," repeated Mr. Warner, shrugging his shoulders. "That's a large sum to invest in such a speculation.—Can't you get suited short of that?"

"No, father, I have taken such a great fancy to *that* shawl, that no other can suit me. It will not make any difference with you a week hence, whether the cost of it is three hundred or five hundred dollars, and you can't think how becoming it is to me."

Mr. Warner looked with pride on his beautiful daughter. He hesitated only a moment, and then said,

"I suppose it won't make much difference. If you have set your heart on it, it is a pity to disappoint you;" so saying, he took out his pocket-book, and handed a five hundred dollar note to Lucy.

"Thank you, father!"

The glow of pleasure with which Lucy received the bill, made her look so beautiful, that the fond father felt as if one glance at that lovely face more than repaid him.

Our tale now passes over the period of a year. The cousins are again together. The tall, manly form, the deep, serious eyes of Ernest Linsley; the winning beauty of Lucy Warner, are the same—but all else is changed. The apartment in which the cousins are seated, is not the same. The luxurious appliances of wealth have been exchanged for the humble surroundings which correspond with straitened circumstances. The apartment does not belong to a mansion in Fifth Avenue, but to a dwelling in a far less aristocratic part of the city. It is small, unpretending, and very plainly furnished.

Mr. Warner, by a series of those reverses so common in mercantile life, has been stripped of his property. The year left blank in our story, was not a blank in the lives of that family. Oh, no! it had been closely written over with all those mental struggles, those terrible heart-aches, those numberless mortifications and chagrins, which accompany the descent from affluence to poverty.

But we have no wish to write in full the real chapter of that year. Such chapters have been often drawn out with great vividness and truth of outline and coloring, and word-painting has been almost exhausted in delineating similar phases of life.

At the time of this second introduction of the cousins to our readers, they have just met, after an absence of a year—that year so eventful to the family of Mr. Warner. During this time Ernest had been pursuing his studies at a literary institution not far distant. Lucy was sincerely attached to her cousin, and the first joy

of seeing him lit up her countenance with the old cheerful smile so familiar to Ernest. But when the first glad greeting was over, then came thoughts of all that had transpired since she had parted with her cousin—thoughts of the painful past, and the no less painful future. With these thoughts came back the sad, desponding look which Lucy's face had worn for the last three months. Ernest was deeply pained to see the fixed melancholy, the hopeless and helpless grief which had settled down on the mind of his cousin. He had not been long with them, before he felt it to be his duty to strive to arouse her from this unhappy state.

"You remember when you was with us, during your vacation, just one year since," said Lucy to Ernest. "Oh those were happy days! How little did we dream of the changes which would occur during the flight of one short year. Now we can welcome you only to a desolate and wretched home."

"Oh, no! Lucy. You overstate the case. Not desolate and wretched. No home can be *that*, where true affection dwells, and the comforts and necessities of life are found. Many would call the house you now occupy very comfortable, and some would regard it even as elegant. All these things are estimated by comparison. It is its contrast to the elegant mansion you have left, which makes this appear so cheerless and mean. When you become habituated to it, you will feel this contrast less painfully. You may yet be happy even here, if you will allow yourself to be so, if you will assert your dignity as a rational and immortal being, whose treasures of happiness are not dependent on mere outward circumstances."

"But think of the change, dear Ernest. Not even an instrument of music left, with which I might beguile a weary hour for you."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness on my account. If I could only enjoy the music of your cheerful voice and the light of your sunny smile once more, I should hardly miss your piano and harp."

"But how can I cherish anything cheerful or sunny here?"

"The heart, dear Lucy, makes its own music. The heart rightly tuned will often give songs in the night. It will make sweet melody, well-pleasing to God and precious to man, in the time of sorrow. I do feel for you, dear cousin, I know that the blow has fallen heavily on your young heart. I blame you not that you have bent before the first fury of the blast. But now, like the pliant sapling, I would see you again raise your head, and with that patient endurance which is the glory of your sex, bravely meet the trials of your altered

lot, and prove strength and support to those on whom you have so long leaned, and around whom you have so lovingly, yet almost helplessly twined. Allow me to say, dear cousin, it seems to me you have not yet even thought of that which should now occupy your most serious attention."

"What is that?"

"Duty. When placed in a new position, the first question to be asked is, what is duty, under the present circumstances? We should look up to Him who ordains the path we shall tread, and ask, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? In trying to solve this question, we shall find a soul strength, a strength to bear and suffer, which we can never find in listless inaction, or while indulging in selfish grief. God has made the highest happiness of man to consist in earnest efforts to do his duty. In this he has shown his goodness; for this never-failing source of happiness is ever within our reach. No adverse circumstances can deprive us of it, if we do not deprive ourselves."

"I never saw any one like you, cousin Ernest. You never say the thing one expects you to say, or do the thing you are expected to do. Now I surely thought you would feel in duty bound to condole with me for one whole week, at least, under circumstances like the present. But you are a beautiful comforter, are you not? Lecturing me about what I ought to do, instead of condoling with me for what I am called to suffer. Fie, Ernest! are you not ashamed to manifest no more sympathy?"

"Have I not manifested sympathy, dear Lucy?" asked Ernest, in a tone half-reproachful. "Do you really believe that you have a friend who feels for you more truly than I do? But should I sit down and condole with you for a whole week, I should but nourish that selfish grief which will only prove a source of increasing misery. I can see more clearly than you the way in which you may bring good out of this great sorrow, and find strength to bear it, and should I prove myself your true friend if I did not point out to you this way? if I treated you only as a child to be soothed and caressed, instead of an immortal being, with boundless energies of will, and capacities for action, to be guided, stimulated, and directed? Permit me to say, dearest cousin, that you know not yourself. You know not the vast capacities, to will, to execute, to act, which are lying dormant in that soul of yours, neither have you an idea of the unlimited amount of happiness which may be derived from the proper exercise of these capacities. Forgive me if, at this moment, I feel more inclined to strive to open your eyes to the treasures which

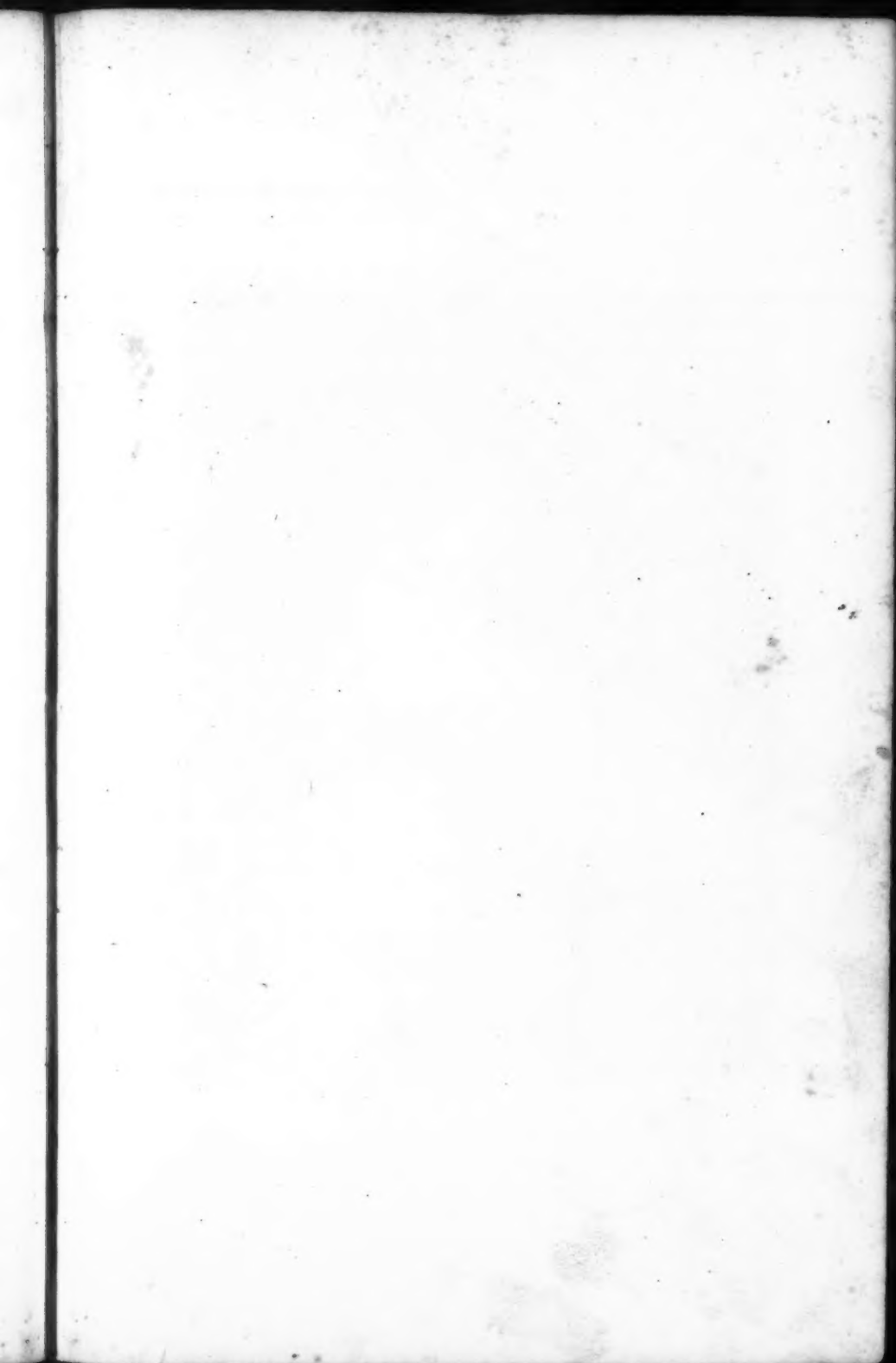
remain, of which you seem almost unconscious, than to condole with you on those which are lost. You speak and feel as if all were lost, when so much, very much remains."

"Incomprehensible as ever, dear cousin. I never could understand you."

"Permit me then to make my meaning more clear. Have you not many temporal blessings left? and have you not the promise of an immortality of bliss, if you will seek it? Have you not the health, buoyancy, and vivacity of youth? Have you not the advantage of an excellent education? Have you not the power to think, plan, will, and execute of an immortal being? With all these in your possession, is it possible there is nothing you can do to lighten for yourself and family the misfortunes of your present condition? Should not a young lady with such available resources at command ask, What is duty? Is there nothing for me to do? Is passive suffering the only thing of which I am capable? Is it necessary that I should be a helpless burden to the father who is already weighed down with a mountain of cares and perplexities? Is it not in my power to lighten, rather than increase, the weight of his burdens?"

"Believe me, dear cousin, in honestly trying to settle such questions as these, you will, before you are aware of it, find your mind diverted from the grief which is now preying upon it. You will find your soul gaining a strength to do and suffer of which you now deem it incapable, and in this new-born strength you will find a source of happiness and peaceful content. If what I say to-night seems hard and unfeeling, I pray, for the sake of our long-cherished friendship, suspend your judgment upon it. The time may come when you will view it differently. If I regarded you only as some seem to regard your sex, especially that portion of them who are educated and accomplished, as a mere drawing-room ornament, I might lament your fate, as I would that of a broken vase, or any article of that class. But I truly believe that the fire of adversity will not consume you, but that, if you are true to yourself, it will only refine and purify. Good-night, dear cousin. If you cannot now appreciate all I say, I trust you will not be offended by it."

So saying, Ernest retired to his own chamber, leaving Lucy to ponder what he had said, at her leisure. Though she was not prepared entirely to understand her cousin, yet she knew him too well to be offended by his seriousness and plainness. She well knew that he had ever been her true friend, and that he honestly desired to promote her truest interests.





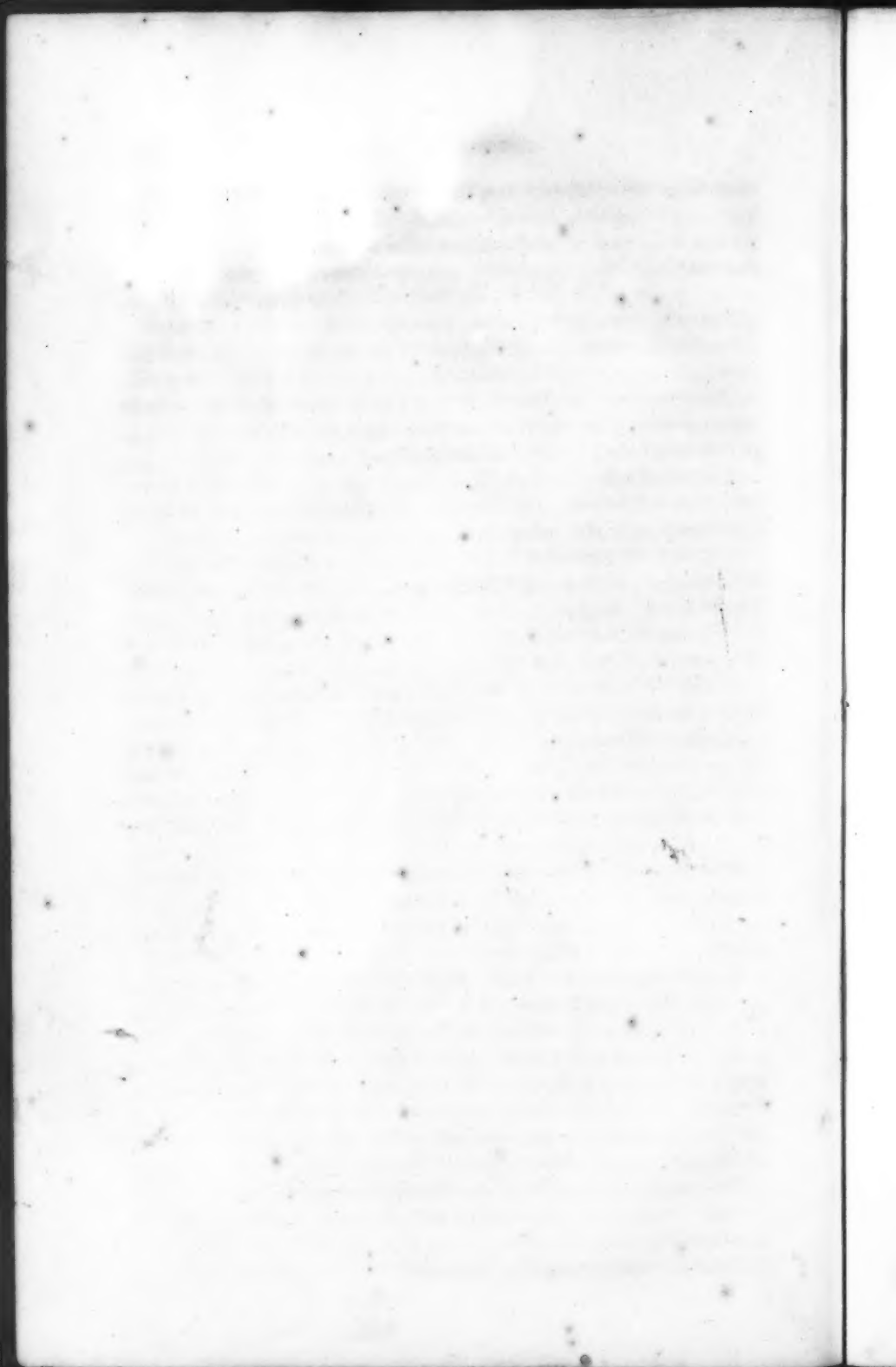
J. H. Harris

J. H. Forrest

The Happy Bride



Passion Flower.



LUCY WARNER.

OR, THE WORTH OF MONEY.

PART SECOND.

A few days after this conversation, Lucy came into the room where Ernest was, with an open letter in her hand.

"I have news for you, Ernest," she said.

"Have you? what is it?"

"You remember Emily Bliss as an intimate friend of mine. I think you have met her at our house several times."

"Yes, I do remember her well. Emily was a charming girl."

"So thought every gentleman who saw her," returned Lucy, playfully.

"I suppose you remember who carried off the prize. You know she married Arthur Howard."

"Yes, I recollect. I believe I have met him once. He is a noble fellow, is he not? Worthy of the prize he won."

"Yes, he is worthy of it, and that is saying enough. But to come to the point.—This letter is from Emily Howard. They are now settled in Tennessee. What do you think Mrs. Howard writes me?"

"Oh don't ask me to guess what a lady's letter contains, pray don't. I could not begin to do it."

"I didn't think you could. Certainly not in this instance. Emily always was a dear girl, but I did not expect this of her."

"And pray what is the wonderful *this*, so far beyond your expectations of your early friend?"

"She has given me a most cordial invitation, backed by her husband, to come and spend a year with them. She also begs me to feel no hesitation on account of the expense of the journey; for they will consider it a privilege to defray that, as the pleasure of enjoying my society for a whole year will make them greatly my debtors. Now is not that generous, kind, delicate?"

"It is handsomely done, certainly. But do you intend to accept of this invitation?"

"To be sure I do. It will give me a pleasant home for one year, and relieve my father, for that period, of the burden of my support. It is just the thing."

Ernest looked grave. Lucy observed it, and said:

"Why, Ernest Linsley, how sober you look over the matter.—What is the difficulty now, my incomprehensible cousin? I expected your hearty congratulations; but this is about as near as I usually hit it when I expect any particular thing from you. You are not pleased with this plan. Why are you not?"

"Oh, no matter. I *am* pleased, if it pleases you. No doubt, you will find an agreeable home with Mr. and Mrs. Howard."

"Now you need not attempt an evasion. Your face said plainly, 'I don't like the plan;' and now I demand a running commentary on the text there given, consisting of explanations, wherefores, and probably one or two moral theorems at the close."

"Which will be listened to and appreciated much as usual, I suppose," rejoined Ernest.

"Probably. But I insist upon your giving the reason first why this invitation does not please you."

"It does please me. It is kind, friendly, considerate, delicate.—What more can be demanded to render it pleasing?"

"Something don't please you; what is it?"

"You had better not press me on that point."

"Why, what objection can you have?"

"None except on your account. If you insist upon my telling you just what I think, I may say something which will not please you."

"If that is all, I do insist upon it." —

"Then certainly you will have no right to be offended by what I say."

"I do not intend to claim any such right. I will not be offended, I cannot be offended with *you*, cousin Ernest, because even when you seem to be severe, you are so kind and candid."

"I will then speak frankly. In the first place, it does not please me to hear my dear cousin speak of herself as necessarily a burden to her father, of which burden he would be relieved by her absence. It is not necessary that you should be a burden. If you would earnestly consider that question of duty, you would soon find means to render yourself useful, instead of adding to the heavy burden now borne by your parent."

"Next, I am not well pleased that you should appear so perfectly satisfied to spend the next year in this negative way, congratulating yourself that you are not a burden to your family, without seeking to be a positive blessing and assistance."

"Lastly, I think if you only were yourself conscious of the powers you possess, your really generous and delicate mind, would shrink from

the obligation and dependence implied in accepting a home in this way. Your generous friend has indeed sought to conceal this obligation under the veil of seeming to ask for a favor, instead of conferring one. It is, however, a sense of helplessness which makes you willing to accept of such a proposal. With more of independent self-reliance, you would prefer a more independent way of life ; for you must be conscious, after all, that pity for your altered circumstances was the chief prompter to the invitation now received, kind and delicate as it is. Now, dear Lucy, you cannot complain of my frankness ; for I have only obeyed your express injunction, in giving you my views of this subject."

Lucy made no reply, and Ernest, not wishing to prolong the conversation at that time, availed himself of an excuse, suddenly to leave the room.

The next day Lucy again introduced the subject.

"I suppose, Ernest, you would advise me to decline the invitation I received yesterday," she said.

"I have given no such advice."

"But this is plainly your opinion."

"In this you are mistaken."

"I certainly understood you to express very decidedly your disapprobation of the plan."

"Of the plan as it then existed in your mind, but some modifications of it might not be liable to the same objections. If you have decided that you have not the inclination or ability to render your family any assistance, you probably cannot do better than to accept this invitation ; for, if you must continue dependent on some one, it may as well be Mrs. Howard as anyone else. If, on the other hand, you intend to prove the value and strength of self-reliance, it may be the wisest course you can pursue to accept of this invitation. We should ever stand ready to follow where Providence opens the way. This may be the way which is opened for you, if you wish to render yourself useful. For instance, if you felt disposed to prove your talents by teaching, you might do much better there than here. You have a good knowledge of French, Italian, music and drawing. A knowledge of these accomplishments will command a larger salary there than here ; for teachers from the North are much sought for. This, of course, is a mere suggestion."

"And a good one too," exclaimed Lucy. "I had not once thought of that. If I were to try teaching, I should much rather do it there than here."

Lucy's countenance glowed with unwonted animation, and with

the enthusiasm of a newly-formed purpose ; but it suddenly fell, as she added in a changed tone,

"But I fear, cousin Ernest, that this plan will prove a failure. I much question if I possess the abilities requisite for a teacher. It would be assuming such a responsibility."

"It is very natural that you should entertain these fears, my dear cousin, and that in a very painful degree ; for you have never had anything to teach you self-reliance. You have ever clung in helpless dependence to the strong arm of another. But if you will confide in your own powers and resources, they will not fail you ; for they are more extensive than you suppose. They are given you as your inalienable birthright, by the great Father of us all. Each soul is possessed of them, though he or she who reclines on the luxurious couch of ease and self-indulgence, may never become aware of the latent power within. There is nothing like the discipline of misfortune to arouse the slumbering Hercules within our souls. In the hour of ease and prosperity he may lie sleeping and bound, like Sampson of old, but adversity will cut the cords, and he will stand forth in his mighty strength. We have every encouragement to use the powers and faculties with which we have been endowed ; for only in such a use of them can we expect to find the favor and blessing of Him who has breathed into us the living breath of his Spirit. Heaven helps those who help themselves. Yield to no despondency if you feel a wish to employ the talents he has given you to save yourself from helpless dependence upon others, and benefit those who are dear to you."

"I believe, dear Ernest, you are my good angel. I already begin to feel the waking of new energies and powers in my soul. Perhaps I can do more than I have dreamed of. But this idea of self-dependence and self-reliance is so new and strange."

"No doubt it is. But let me assure you, that this power of human will is immense. Our Creator designed it should be."

"You think I may be a successful teacher?"

"I have not a doubt of it. Yours is not a smattering of the studies and accomplishments you have pursued. You had the rare good sense to obtain a thorough knowledge of what you undertook to learn, even when surrounded by the enervating influences of wealth and luxury, and I certainly should not myself exhibit any great share of that excellent commodity, were I to despair of you now, when the bracing though cutting air of adversity has stimulated your mental powers. I would advise you to follow the leadings of Providence, and accept of this invitation from your friend. This may be the way which is opened for you."

"But perhaps I shall not find my friends in favor of this new plan. It is very different from the one proposed by them, and it may not meet with their approbation."

"If you accept of this invitation, and find on reaching your friends, that they will not be pleased with any arrangement but the one proposed by them, I suppose you will, in such a case, be bound in honor to spend one year in playing the agreeable beneath their roof. But as I cannot question but that your own benefit mainly prompted the invitation given, I have little doubt but you will find them disposed cordially to aid you in carrying out any plan which may be of service to you or your family. I am mistaken in Mr. Howard, if he will not esteem you all the more, when he finds you disposed to support yourself in honorable independence. But let the event be what it may, if you sincerely ask what is duty, you will surely be led in the right path."

"I hope so. I already feel a strong desire to do something to escape from this life of listless inaction, which I begin to see preys upon my spirits, and renders me miserable. I believe you have broken up this long sleep with your magic wand. I always thought you was almost a magician."

Ernest smiled, and replied, "I think you, Lucy, are a true woman; and never shall I despair of awaking the better impulses of a true woman's heart."

The more Lucy reflected on the plan suggested by Ernest, the better was she pleased with it. He had encouraged her to hope that she would find within herself, undeveloped resources of energy and self-reliance, which should sustain her in a situation so novel and untried as the one she was contemplating. Her final resolution was soon taken, to accept of the invitation extended to her by her kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Howard, and also, after her arrival there, to carry out the plan of seeking for a situation as teacher, should this plan meet with the approbation and coöperation of her friends. This part of the plan she determined for the present to confide only to her cousin Ernest. Her father approved of her accepting the invitation of Mrs. Howard; but she knew he would be pained to think of her entering upon the laborious and responsible work of teaching.

Not long after this decision, Ernest informed Lucy that he had just learned of a very agreeable escort for her, if she could be ready for her contemplated journey in a week from that time. Lucy at once determined that she would be ready. Her reply was,—

"The few preparations I have to make, can be completed in a

week. As to being spared so soon I fancy my parents will not miss me much ; for I know that I have been little comfort to them, since the change in our circumstances."

This was said half sadly and self-reproachfully.

"Do not look so sad, dear cousin," said Ernest. "When we begin to be truly and painfully sensible of our errors, there is reasonable ground for the hope that we shall soon abandon them. This is obviously your position at the present time. Your parents love and cherish you now, in no ordinary degree ; but I shall be much mistaken, if, before the close of the year, you do not awaken some new emotions in their bosoms."

Lucy Warner received a cordial welcome from her old friend, Emily Howard, and also from her husband. After a visit of a few weeks, she began to broach to them the plan which, after it was entertained, formed in her mind so prominent a part of the programme of the coming year. At first, this plan met with some opposition from Mrs. Howard, who declared that she had sent for her friend for her own private benefit, and not for the general good of the rising generation in that state, and she did not know about relinquishing her to the extent she must, if this new project was carried into effect.

Mr. Howard sought to make Lucy feel that she was a welcome guest at his house, and would be for the coming year, or as long a time as she was pleased to make it her home with them. But when he found that she really wished to engage in teaching, he promptly and kindly offered to aid her to the extent of his power ; and Lucy felt sure that he honored her for the resolution she had taken.

"In fact," said he, "as you seem so much in earnest about it, I will inform you that I am already acquainted with a situation which I think will suit you. I know that the principal of the first school in this city is now seeking for just such an assistant, and I have no doubt that I can procure the place for you, if you really wish it. If you obtain this situation, you can still remain with us, so that Emily will not lose you altogether."

The situation named by Mr. Howard was easily procured, and Lucy was soon quietly settled in her new occupation. After she had become accustomed to its duties, they proved less onerous than she had anticipated. In writing home, Lucy forbore to mention her new employment, as she wished first to feel established, and sure of her own success, and thus save her parents the anxiety she knew they would feel on these points. As time wore on, she began to entertain serious thoughts of keeping the whole matter a secret from them until her

return home. There were two inducements to such a course : First, it would prevent the anxiety her parents would suffer on her account, if they knew the burden she had assumed ; and, next, it would enable her to give them an agreeable surprise, when she should lay before them the income thus obtained. She finally determined on this course. Her letters were filled with affectionate expressions of love and sympathy for every member of the home-circle, and pleasant delineations of various scenes and incidents of her Southern life ; but they were silent on the topic of those duties to which she was really devoting the main part of her time and strength.

In the discharge of these duties, a year passed rapidly away. At its close, Lucy felt irresistibly drawn to return home, and, in person, divulge the secret she had so long kept, while she shared her first proud earnings with her parents, brothers and sisters. She found a heart-welcome that lighted up with gladness the very abode which she had once called wretched. Wretched it seemed to her no longer, for she had learned to form a truer estimate of things, and to know that the soul's happiness is not dependent on outward surroundings. During the many hours of the last year, when she had longed for the paternal and fraternal embraces of home, she had learned to feel that the place where all these precious treasures are garnered, and where this love centres, must be a happy place, even if unadorned by the splendor and magnificence of wealth. That home which one year ago appeared so desolate, now seemed a little paradise—for father, mother, brothers and sisters were there. In comparison with their loving smile and heart-welcome, the blandest smile ever extorted from the worshipper of wealth and position, seemed cold as an iceberg. The soul had asserted its supremacy, and soul-treasures were felt to be far richer than the gay trappings of wealth.

Ernest Linsley too was there ; for a part of his vacations every year were spent at his uncle Warner's. He was not now half as incomprehensible as formerly, for Lucy could understand him better.

Lucy had been home but a few days, when she saw with pain, that her father was the victim of a deep dejection of spirits, which he in vain strove to conceal. She watched him with much anxiety, and at last resolved, if possible, to know the cause. When they were alone one day, she introduced the subject by saying,

"Something troubles you, dear father. Now I want you should tell me exactly what it is."

"My dear child, a man in my position has very many vexatious things to endure. You cannot think it strange if my brow is sometimes clouded with care and anxiety."

"But some special trouble weighs upon your spirits at this time. I know it must be so. Now do not conceal from me what it is. Do not refuse to tell me all."

As Mr. Warner made no reply, Lucy went to him, and seating herself by his side, took one of his hands in both her own. Looking up earnestly and affectionately into his face, she said,

"Now, dear father, you will tell me all, I know you will."

"Pshaw, child, you are too young to be troubled with all that troubles your father. Don't ask too many questions: it is not wise, I assure you."

"You must not put me off so, dear father. You don't know how old and wise I have grown, within the last fifteen months, and how brave I can be. You need not fear to tell me all that troubles you."

"I have not even told your mother yet; and you know that mothers should be trusted with such things before daughters."

"Not always, perhaps. Every rule has its exceptions. Circumstances alter a vast variety of cases. If you will not tell me, I shall imagine just the worst thing I can think of. Perhaps we are going to the almshouse," said Lucy, archly.

"Not so bad as that; but bad enough, I fear. We shall be obliged to remove to a less comfortable dwelling than the one we now occupy, and I am sure this is bad enough. If you must know all, I will tell you just how it is, though it grieves my heart to pain you so. Our present abode must seem mean enough to you, after spending a year in the elegant mansion of Mr. Howard. It seems little less than cruelty to tell you, that, poor as it is, we must still exchange it for one yet poorer."

"Oh, do not fear for me, father! This place does not look at all to me as it did when we came here. It is neat, convenient and comfortable. I have been separated so long from you all, that it seems as if I should be perfectly happy, if I could live here with you."

Mr. Warner looked fondly, yet very sadly on his daughter, as she said this; but, as he did not speak, Lucy continued:

"Can't you afford to keep this tenement, father?"

"No, my daughter. We have tried to be economical the past year. But the business in which I am engaged brings, for the present, only small returns, and I find, in closing up the year, that I have run behindhand two hundred dollars. This troubles me very much. In my reduced circumstances such a debt is as a mill-stone about my neck, and I fear it will sink me lower and lower in the sea of pecuniary difficulties. My business is steadily increasing, and if I could have come out even with the world this year, I might have hoped to

see better days. But this debt of two hundred dollars is a sad drawback. We must retrench still more, and must begin with paying a less rent, though I know that a comfortable and convenient tenement, in a healthy location, cannot be obtained for less rent than we are now paying. It seems terrible to me, to think that I cannot provide for my family even such a home as this, which seemed to us all poor enough, when we first entered it."

"And is this *all* that troubles you, dear father?"

"Is it not enough? I should think it was."

"That is not the question. I want to be sure that you have told me all, and have kept nothing back."

"It is not all. I am troubled also about your brother George. I must take him from school, and find something for him to do which will increase our slender income."

"That would be a pity. He is too young to earn much."

"Very true. And he is precisely of the age when a year's schooling would be of great value to him. It grieves me that he must be deprived of it. But we must retrench in every possible way, or matters will grow worse and worse. It is a hard necessity, but there is no help for it. It seems to me as if I never knew anything about the worth of money before. If I now had only one of the many two hundred dollars I have squandered!"

"Would only two hundred dollars be of such great service to you now?" inquired Lucy eagerly.

"Indeed it would. It would make me even with the world; and if such were the case at this moment, it would remove a mountain-weight from my heart. I intended it should be so at the close of this year, but am really disappointed. It took us one year to *learn* economy, though we tried hard to practice all the time. I have no doubt but I could live with just as much comfort on one hundred dollars less another year. We have learned better how to manage these things. But it is of no use telling what we might do, if we were out of debt. Two hundred dollars on the wrong side is enough to ruin a man in my situation."

"If you were not in debt, could you afford to pay the rent of this house another year?" inquired Lucy

"Yes; in that case, I should not hesitate to remain. I think I may safely calculate on at least an increase of one hundred dollars, in my income from our business another year. Another hundred saved from my expenses, would bring us out even at the close of the year, without taking George from school. But this two hundred on the wrong side of the account alters everything, and harasses me exceedingly."

Lucy's countenance glowed with pleasure, as she thought of the, not two hundred but, five hundred dollars, safely locked up in a private drawer in her room.

"Her father observed the expression of her countenance, and suddenly exclaimed,

"Why, Lucy! you look more as if a fortune had just fallen to us, than as if you had been listening to the dismal story of your father's pecuniary difficulties. Have you been dreaming of gold-mines in California, instead of hearing what I have been saying. You certainly look as if you had."

"Just remain where you are a few moments, dear father, and I will explain all."

Lucy then left the room, but soon returned with a roll of bank-bills. Placing it in her father's hand, she said,

"There are five hundred dollars, father. It is all yours: and now we can stay here another year and George can go to school."

Mr. Warner looked at his daughter in bewildered astonishment.

"What does all this mean, Lucy?" he said. "Where did you get this?"

"Earned it, my dear father, every cent of it. You know I have been away from you for a year, and a great deal can sometimes be done in a year. I have only been using the capital with which you, my dear father, have furnished me; so it all belongs to you. Forgive me that I have kept anything a secret from you so long. Perhaps it was not right. But I wished to save you from anxiety on my account, and also give you an agreeable surprise. I have been teaching the last year, and there is what I have earned."

Mr. Warner now began to comprehend the matter. "My noble daughter," he exclaimed, "is all this possible? But you must not bestow all your hard earnings upon me."

"Would you be so cruel, my dear father, as to rob me of the most exquisite pleasure I ever enjoyed? of the very reward for which I have so long toiled? Will not this sum relieve you from embarrassment?"

"Indeed it will. Probably it will be the turning point with me. You can hardly estimate its value to me at this time."

At this moment, Ernest entered the room. He immediately comprehended the whole scene, as he glanced at the glowing countenance of his cousin, and the tearful one of his uncle. Seating himself by the side of Lucy, he asked a little mischievously,

"Do you think, dear cousin, that you now understand the worth of five hundred dollars?"

Lucy gave him a glance of intelligence, which showed that she perfectly comprehended his meaning, as she replied, "I think I do."

"Do you recollect the occasion on which I asked you the same question once before?"

Ernest had never before alluded to the five hundred dollar shawl, for he had with great delicacy abstained from any reference to past extravagance.

"Indeed I do remember it," said Lucy. "I have often, very often thought of it since. How little I then knew of the value of the money I was so thoughtlessly expending. How little I dreamed that I could ever spend the same sum in a way which should afford me such exquisite pleasure—a pleasure so far surpassing any selfish gratification of pride or vanity."

Ernest looked archly at his cousin, as he replied,

"I wish you knew how much more your style of beauty is improved by this noble self-forgetfulness and glowing enthusiasm in the work of blessing others, than it was ever by the most costly article of apparel worn by you. You can well afford to leave to the merchant-princes of Broadway, the work of exhibiting such articles to the public gaze, while you are doing the nobler work of exhibiting a character and spirit, which, whenever it is shown, does honor to your sex, and raises them in the estimation of our own, as no personal adornment can do, though these are not to be despised or undervalued when they occupy their proper place."

"Have you turned flatterer, Ernest? I did not expect that of you."

"Not a flatterer; I am only speaking the words of truth and soberness, as I used to do when you would say, 'How incomprehensible you are, cousin Ernest?'"

"Tut! tut!" said Mr. Warner. "If I had not heard you both repeatedly declare, that you would never marry a first cousin, I should consider myself an interloper, and my presence as standing in the way of a most eloquent declaration of love."

Ernest and Lucy looked at each other archly. They did love; but it was as brother and sister. Love and esteem had of late been greatly heightened on both sides. But they well knew that that sly match-maker, Cupid, had nothing to do with the matter. Mr. Warner himself knew pretty well how the case really stood, and he did not leave the room at that time, except to call the other members of the family to join the happy group, and share in the surprise and joy.

Lucy nobly resolved still to share a part in defraying family expenses, and educating her younger brothers and sisters, until her father was better able to do it. Her strong desire to remain at home was however gratified. A desirable situation was offered her, as teacher of music and drawing, in one of the first schools in the city.

The five hundred dollars which Lucy placed in her father's hands, as the fruit of her first year's toil, proved the turning point with him. From this time, his progress was steadily upward to competency and even wealth. Both Lucy and her father learned by adversity, more of the true value of money. When fortune again smiled upon them, they felt that they were but stewards who must one day give a strict account of the silver and the gold which they were disbursing.

ELIJAH IN THE DESERT.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Lo! it is twilight in the wilderness;
And while the graceful shadows of the trees
Nod to the whispering boughs, an aged man,
Whose faltering footstep fails him in the gloom,
Sinks wearily beneath a juniper.
He is alone, and sorrowful. But hush!
The anguish of his heart o'erflows:

"Enough!

I would not longer bear the load of life!
Alone, alone! I have not craved the smile
Of human sympathy. It has been mine
To talk with God as friend communes with friend.
And now, how terrible that word 'alone!'
Through sunset clouds, the manes of winged steeds,
And glancing wheels, and white-robed charioteers,
Have flashed before me, while I caught a glimpse
Of a bright, upward road I hoped to tread,
A glorious outlet from the earth to God.
Yet were it only that mine eyes grew dim,
Holden to see what common mortals see,
I would not murmur. But alas, to feel
This heart, that scarce knew craven fear by name,
Fluttering and cowering like a hunted bird;—
To know my being of that Presence shorn,
Which made my soul a sun to other souls:
Jehovah! if Thou leave me, let me die!"

Now hath he laid his aching head to rest
In the dark shadow of the juniper.
The light winds gently move his silvery locks
That stream, like moonbeams, o'er the sombre turf;
His lips yet tremble with a moaning prayer;
But God hath given his beloved sleep.

Can this be he whose dauntless word withstood
 The boast of Baal's prophets ? whom the pomp
 Of Ahab's regal throne could not abash ?
 Whose prayer brought down the living fire from heaven,
 And made the blessed rain forsake the clouds ?
 What, *he* this pale old man who sighs for death ?

'Tis even so. By sudden flight escaped
 The cruel fangs of fiendish Jezebel,
 It is the man of God,—but yet *a man*.
 Is he alone ? Nay, listen to the rush
 Of angel wings ; and see the starry eyes
 That guard the slumberer, oh, how tenderly !
 Sleep veils to him the watcher bending there.
 But a voice calls, " Elijah, rise and eat !"
 He wakes, and in the cake and water-cruise,
 He reads his Master's answer, " Thou must live !"
 Again he sleeps ; and lo, again the voice :
 " Rise, eat, Elijah, there is work to do."
 And now, fresh vigor darting through his limbs,
 Strengthened, and glad of heart, the prophet goes
 To Horeb, to await Jehovah's will.

How it consoles the tempted one, to know
 That holy men of old, the men of God,
 Passed through the same dark conflicts, and were saved.
 The prayer of faith can never, never fail ;
 But the wild burst of mortal agony,
 The wish that heedlessly would thwart His plans,
 Our Father hears, refuses, and forgives.
 Say, pilgrim to the New Jerusalem,
 Into the darkness hast thou wandered far,
 And weeping, counted thy dark unbelief
 For God's forgetfulness ? Ingrate and blind !
 And yet thou hast a pitying Friend above,
 Who knows thy weakness, and will surely chide.
 Behold his promise through the gloom descend,
 Like manna dropping in the wilderness :
 Receive into thy soul that bread from heaven,
 And thus grow strong to bear the journey home.
 Needful to thee, oh pilgrim, is the night,
 The trial-hour ; needful to test thy faith
 To quell thy pride, and teach thee where to lean.
 Our Father often lets his children stray
 In their own paths, that they may humbly come
 Back to the way He shows them.

And 'tis thus,
 By bitter anguish and temptation strong,
 He fits them through the earthquake and the wind,
 Calmly to listen to the " still, small voice ;"
 And after, to go bravely through the world,
 Bearing the banner with a steadfast hand,
 Counting all shame and sorrow light,
 Since they have known the hiding of his face.

CELESTE RIVERS.

AN AUTUMN STORY, AND A TRUE ONE.

BY BLANCHE WOODBURY.

GOLDEN, yellow, and purple ! red, blue, crimson ! Such gorgeous colors those late summer flowers. The scarlet verbena, the bright snow-drop, the noble hydrangeas, the purple dahlia with its richly fluted petals, the hardy marigold in its orange-velvet robes, meet for autumn winds !

Who shall chide fashion for a gaudy display as the cool months come on, when nature has set her the pattern ? Mother Earth, even at this period, hides her modest dress of green beneath her golden mantle of fallen leaves.

The return of the season when Flora flings forth so lavishly her deep, rich coloring, as though vieing with Pomona, the gay fruit-goddess, vividly brings to mind a cherished friend.

Celeste Rivers was a charming brunette. Dark banded hair—a complexion blending the rose and olive—and a form of symmetry. When I first saw her, she was surrounded by flowers, those late, blooming, hardy shrubs in her own home-grounds. She was everywhere a favorite. All seemed to love her, from her aged grand-sire with whom she lived, down to the golden oriole that swung its nest in the willow at her window, or the timid rabbit that fed fearlessly from her gentle hand. No—I err ; there was *one* serpent in all this Eden of love ; there was *one* exception to this general statement. It was found in Mrs. Huss, the second wife of her fond grand-father, and whom her best efforts always failed to please. Tall, spare and angular in person, she was equally angular and jagged in character. Wo to those pierced by the sharp points ! So the cloud of misfortune that had gathered over Celeste's young head when parents were called away, seemed to linger.

There was cause for all this. Old Mrs. Huss had a son by a previous marriage ; and she hoped that *her* pet, Master Adolphus Whipple, would become sole heir when her present lord bequeathed his possessions ; but his evident fondness for Celeste bid fair to defeat her long-cherished plan. So she strove by every petty means to annoy the poor child, and by repeated acts of unkindness, to wean her away from the old homestead to the care of other relatives, trusting to the adage “ out of sight, out of mind,” when the important *will* should be executed.

Celeste was gifted with a sagacity beyond her years. She understood it all—somebody had hinted it ; yet she cared little for the property, but she knew that her dear mild grand-papa needed her in his trials, and she loved to be near him and smooth his sunny locks, so white and beautiful, like the spray on the sea-coast where she was born. She knew but little of her parents, only that her father had, in some way or other, made his mark on the world's tablet, and she meant to be worthy of him. Hers had been a weary childhood. It was sometimes thus :

"Celeste, you huzzy !" cried the termagant, one cold morning, rousing her from her slumbers, "see what you have done ! crushed Adolphus' best hat."

"He should have hung it up," suggested grand-father.

"O, *you* interfere ! better get off to your room—she shall make your fire ; it is too tedious for Adolphus to be up. How frosty the window panes are ! Come, girl, tramp !"

And then, while a certain indolent lout indulged in hurtful morning slumbers, and while Biddy was allowed to fold her hands idly in the kitchen, Celeste crept away to the icy room, and made the fire with aching fingers. Never mind ; when the fire began to glow upon the brass fender and thence over the room, when there was a pleasant heat and she had thrown a warm dressing-gown over grand-papa's chill bones, when she heard the "God bless you !" from his lips, in that *deep* tone—she was amply rewarded. Various ways the poor child had tried to awaken a kindly feeling in the old dame's heart, too ; but in vain. Once, in particular, in her childish simplicity, she had spent her last shilling in a *toy* for a gift offering. Grand-mama, instead of being touched by the mute appeal, raised her hands in consternation.

"See, Mr. Huss, what a spendthrift ! *that* shews what she would do with a *larger* amount."

"But it was for *you*, grand-mama."

"For *me*, indeed ! very likely ! A pretty ingenious falsehood—remember, Celeste, that all liars shall have their part"—

"It was not *I* who lied," cried the provoked child, now thoroughly roused, her dark eyes flashing fire upon her tormentor.

"Do you want any *further* proof of her depravity, Mr. Huss ?"

"Go to your room, Celeste," said grand-papa sadly, as he leaned over his Bible, "and pray God to forgive you."

She went away with a breaking heart. She *did* pray ; but the petition was, "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who *trespass against us*." * * * * *

"Mr. Huss," said Mr. Adolphus Whipple, now a young gentleman, some years after the date last mentioned,— "Mr. Huss, I beg you, sir, to put a stop to the interference of that errand-boy, Theodore, in our store."

"What now?" asked the old gentleman.

"He has the audacity to tell me that there are errors in my ledger."

"Bring the ledger to me."

It was brought, and true enough there *were* errors there to a considerable amount. Mr. Huss folded up his glasses with a tremulous hand, and then called for the offender.

"Theodore," said he, "I appoint you as head-clerk in my establishment. Treat Mr. Whipple with respect."

A frown rose to the brow of Adolphus, but it was in time chased away by the sunny temper and faithfulness of the "head-clerk."

I will explain. Mr. Huss' possessions were of various kinds; some real estate, some landed property. Then he was persuaded by his sharp-minded spouse, to invest a considerable amount in trade. This was for the benefit of the hopeful Adolphus. "My son, the merchant," was an allusion Mrs. Huss was very fond of making among the village gossips. But it was an illusion too, for there was no more business talent about the foppish, low-souled Adolphus, than there was integrity. The young man himself thought differently; for, when he appeared fresh from the laundry, behind his well-filled counters, *few* looked more imposing, or treated his imagined inferiors with colder contempt.

Now, in the home of Mr. Huss, there had been a slender, fair-haired boy. A kind of errand-boy was young Theodore. Little notice was taken of him; he did not expect it. Born in poverty, he knew little else but rough usage. He had slept alone in the garret-room uncomplainingly, and silently and by himself ate his cold ration in the kitchen. He was a bright little fellow however, and Mr. Huss knew it, and paid for his education to some extent.

After Master Adolphus had been raised to the dignity of village storekeeper, he was sometimes sent on errands thither, and now and then, the lad would be seen at the desk, and studying the books with the utmost assiduity. It was a proud day for him, when he was permitted to make out the first bill for a customer.

By and by, as we have seen, he began to detect errors in the accounts, and this exactness proved to his advantage. Little dreamed Adolphus of the galling future. In process of time, the worthy Theodore by his well-kept gains, became member of the firm. Now the two stood on equal footing. No more oppression now; no more bit-

ter tears because interest and an humble position kept the underling boy from showing a just contempt for vile treatment. And now in his prosperity and gladness, he thought of the sorrows of Celeste.—He had thought of them before !

"Alone in the world now ! Tell me, nurse, was you with him *at the last* ?" cried Celeste, in anguish ; for she had been called home from boarding-school to attend the funeral of her beloved grandfather.

She stopped not to throw off her heavy traveling robe, but clasping faithful Nina's hand in both hers, she drew her away to a retired corner, and questioned her amid many tears.

"Did he die calmly—happily ?"

"Entirely so, my poor girl ; but he seemed to have something left unsaid, for he made several attempts to talk after speech had left him."

"If I could have seen him but for one moment, to have known that all my little follies were forgiven !"

"He never believed you had any."

"If he could have assured me of it—if I could have been told that my *real* heart was known to him !"

"You do not ask what the *legacy* was."

"I had not thought of that."

"Few in your dependent condition but that *would* have done so."

"Then he *made* a will."

"No—they made it *for* him."

"What ?"

"I say they made it *for* him," repeated nurse with agitation, and she untied her cap strings, and tied them over and over again, for, oh ! there *had* been a foul wrong.

"Whist, child ! shut that door, and you shall hear the whole of it."

Pale with intense anxiety, Celeste gazed into the wrinkled face of one who knew her parents, who had watched over her cradle, one whom she might trust.

"You know, my child, that you have been gone some years ; have not been called home even at vacations. It was *her* doings. There was design in all this. You did not know that your grand-father's mind had been lately much impaired."

"Was it, nurse ? and were they kind to him in his imbecility ?"

"Were they *ever* so ? It was a sorry day for him when he wedded *her*."

"Oh, I know ! but what was you telling me ? You said they made the will *for* him : was that allowable ?"

"They moved his mind before his mind dictated the words. Sometimes he distressed himself about your orphan condition ; and they told him that you was an artful flatterer fawning for gold."

"Oh Heavens ! *did* they ? you said *they*. Who ?"

"She and her son, of course."

"Adolphus ! Is it possible ?"

"How does that surprise you ?"

"Because—because, nurse, not a month since, he offered me his hand. The reply was mislaid, and not mailed."

"He has secured all the property for you then in his own person."

"Would grandpapa do thus ?"

"Not he, but *they*. They distracted his weak mind with objections ; they prejudiced him against you. You have only a home here."

"Wretched girl that I am ! bereaved, penniless, forsaken !"

"Courage, child ! God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

The scene changes. It is some weeks later. There is a primitive New England kitchen. The floor is formed of fine, narrow oaken boards, smooth as glass and white as scouring rushes can make them. In one corner stands the tall mahogany clock, rich in its substantial grandeur ; in another, an unpainted oaken table, free from spot or stain. Pans and pails of tin-ware are sunning themselves without ; a purely washed churn has parted with its dasher, and stands fellow-sentinel at posts remote ; while in the centre of the room is a buzzing flax-wheel with a full distaff.

Near the latter sits grand-mama, still hale and vigorous. She is in black, but brief have been her mourning days. Her face is serious, but that is no unusual expression. Yes ; she was at work again thus early ; for work, incessant work, was her hobby. But her idea of toil had a limited field ; for, how a spine *could* ache, or fingers *could* cramp at so trivial an employment as piano playing ; or how eyesight could be injured by so *light* a thing as flowering muslin, was one of her few mysteries. Spinning was her one idea—the Alpha and Omega of a woman's life ; and because Celeste, influenced by more modern friends, felt a distaste for it, she was denounced as a worthless and idle lass forthwith. Whatever else she did that was praiseworthy, signified nothing ; and she was dwelling upon the girl's shortcomings, when she was interrupted by the entrance of Adolphus.—He threw himself into a chair with an air of deep dejection.

"What! Dolphy—perplexed? It is no wonder; such a weight of business so suddenly put on your young shoulders."

"To the dogs with business! leave such cares to plodders like the tape-seller over there, and apropos of him; I want to know, mother, if he and Celeste are much in each other's society of late?"

"Not more than they always were; misery likes company. It is natural that two such 'hangers on' should sympathise with one another."

"Then they *do*," thought Adolphus. "The dickens! that dog that I took out of the gutter!"

"Come, Dolphy—why, how you look! better tell me! I know that you have some deep trouble; tell me, it will ease you."

"Ease me! ha, ha! mother, you are delightful. Well, in one word, Celeste has proved herself a downright ninny."

"How so, pray?"

"By rejecting the hand, handsomely offered, of your only son and heir."

The old lady pushed her wheel from her, and folded her arms in speechless astonishment.

Cut off with a shilling! It was the wonder of the whole neighborhood round; all, save nurse and the officiating attorney, who had neither been blind nor deaf during the transaction. He was a friend of Theodore's, and informed him of the proceeding, not sparing particulars.

If Theodore had felt for her grievances when a child, he was doubly so now, as he could easily see to what fresh indignities she would be exposed.

Shortly after this, the bans were published of the marriage of Adolphus Whipple with a buxom daughter of one of the richest farmers in the county. The bride of course was brought home and came loaded with jewelry. Her cheeks were of a deep red, and eyes as blue as blue could be; but there was more true beauty in one flash of our Celeste's dark, intelligent eyes, one movement of her graceful but plainly dressed figure, than in all her beauties combined.

Grand-mama did not think so, but openly avowed that Celeste was in comparison, a mere "waiting-maid." This was too much for the spirited girl, and, goaded by the haughty airs of the usurper, she advertised at once for a situation as governess. She was successful; and a day or two afterwards saw her effects placed in a post-coach, preparatory to a long journey South.

She had a fellow-passenger in the vehicle; but it was scarcely yet

day, and only the outlines of objects were visible. But as the moments wore on, and the gray light deepened, there was a sudden recognition.

"Theodore !"

"Celeste ! ah ! I knew I could not mistake *that* figure."

Celeste blushed at the peculiar emphasis given to this speech ; it was so new, too, to hear anything like kindness and compliment of late. But how was it with the other ? He was abashed at his own boldness, and thought that he had offended. Was she not the foster-child of his old master ? Was she not the dainty-bred parlor fairy, where he had been only the hired attendant ? What would care the accomplished Miss Rivers for hewers of wood and drawers of water like himself ? True, she had never shown any hauteur towards him from the first—from the time that they had together plead for the purloined brood of the distracted robin, up to this moment. Then changes had come. They were in his favor : comparative wealth to him was penury for her.

But was her brow less lofty than before ? No ; maidenly pride still rested there. And then his origin : it was respectable ; but she knew it not. She must accept him condescendingly then : could he brook *that* ? But why must she do thus ?

Was he not born in a land where all are free and equal ; where there are no privileged orders ; where the poor boy may look with as hopeful eyes upon the presidential seat, as his more wealthy neighbor ? He *would* speak ; he *would* bow low before that peerless shrine, and feel proud that he had loved her, let the event be what it might. So he ruminated, so the worthy young merchant reasoned ; while Celeste with her dark hair parted over her handsome brow, the rose deepening upon her cheek, rode silently along, watching the distant hills glowing in the warm tints of early sunrise.

How Cupid's arrows were whittled down to a point ; how the blushing Theodore found words to express himself without the aid of rosy bowers and moonlight, I do not state ; but it is certain that he did so. It is certain, too, that the Southern tour was indefinitely postponed, and that there was a wedding at the house of the executor of grand-papa's will.

Adolphus Whipple is now sunk in dissipation. The wine-cup unfitted him for business, and his ill-gotten gains have gradually vanished, while Celeste is the queen of a home of luxury in the Empire City. Two little girls, a blonde and brunette, call her mamma, and with joy her life is spent watching the opening leaves of her spring-like and autumn flowers.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

There shall be no more sighing
 In our dear Father's house.
 Upon the earth-road dreary,
 Oh, we are growing weary
 And homesick, till our Father
 His children all shall gather
 To that calm rest before us,
 And all our lost restore us,
 Then there will be no sighing
 In our dear Father's house.

There shall be no more sinning
 In our dear Father's house.
 The earth-stains we inherit
 Defile the captive spirit.
 We've heard the tempter's wooing,
 And risked our soul's undoing,
 Our birth-right guilt hath taken
 And left us crushed, forsaken;
 But there will be no sinning
 In our dear Father's house.

There shall be no more darkness
 In our dear Father's house.
 No sun will shine upon us;
 But He whose love hath won us
 Will lead us to the fountain
 That flows from Zion's mountain,
 And wash our robes to whiteness—
 His smile is heaven's own brightness.
 Oh, there will be no darkness
 In our dear Father's house.

There shall be no more sorrow
 In our dear Father's house.
 All fetters shall be rended;
 All mourning shall be ended;
 No more of blinded straying;
 No wordless anguish preying;
 No partings, and no sadness,
 But peace, and sacred gladness.
 No, there will be no sorrow
 In our dear Father's house.

THE WASTED FOUNTAIN.

No more of slavish toiling
 In our dear Father's house.
 We seek no slumberous bowers
 For these unwearying powers.
 Life is, to be a blessing.
 O'er sin the vantage pressing
 God's own with glad endeavor
 Shall work his will forever,
 And find sweet rest in toiling
 In their dear Father's house,

Oh, for the many mansions
 Of our dear Father's house!
 For purity from soiling!
 For peace from sin's turmoiling!
 Give, Saviour, faith untiring;
 Give steadfast hope aspiring,
 Give hearts that tried and proved
 Shall rest with Thee, Beloved,
 Rest in the many mansions
 Of our dear Father's house.

THE WASTED FOUNTAIN.

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 BY MRS. SARAH S. SOWELL.  
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AND is the fountain wasted? do its waters
 No more gush up to greet the sunny day?
 Doth it no more flash out in the clear sunlight,
 Making sweet music with its merry play?

Doth it no more go singing through the wildwood,
 Or stealing softly 'mong the brilliant flowers?
 Doth it no more gleam out in the pale moonlight,
 Or fling its coolness through the forest bowers?

Oh! never in our hearts, may the pure fountains
 Of love, and truth, and innocence be dry;
 But may their waters ever be replenished
 From the great Fount of Life and Truth on high.

May we drink deeply of those living waters
 Which cleanse our souls from sin's unholy stain;
 Then shall we find the boon of life immortal,
 Then may we drink and never thirst again.

THE HAPPY BRIDE.

"'THE Happy Bride,'" repeated Philip Mead, casting another glance at an engraving bearing that name, which he had just taken from his sister's portfolio ; "it seems to me, that adjective is quite superfluous. I thought *all* brides were happy."

"I should have known that *Philip* said that, if I had not seen or heard him," laughed his sister Lizzie, looking up from the chess-board, where, seated on a tête-a-tête with a young lady of about her own age, she was engaged in a vigorous trial of skill. "Philip thinks, Gertrude, that a woman has accomplished her destiny, when she is married."

"He is not alone in that supposition," remarked Gertrude, looking archly at the young gentleman in question. "I was amused in looking over an almanac the other day, devoted principally to a narration of the astounding cures performed by one of the marvellous medicines of the day. In this scientific work, I found the case of a young lady therein described ; Miss Caroline Newberry, I believe. There were two portraits of this individual ; one representing her countenance entirely covered with the most unsightly pimples, blotches, and freckles which ever disfigured the 'human face divine.' In the other, she was represented, after an astonishing cure had been performed, in which last picture, her face was as smooth as an apple. After relating the particulars of this wonderful cure, it is triumphantly stated in enormous capitals, that *she is to be married next week*, as if that consummation was sufficient to convince an incredulous world, that the medicine had settled that young woman's destiny and future happiness."

"I remember reading about the case of Miss Caroline Newberry," said Philip, "and if the last picture was a faithful portrait of the young lady, I think she was equally attractive in the first estate. I had a strong feeling of sympathy for the unfortunate man to whom she was 'to be married the next week.' But then do'nt that go to prove my theory true, that all brides are supposed to be happy ? These people evidently thought, that being married was the most desirable thing which could happen to their patient."

"Of course, that is the view which people generally take of the case," said Gertrude ; "but I have an idea, Philip, that you think the chief aim of a young woman's existence is to get a husband, to use a common form of expression. Cannot a woman be equally use-

ful, agreeable, and as much beloved, in single life as in the married state?"

"Oh! Gertrude, for mercy's sake, don't commence that endless discussion with Philip again," exclaimed Lizzie, purposely upsetting the chess-board and its contents. "He has been harping on matrimony ever since you have been here, just for the sake of disputing, I believe, and I would not indulge him in it. For my part, I believe that when a young gentleman loves a young lady, and she loves him, the best thing to be done is to be married as soon as possible. At least, that is what I intend to do when the happy man arrives," and the light-hearted girl left the room, singing, "I won't be a nun."

Philip left the table where he had been looking over the portfolio, and proceeded to pick up the chess-men with great deliberation; then perceiving that Miss Gertrude had taken a silk purse to knit, he enquired with humility, if he might hold a skein of silk to wind, which offer was accepted.

Now, as all the world knows, this same employment of winding silk is often a dangerous one for unengaged young ladies and gentlemen; but neither Gertrude or Philip exhibited any symptoms of embarrassment, except that her cheek wore a deeper hue than usual, and his fine face assumed a more thoughtful expression. This was probably owing to the peculiarity of their position. Philip was not a budding lover, as a lady authoress defines the incipient symptoms of attachment, but an avowed and devoted one. He loved Gertrude with all the enthusiasm of his nature, and had loved her thus for years. But Gertrude, although she did not positively reject his suit, frankly declared that she had no desire to marry him—that she left his choice free; that in time her sentiments might undergo a change; but at present their friendship must stand on the old footing. Even this unsatisfactory arrangement seemed better to Philip than absolute rejection, and he continued to linger in her society. The intimacy between his sister and Gertrude, undisturbed by the existing state of affairs, afforded him opportunities for being frequently in her society, and each succeeding interview only served to deepen his attachment. Ah! Philip Mead, with thy pale poet face, thy dreamy eyes and shadowy hair, with thy winning smile and persuasive voice, hard indeed must have been that maiden's heart which withstood such eloquence as thine!

But Gertrude! how shall I describe her, with her indescribable witchery of manner, her dark, soul-lighted eyes, with her grace, brilliant wit, and ever-ready sympathy? Few indeed were those who passed heart-whole from her presence, and, indeed, from child-

hood she had been the favorite of a large circle of admirers. Constant adulation might have spoiled her, had she not possessed a large share of that rare commodity, good common sense ; but I must own, that she was fastidious to a fault, sometimes capricious, and so, at last she acquired the reputation of a coquette—unjustly, for flirtation was not one of her faults, to call it by no harsher name. Among the crowd, which from her early girlhood had gathered about her, there were none whose love seemed to satisfy her ideal like that of Philip ; so generous, so devoted, and self-sacrificing. Indeed, she was perfectly contented with his regard—she trusted it implicitly ; it was her own heart which she distrusted. The unfortunate experience of several of her married friends, had given her a distaste for matrimony, and though she believed it an institution calculated to give the greatest amount of benefit to the largest class of community, she doubted its utility with regard to her own individual experience. Some one, well versed in such matters, has remarked that she who has always been accustomed to general admiration, will hardly be satisfied with the regards of a husband simply. This, however, was not the case with Gertrude. Could she once have convinced herself that her love for Philip was sufficiently strong to induce her to assume the ties and responsibilities of married life, she would willingly have relinquished the adulation of general society, for the more limited sphere of domestic life ; and it was in this unsettled, uncertain state of mind that she sat this evening, winding the skein of silk which Philip was only too happy to hold, that he might be near her, to look into her eyes, to feel ever and anon the soft touch of her hand—to abandon himself to the witchery of her presence.

“Gertrude,” said Philip, at last, after some moments of silence, “forgive me for renewing the discussion which Lizzie has interdicted, but did you mean what you said, when you told me that I considered it the chief aim of woman’s existence to get a husband ? Look at me, Gertrude ; did you believe that I thought thus unworthily of your sex ?”

Philip spoke reproachfully, but in those low, gentle tones that always went to Gertrude’s heart. The color deepened still more in her cheek ; but she looked up frankly into Philip’s eyes, and spoke decidedly :

“No, Philip, I was wrong in saying so : I ought not to have spoken thus to you ; but it is the opinion of your sex generally, I am sure, that we women are always laying plots and plans to secure the noose matrimonial, as our friend, Grey, says ; that, in short, we

are a kind of moving *man-Arab*. I own that it is the fault of our sex generally, that such an opinion prevails; but the whole should not be judged by the greater part."

"Certainly not," he rejoined, "nor do the best and most liberal minded men think so; but you must own, Gertrude, that most women, from their very helplessness, from the necessity of affection to their spiritual nature, and for the development of those domestic attachments, without which they pine away in isolation, are more dependent upon matrimony for happiness than most men. But I contend that an institution, so plainly indicated by Heaven and nature, is the true sphere of both sexes."

"I don't deny your position, Mr. Philosopher," said Gertrude gaily, "but when a woman is *not* dependent upon matrimony for happiness, where she feels self-reliant, and has the power of attracting enjoyment from all about her, and her own internal resources, is it worth while to marry with a mistaken idea, that there, and there alone, her destiny can be fulfilled?"

Philip looked sadly and earnestly at his fair questioner; a faint flush sprang to his usually pale cheek. "Say myself, instead of woman, Gertrude," said he, "gifted, self-reliant, attractive as you are, and I will answer your question. Never, never marry, unless your heart goes with your hand—unless with that abandonment of self, which is woman's purest, noblest, sweetest sacrifice, you can yield heart, soul, fully, truly to him who best deserves such a sacrifice."

"Then, I fear I am so selfish, that I shall never marry," said Gertrude, with an attempt at sportiveness, though she was evidently ill at ease. "Besides, I have a most ultra-Woman's Rights appreciation of my own independence. I always blamed Ida in the 'Princess,' for yielding the point at last. Then, too, I don't know how to *obey*," and she unconsciously drew up with a haughty gesture.

"Gertrude," rejoined Philip, "if I did not suppose that you do not really mean all you say, I would not trouble you with my presence another moment. Oh! Gertrude, proud and unyielding as you seem now, yet so full of womanly sympathies and gentle graces, that at this moment I could worship you with all the devotion of a heart entirely yours, I cannot believe but that some life will yet be blessed with your love. Caressed, almost idolized from childhood as you have been, I fear you are growing prodigal of affection, that you are learning to toy with hearts as carelessly as you win them. Oh! Gertrude, will you not—can you not, learn that better lesson of trust, and faith, and hope, which this heart of mine would teach you?"

Gertrude sat in silence. Her countenance betokened painful

irresolution ; while Philip gazed at her anxiously : his fate seemed trembling on her lips. At last she spoke :

" Philip, I love you. I tell you this frankly. But I do *not* love you as I am conscious that I *can* love, as I *must* love the man whom I may call husband. But I do not look forward to married life as my destiny. I feel that my path must be a solitary one. If, in choosing it, I am resolutely putting away light and happiness from my life, I alone must suffer the consequences. I appreciate you, Philip ; I cannot think calmly of your loving another ; but I must not marry you."

An expression of agony crossed Philip's fine face as he listened silently ; every vestige of color faded from his face : then with a sudden effort he rose from his seat, and stood looking fixedly at Gertrude, as if waiting to hear something further. Gertrude also rose : Philip's cold, stony gaze alarmed her. She laid her hand upon his arm :

" Dear Philip, forgive me for having pained you so," she said, while the tears filled her eyes.

Philip saw those tears—with one long passionate embrace, he drew her closely to his heart, pressed his lips madly upon brow, cheek, and lip, and Gertrude felt that there were other tears than her own upon her cheek. The next moment he was gone.

A day or two afterward, the intelligence reached Gertrude, that Philip Mead was about to sail for Germany. This announcement created no surprise among his friends, as he had frequently intimated an intention to complete his studies abroad ; but Gertrude felt that her decision had much to do with his departure. The frank, unsuspecting Lizzie often expressed to Gertrude her regret, that she could not have fancied Philip, for they seemed just suited to one another ; and wished that something might be brought about in time—that *something* to her mind evidently suggesting a *wedding* ; but her curiosity did not lead her to enquire any further : and apparently the matter did not trouble her much, particularly as she was then absorbed in her own heart affairs. Gertrude, however, felt that for the future, all respecting Philip must be resolutely put away from her thoughts, if she were not prepared to recall him. She was not surprised that he did not call to take leave of her ; for the note which reached her the day after his departure, told the story which he would not trust his lips to repeat. It ran thus :

" Gertrude—*dear* Gertrude—for thus I must be permitted to call you for the last time, I am going to do what for years I have thought it impossible to do—I am going to try to live without you, to forget

you, if a strong will, and a heart which can suffer no more, can accomplish it. I do not blame you that you cannot love me ; I only blame you that you allowed me to linger beside you, when you knew, fool that I was ! that it was in vain—all in vain ! But that infatuation is over : it was unmanly thus to waste my life's best energies. I am strong and resolute now. Forget me, if you will. It is best that it should be so. Farewell !

PHILIP."

And so these two hearts were separated by the ocean, and by distance not of miles. Gertrude still continued the star of the brilliant circle in which she moved ; still passing unscathed the ordeal which so few women pass unharmed ; until at last the conviction that she had fully determined upon a single life, became settled among her acquaintances and the world generally, who wondered, and blamed or praised alternately. Occasional reports reached her of Philip's life abroad, and, as time wore away, there were rumors of his return. Three years had gone by. Lizzie had married the man of her choice, and the family of Gertrude had removed to a distant city of the West. There, in new scenes and occupations, the memory of that bye-gone love came back to her only like some sweet dream of youth, mingled with a strange, sad feeling of tenderness ; a desire to see Philip once more, though her sentiments had undergone no alteration. It was only when a letter from Lizzie communicated the intelligence, that Philip would probably soon return with a young English wife, a beautiful girl whom he had met in his travels, with the sudden pang which shot through her heart at the announcement, that a new revelation was opened to her.

That Philip, whose love for her had been so earnest, so devoted, so much a part of himself, should now love another ! Strange to say, she had not allowed herself to dwell upon the probability that his affections would be transferred to another. Now, she felt that Philip was indeed lost to her forever ; and then came such an utter sense of loneliness, that unavailing regret, that the only love which could have satisfied the demands of her nature, as convinced her that he alone controlled the warmest, deepest emotions of her heart. For a time, she hovered on the brink alternately of deep despondency and hopeless apathy, when a second letter startled her inmost nature by its unlooked-for announcement.

It was from Lizzie, written in the deepest distress. Philip had been married ; had embarked from England with his wife in a vessel bound for America, which, when off the western coast of Ireland, had encountered a severe gale, and was cast ashore a hopeless wreck.—Out of scores of passengers, only two or three escaped. Philip and his wife were among the lost.

Philip dead ! At once, with memory's most intense power, there rose before Gertrude, the face of her early love, Philip, young, noble, enthusiastic ; the Philip who had loved her so many years ; who had left her for the last time in bitterness and agony of spirit. And then there came back such a tide of memories over her soul ; all the beauty and freshness of that spring-time love, that the heart, once so cold and proud, was utterly melted and bowed beneath it. Now she knew that she loved him, warmly, fervently ; that no other being in the wide world could fill his place in her heart. But he was lost to her forever. And in deep communings with the past, and with eyes and hands uplifted to the calm blue sky, whose silent stars were reflected in the billows, beneath which her lost one was sleeping, Gertrude breathed that vow to the dead which her lips had refused to the living.

Nearly three months had elapsed since the intelligence of Philip's death had reached Gertrude : and, accompanied by her father, she had gone to New Orleans to guard her failing health from the rigor of a Northern winter. On their arrival, however, they found that a sudden panic had filled the city, on account of the appearance of a malignant fever in its midst. The ravages of the yellow fever and cholera had so lately filled the city with mourners, that the slightest appearance of another epidemic aroused all hearts with consternation. Thousands left the city ; strangers returned homeward ; and the hotels were almost deserted.

So great was the apprehension, that many of the sick, for a few days, were left almost without attendants. Among the cases which peculiarly excited the sympathy of Gertrude and her father, was that of a stranger at their own hotel. He had but just arrived in the city ; was alone, and had been seized with the fever a few days before. He was evidently suffering for the want of care and proper attention ; and although Gertrude's father was intending to leave the city with her for a short time, his feelings of humanity prompted him to visit the invalid, whose apartment was contiguous to his own. Imagine his astonishment, when, in the sick man, he recognized that Philip Mead, whom all his friends supposed to have found a watery grave ! His story was soon told. He had been taken off a portion of the wreck by a vessel bound for New Orleans ; but his new-made bride and all his companions, excepting those who gained the shore, had perished. Adverse winds had delayed the vessel, and immediately upon his arrival in New Orleans, Philip was to have pursued his way home by land, when he was seized with the fever.

How shall I describe the mingled emotions which agitated the heart of Gertrude when she received this unlooked-for announce-

ment ! It was as if one had risen from the dead to her. Need I say, that the sick man found in her a constant, faithful attendant ? I cannot linger over the revelations of that sick room, except to say, that the memory of his old love had not faded away entirely from the heart of Philip, even though his hand had been plighted to another. Together Gertrude and Philip mingled their tears over the untimely fate of the young English girl ; and together they lived over the past, and from the darkness of that sick room light arose over the hearts of each.

Has not my reader already guessed the sequel of my story ? It is an "ower true tale," and things more improbable are occurring every day.

In due time, Philip and Gertrude were married, to the great satisfaction of Lizzie, who declared that the wish of her life was now fulfilled ; and none who gazed on the soul-lighted face of Gertrude, or heard the deep devotion expressed in her tones, as she solemnly promised to "love, honor, and obey," could doubt that Philip Mead led to the altar—"a happy bride."

WHEN WILL THE VAIL ARISE ?

BY HELEN BRUCE.

When, Holy Father, will the vail be riven
Which hangs so dark before my longing eyes ?
When will the mandate from thy throne be given,
"Arise, oh, cumbrous vail, I bid thee rise ?"

Fain would I mount away on angels' wings
Till I could scan the vast creation o'er ;
Would learn the song each ransomed spirit sings,
And, oh ! I would return to earth no more.

Oh ! Father, Father, make me pure within,—
Cleanse me till I am fit to dwell with Thee ;
Shake off these heavy, midnight mists of sin,
And set this trammelled, fluttering spirit free.

From the far mansions of eternity,
Bow down Thine ear, and listen to my prayer :
I long, I faint Thy glorious face to see,—
Oh ! call me hence, and bid me welcome there.

THE POET'S CHILD.

BY J. S. LAMSON.

IN one of those loveliest spots with which nature has gifted our noble Hudson, we chanced to find a *Daisy* mid the autumn leaves. 'Twas the fairest of its kind, and its tiny petals were opening among those genial influences which the hand of love alone can throw around the object of its care. It was all alone ; no other, so timid and fair as itself, was there to share its solitude—'twas there in its opening beauty all alone ! Yet it faded not, nor felt upon its soft lip the keen chill of rough autumn's breath which had blighted the tender blossoms of all other daisies, save this. *They* had all gone ! Had perfumed the sweet, balmy air of summer with their fragrance ; delighted the eye of the nature-loving passer-by, for their brief span of life, and then on the kindly bosom that had nourished them, laid their ungathered loveliness to sleep.

Yet *this* would never mingle with inanimate nature, an inert particle of matter only, as the others had done. It *might*, alas ! it *would* fade and droop ; but 'twill revive again, and mid gardens filled with those as rare as it, bloom in renewed strength, and *never* lose its beauty more. For *this* Daisy was a *Poet's child* ! a beauteous little child, so pure and free from guile, given to shed a ray of holy light upon the poet's heart and guide *him* to the heavenly land.

'Twas a beautiful little one, with speaking eyes and golden hair that clustered round her sunny brow in long, wavy curls, and nestled lovingly on two ivory shoulders which a sculptor would have loved to copy ; and her step was light and fairy-like as the touch of her dimpled hand, pressing the ground gently as a snow-flake. 'Twas pleasant to watch her buoyant motions as she flitted like a humming-bird about.

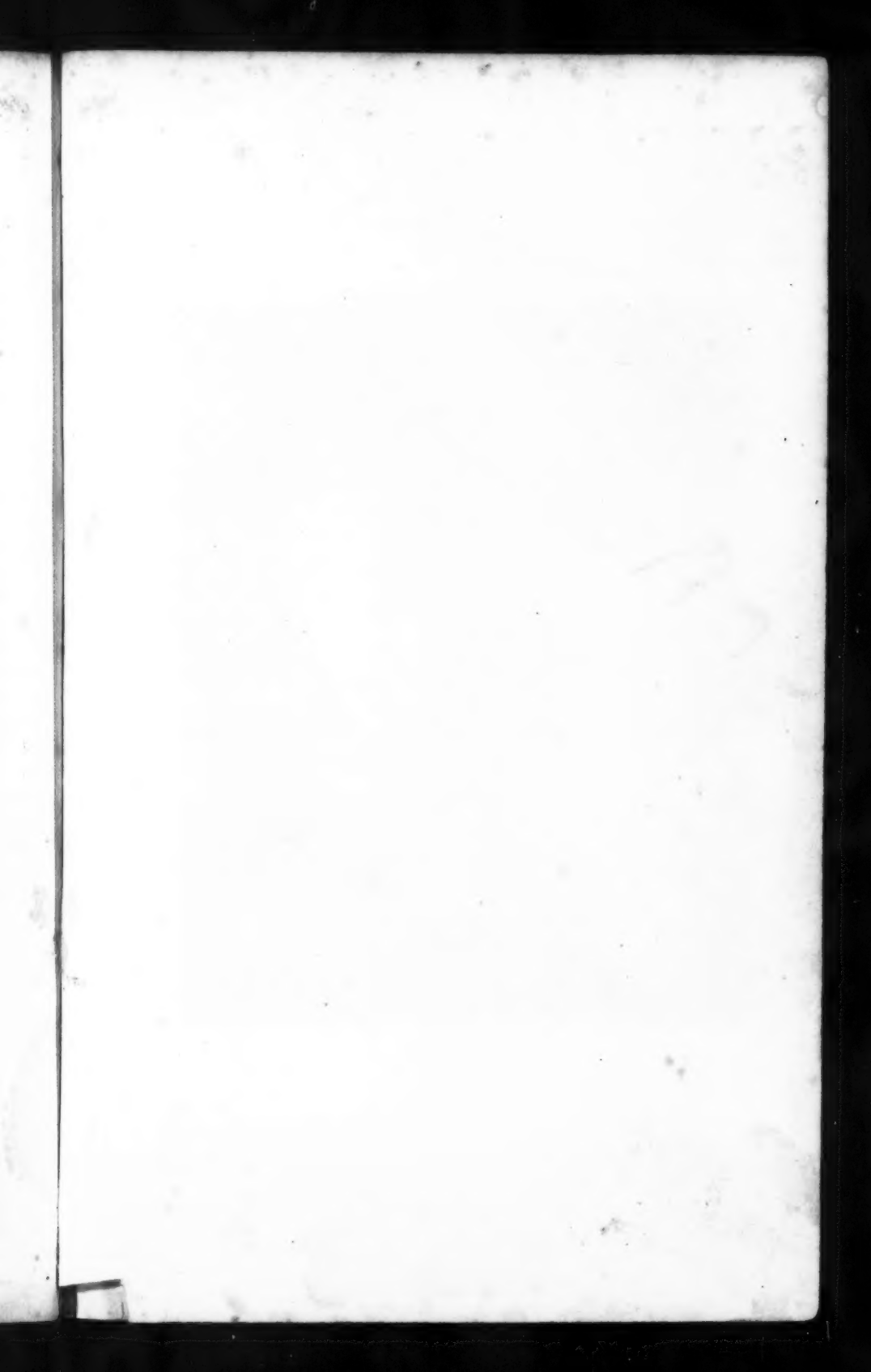
Now, she was threading the steep, uneven hill-side, picking her way daintily along, over grey old rocks and broad leaves that hardly felt the impress of her little feet, gathering the velvet moss or picking from the opened burr the chestnut out of its downy bed. Then, with the poetic eye of childhood, gathering some deep-dyed leaflet of red or yellow hue, more beautiful to her admiring eye than painter's art could make it, or shading her angel beauty with its broad leaf, and laughing in childish glee at the happy thought. Anon, she stands alone at a mountain gorge, above a singing brook, than which none is less *idle* in that wild region ! spanned by a single plank and hand rail. The waters that go rushing in such haste on its rock-ribbed bed below, ere they mingle quietly again with the Hudson,

but a moment ago were gliding peacefully along in the little brooklet that murmurs but a few hundred yards above her head. One false step, one sensation of distrust, and that little form would be in the wild, remorseless grasp of the rushing torrent below. *It* knows no difference between that sunny-hearted child—a father's hope and a mother's joy—and the autumn leaf it bears so lightly upon its crested bosom. But she thinks naught of danger; loving trust fills her little soul with confidence. The splashing of the torrent is to her but the shrill chorus of the wild bird's song that is trilled from the spray-sprinkled twig, or echoed back in more piercing sounds from the rocky crags and lofty hill-tops from above.

The gems of a royal casket sparkle at her feet in the innumerable dew drops that blink in the sunshine. Music, nature's own sweet orchestra, sweeps over the Æolian strings of the young child's soul, and her blue eye is fixed with the earnestness of one, "more elder than her looks," indeed, upon the blue ether, that hangs pendant on the opening between the tree tops, as if she fancied their sweeter sounds dropped from behind that heavenly curtain. No discord disturbs her joyous harmony; no doubts and fears that come with later years, yet lodge in her childish heart. Now she is pure and lovely as the earthling can be here. Oh! what is thy *future*, sweet, petted child? Oh, may it be earnest, and truthful, and kind. The angels are watching thee tenderly now! Oh! may we not believe they welcome that mother's prayer for her darling with a peculiar joy?

All that is purest and holiest in man's sinful nature, is touched by the artless simplicity of early childhood. The soul gushes out yearningly after its light-hearted joyousness. Is it not beautiful to see the white-haired old man, as, in imitation of his Divine Master, he takes the little children in his arms to bless? This little spirit is a strong golden link in the chain of love, that may yet draw the wanderer to its home with the loved and lost of earlier and better years. The holy, heaven-directing influence of early childhood, untainted by contact with the selfish world, spending its morning life with nature and with God, it is powerful—stronger than the labored plea that wisdom urges, or the eloquence of unmatched oratory. Oh! "in those bright fields of the better land," many a bright, beautiful Daisy will bloom in fadeless glory. Shall the earthly love that has watched with anxious solicitude each new found petal of character as it opened on earth, be denied this guardianship in the better land?

Is it strange that, as the rough influences of the world sweep over and chill our soul, we should turn our heart backward to that Idle Wild and its just budding treasure?





B. V. C. R.

T. Pollock

The Marys at the tomb of Christ





Pearl Rose

I O L A .

BY INEZ.

I.

IN a yellow farm-house, just out of the village of Linden, lived Henry Strickland ever since his good old father had died and left him the farm as his sole inheritance. Though born and bred in the country, Henry was well-educated, and possessed a lively and cultivated imagination. But being an industrious youth, and poor withal, his ardent fancy thus far had only served to brighten his daily toil with dreams of what might be.

Down the hill, nestled among cherry-trees and rose-bushes, stood a little cottage, where dwelt the widow Hale and her daughter Lucy. Here, in summer afternoons, would Henry often come, and while Lucy plied the needle which earned her daily bread, he would enliven her solitude by his friendly gayety.

Lucy was no rustic beauty. She was never the belle of country merry-makings ; but there was a sweetness in her face and repose in her manner, which well supplied the lack of rosy cheeks and faultless features. Her brown hair was parted simply on her forehead ; and her clear, blue eyes shone beneath with a quiet, steady lustre. They fell beneath Henry's most careless glance ; but when they *did* meet his, there was a depth and clearness in their gaze that haunted him long afterward.

Sometimes, in winter evenings, he would take with him some thrilling book, and read until midnight to the widow and her daughter, to whose poverty books were a forbidden luxury. And every spring he took his spade and went down to the cottage to make Lucy's flower-beds. Then in July, when his birth-day came, Lucy would gather the best of her pinks and roses, together with a hollyhock or two, and carry them up to adorn his breakfast table. Thus it had been ever since they were children.

But suddenly there came a change. Henry's rich uncle, whose namesake he was, died and left him sole heir to his immense wealth. Henry had scarcely ever seen his uncle, who had been a lonely, misanthropic man, and therefore his pleasure in his suddenly acquired wealth, was not clouded by grief or mourning. He soon made Lucy the confidant of his new fortune. She received the news with a silent tranquillity which surprised him.

"You do not seem surprised or pleased, Lucy," said he. "I thought you would rejoice in your friend's fortune."

"I *am* glad for you, Henry," was her quiet reply, and the earnest look which accompanied it, told that it was sincere.

"Then why do you look so sad? Do you think that I shall find the society of my old friends less sweet, now that I am rich? *Can* you think so, Lucy?"

"Oh, no!" said Lucy, cheerfully. "You are too kind-hearted to let anything come between you and your friends. But you must forgive me that such a foreboding did cross my mind for a moment."

"You are freely pardoned," said Henry gaily, "and in token I give you this rose," and he tossed her a half-blown blush rose which he had been twirling in his fingers. "Now give *me* something to remember this day by," he said, as he lingered a moment at the gate. Lucy gathered a handful of pansies, and tying them with a blue ribbon, pressed them between the leaves of a volume of the Faery Queen which Henry had lent her, and having written the date on the margin, gave it to him. With a glad wave of the hand he bade her good bye, but, as he walked with his quick, firm step up the hill, Lucy stood and looked after him, while, all unbidden, a tear dropped on her hand. Poor Lucy! Her prophetic woman's heart told her it was no good news to her.

The yellow house grew smaller and meaner every day in Henry's eyes, until in due time it was torn down, and in its place rose a large, white mansion, with long windows opening on a stately piazza. Of course, while Henry was overseeing all this, there was little time to remember his neighbors, and so his visits to the cottage began to grow very rare. Sometimes, on a Sunday, he would look over to the widow's pew, and meet Lucy's soft eyes timidly glancing from under her cottage straw, and he would inwardly reproach himself for his neglect, and resolve to spend the next evening with her. But the resolve was quickly forgotten in the excitement of the following day.

At last the house was finished, and very proudly did Henry Strickland walk through his stately rooms, filled with all the elegancies that wealth and taste could furnish. "How queenly should the lady be, who will preside over all this splendor!" he said inwardly.

Henry had always been a dreamer and a worshiper of beauty. A vision of loveliness was ever present with him; a face and form of seraphic beauty floated before his daily paths. But of late his romantic fancy received a new impulse, and as the image of the gentle Lucy became more and more effaced; as his heart became more and more wedded to his wealth; and a false pride and ambi-

tion took the place of his early love, his half-forgotten ideal shone before him with new splendor. Some rarely beautiful, richly endowed being must come and add the crowning grace to his luxuriant home.

Having abundant means, he resolved to gratify his long cherished desire to travel. With his golden key he would unlock the treasures of the world. He would walk the streets of illustrious cities, he would look on the mountains and rivers, the temples and palaces, the pictures and statues, the glowing descriptions of which, in books of travel, had so often enraptured his mind. He would hear, too, the music of the Sistine Chapel; he would drink in the sweetness of *Miserere* and the glory of the *Te Deum*. Oh foolish, man! not to know that the music of one loving heart is worth them all!

So absorbed he now became in preparation for his long absence, that he forgot to call and bid good-bye to Lucy Hale, who sat up until the village-clock struck twelve, the evening before his departure, thinking he would surely come and say just one parting word, for the sake of old times. In vain she fed her sad heart with remembrances of all his former kindness and affection, and satisfied its meek complaints with generous excuses for his neglect. The little candle went out in its socket, the fire died on the hearth, and still he did not come.

II.

Henry was in Italy. Through England, France and Switzerland he had wandered; and now, weary with travel, he had reached the goal of his wishes, his journey's end. His travels had been rich in wonder and delight. His eyes had feasted on fair works of art and fairer scenes of nature, and now he was in Florence, the world's cradle of art. But a strange, homesick feeling was taking possession of him. He was beginning to long for a sight of the familiar fields, yes, and the peculiar faces, too, of his home; he would give more for a violet from his mother's grave, than for a sight of the fairest picture in Florence.

Full of such feelings as these, he wandered forth one morning to take a last look at the beautiful city which he meant to leave forever on the morrow. As he passed through the market-place, his eye fell on a little Italian girl, who, barefooted and bareheaded, was selling flowers to the passers by. Struck by her wonderful beauty and the beseeching glance of her large, passionate eyes, he stopped and bought a bunch of roses. With a brilliant smile the little one received his money and then turned to another purchaser. But Henry gazed after her with a suddenly awakened interest. Though

clothed in scanty rags, it was the face and form that had haunted all his dreams of beauty ; she and none other was his long sought ideal ! Unsatisfied he had looked on the proudest beauties of foreign lands—the face of this poor and evidently neglected child surpassed them all. Lost in this new and strange reverie, he wandered on, heedless of his path, until he found himself again by the little Italian's flower stand. Several times, during the day, he passed her, and each time an arch and winning glance from her beautiful eyes, showed that she recognized him. At last he stopped and asked her name, at the same time purchasing a fresh bouquet.

"Iola," was the reply, with a look of wonder at the stranger's interest in her.

"Well, Iola, I wish to see you again. Will you bring some flowers to my rooms to-morrow morning?"

"Where do you live?" asked Iola.

He told her, and promised to buy all the flowers she would bring him.

"Then I will come early, before it is time for me to go to the market-place," she answered smiling ; and musing on the day's adventure, Henry Strickland walked away.

The next morning, with her basket well-filled, Iola stood promptly at the stranger's door. He gave her a gold piece for her flowers, and then, by skillful questions, elicited her history from her.

She was an orphan, and lived with her old grandmother, whom she supported by selling flowers. In touching accents, she told the story of her old home in the south of Italy, where the sun always shone on her ; of first her father's, then her mother's death, and of her coming to her aged grandmother, her only friend on earth ; of their poverty before she was able to do anything ; and then she proudly enumerated the comforts which her little trade now obtained for her grandmother.

Henry listened with the deepest interest, and then, in glowing colors, painted to her vivid fancy, his own home, in the far, free land of America.

"Oh, I should love to go there !" she exclaimed when he had ended.

"Be my little girl and go there with me," he said, persuasively. "You have neither father nor mother, and soon your grandmother will die, and leave you alone in the world. It is a cruel world to the helpless and innocent. I will take care of you, and in my home you shall be happy as a bird."

Iola's eyes sparkled ; but instantly they drooped again, and she answered slowly—

"You are very kind to care so much for me, stranger, and I know I should be happier to go with you ; but I will never leave my grandmother. She would die of a broken heart, if I should go from her, for she has only me."

Henry was about to reply ; but, as if fearing the power of his persuasion, she sprang lightly away, and before he could call her back, she had disappeared.

But the next morning she came again, and offered her flowers, and talked gaily and innocently of the far-off land which Henry had described to her. Day after day, she came for a few moments at least, until he watched for her with an absorbing interest which grew upon him almost unconsciously. To take this beautiful child to his own country—to educate her, and bring her up in his own home, and, when she should have reached the full bloom of womanhood, to make her his wife,—was the plan which had captivated his imagination.

Three months passed, and still he lingered, though each day he felt that he ought to cast aside this vision and leave this land of enchantment.

One morning, pale, weeping, Iola ran to his door, and sank on the threshold in an agony of tears. Full of sympathy, he raised her to his arms, and asked the cause of this wild and sudden sorrow. In broken accents she told him that on waking that morning, she had gone as usual to her grandmother's bed to help her dress, but could not wake her. Terrified at last, she called for help, when it was discovered that she was dead. She had died noiselessly in her sleep.

"Alas ! I have no friend on earth !" cried the poor orphan, and she again began to sob.

"No ; do not say so," said Henry Strickland, wiping away her tears. I will be your friend and guardian now, dear Iola. Cheer up ! my beautiful child. You shall go with me, and I will take care of you always."

"And will you always love me ?" asked Iola innocently, fixing her tearful eyes on him.

"Always," said Henry, earnestly ; "you shall never know care or suffering which my love can ward from you. Come with me, and you shall be happy."

The keenness of Iola's grief was soon passed, comforted not a little by the rich dresses and jewels which her new guardian speedily procured for her, preparatory to their departure. Iola's grandmother was buried in an old graveyard, and the place marked by a small marble cross ; and in a few days afterward, Florence was left behind, and they were tossing on the deep and dangerous sea.

III.

Lucy Hale sat by her little window sewing. The breath of June came in, fanning her fair, white forehead, and she thought with a deep longing, of the fields wet with dew and blue with violets, of the calm green woods full of wild flowers, where it would be such heavenly refreshment for her to wander all day long. But she must work early and late ; for, strive and save as she might, they were growing poorer.

"I declare ! the windows of Henry Strickland's house are all wide open, and the carriage is at the door. I shouldn't wonder if he got home last night. His house-keeper told me she expected him this week."

So said old Mrs. Hale, as she peered out of the window, shading her eyes with her hand. Lucy quietly laid down her work and walked to the window where her mother stood. As she looked, the hall-door, which had been so long closed, opened, and out bounded a little girl, with raven ringlets tossing under her gypsy hat, followed by Henry Strickland, who lifted her into the carriage, then taking a seat beside her, drove gaily away. It was so near that she could even hear his voice and his familiar laugh.

"It is he," said Lucy softly, and then she went back to her seat and threaded her needle, and sewed as fast as ever.

"But who is *she* ?" said old Mrs. Hale. "I'm going right up to ask Mrs. Grey ; she'll tell me the whole story." And before Lucy could interpose, Mrs. Hale's bonnet was on, and she was on her way to make Henry's housekeeper a morning call.

Henry had been two years absent ; and now as Lucy sat alone, she contrasted in her mind, these two years with the two which had preceded his departure. How desolate she had been ! There was no one to read to her in the long, silent evenings—to bring her flowers—to take a twilight walk with her. Day after day she had looked over to the dreary, shut-up house, and longed in vain to see the Henry of old times—*her* Henry—come out with his spade on his shoulder, and a smile for her in his face. Sabbath after Sabbath she had looked across the church to the empty pew, and met no glance from the bold, bright eyes of her old playmate. She had been very lonely, and often very sad.

But now he had come back, and would he not hasten to see her ? would he not come that very evening, and tell her of his travels and adventures, and say, "Have you ever thought of me, Lucy ?"

Poor Lucy ! Long and wearily shalt thou watch and wait, and

thy tender heart will scarce endure till the breaking of the day ; but be patient !

During the summer, Henry employed himself in teaching Iola the English language, and so rapid was her progress, that in autumn she was ready to begin the study of the common branches of education. At considerable expense, teachers were engaged to come from the neighboring city and give her weekly lessons. A splendid piano-forte and harp were purchased for her, and, with motherly Mrs. Grey and her warm-hearted guardian, why should she not be happy ?

One day she came dancing into the library, her dark hair wreathed with roses, and looking beautiful as a fairy in her youthful bloom. She sat down on a velvet ottoman at her guardian's side and asked,

"Who is that pale, sweet-looking lady who lives in the little white cottage ? She always smiles on me when I pass by, and to-day she beckoned to me and asked my name, and gave me all these roses," and she pointed to her wreath. "Who is that beautiful lady ?"

"Do you think she is beautiful ?" asked Henry abstractedly.

"Yes," said Iola ; "she makes me think of my dear mother, only she had large, black eyes, while this lady's are blue as the sky over Florence. But she looks like my mother when she smiles."

"She is Miss Hale," said Henry in reply to her eager look ; "Lucy Hale, my old playmate and friend."

"She always sits by the window and sews," said Iola. "Is she not very poor ?"

"She is not rich as you are," said Henry, stroking Iola's curls. "But I do not know that she is suffering."

"She is sad too," continued Iola, "as if no one loved her. Does any one love Lucy Hale ?"

"I suppose so ; everybody has some friend. And she is very good and lovely."

"Are you her friend ? Do you love Lucy ?"

Henry colored, and turned away. He was thinking how he once had loved her, and how the world had come between him and that love.

"Ah ! you do not love her," said Iola, who had been watching his countenance. "But I love her, and will tell her so. Perhaps it will make her a little happier. I wish you would let me give her something."

"Why do you wish to do so ?"

"Because she made this wreath for me, and because she looks like my mother," said Iola innocently.

"You may give her something, if you wish. Only do not give

her money ; she is too proud to receive that from a stranger, even from my generous Iola."

Two costly rings sparkled on Iola's fingers, a ruby and a diamond. She looked at them a few moments, holding her delicate hand to the light, that she might admire their sparkle.

"Would she wear one of these to please me?" said Iola.

"I do not know : you may give it to her some day, if you wish. But do not talk to me now, darling ; I have some letters to write."

Not long after, Iola came into his room again with such a downcast countenance, that he instantly laid aside his papers to discover and console her trouble.

"What ! homesick, Iola?" he exclaimed gaily. "Have you been crying to go back to Florence?"

"Oh ! no," answered Iola ; "but Lucy Hale won't take my little present."

"Ah !" said Strickland ; but somehow her refusal did not surprise him. "Tell me all about it."

"I went down to the cottage early this morning, and Lucy smiled to see me and asked me to come in. I went in and sat down beside her, and told her all about my old home ; how you had found me selling flowers, and had been so good to me, and brought me home with you when my poor grandmother died. And she was so interested, that she sat looking in my face and did not touch her work while I was talking. Then I told her how like my beautiful mother she looked, and taking off my ruby ring, put it on her finger, which is as small as mine. She smiled very pleasantly ; but when I told her she must wear it, she changed color, and pushed it from her finger. I begged her to keep it, telling her it was much finer than the plain little ring she wore ; but her face flushed as if she were angry, and she said, she would not give that plain ring for all the jewels in the world. Then she was pale again, and begged me to tell no one what she had said."

"Why did you not keep her secret then?" said Henry, sternly and with a strange look in his eyes.

"I always tell *you* everything," said Iola winningly. "Is it wrong?"

"No," was the hesitating reply. "But you must not go to the cottage so often. You are so much younger than Lucy that she cannot care for you and will grow tired of you."

"She *does* like me," said Iola, "and I like her, too. But my music master is coming !" and in her quick, impulsive way, she sprang to meet her Italian teacher, greeting him in their own language.

Why did Henry Strickland turn so pale and his heart beat with such a smothered pain? Long ago, in a dream of youthful love, not the less true because unspoken, he had placed that little ring on Lucy's finger, on leaving home for the first time. The gift had long been forgotten. Was the love forgotten too? Henry took down the Faery Queen from his book-shelves, and opened to the withered bunch of pansies. A painful emotion choked him, but after a single glance, he put the volume back, and hastened to the drawing-room to forget his self-reproaches in the sound of Iola's harp.

Guido Molteni was a bashful Italian youth, whom Iola had seen at the house of a playmate, and on discovering that he was her countryman, she had been unceasingly urging her guardian to employ him as her music teacher. Henry had hardly liked the idea at first, fearing that she would not become so easily attached to her new home, if constantly reminded of the old, by associating with one whose language and recollections were the same; but so earnest was she, so eagerly did she promise to devote herself to music that she might please her guardian, that he at last consented. Several months had elapsed, and Henry himself had become attached to the quiet, modest Italian, and Iola was such a child, and every day growing more and more fond of himself, that he felt that there could be no danger. So he sat in the drawing-room, half reclining on a velvet couch, and while he listened to the musical voices of Guido and Iola, blending harmoniously in a Venetian chant, he dreamed of the day when Iola, in all her glorious beauty, should be his alone.

IV.

Five years passed away, and Iola was no longer a child, but a brilliant, beautiful girl of eighteen. Her regal beauty would have become a throne; her air was that of a princess, yet underneath her splendid exterior, a rich, warm heart was beating, worth more than all her beauty. With intense pride her guardian looked on her, as in her youthful grace she moved among hosts of admirers, and with still greater satisfaction could not perceive that she favored any.

It was her eighteenth birth-day, and a brilliant party was to be gathered, in the evening, at Mr. Strickland's mansion, in honor of his ward. As she sat in the morning, in her own room, selecting from her almost regal wardrobe the dress and laces and jewels to be worn the coming evening, a servant entered and laid a little box on her dressing table. Iola waited until she had retired, and then, with suddenly flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, opened the box,

which contained only a bunch of moss rose-buds, with a card, on which was written "For Guido's sake."

A warm blush overspread the cheeks of Iola, and for some moments she sat gazing at the pencilled words, her eyes swimming with joyful tears. "They shall be worn for thy sake, Guido!" she murmured. "Diamonds and pearls are poor in comparison with these simple buds, which tell me I am loved by thee."

She placed the buds in a vase of water, and then, with a smile of new and ardent happiness, laid aside all the splendid silks and jewels she had previously been arranging. All day long, she danced around the rooms, singing and smiling, here adjusting the drapery of a curtain, there replacing a book or vase, every where adding gracefulness and beauty.

It was with no little surprise that Henry saw his ward enter the glittering rooms, attired in a white muslin entirely without ornament, excepting a single moss rosebud in her hair and a little knot of them upon her breast. But after gazing at her a moment, he was conscious that she had never looked so lovely, and was pleased with the contrast between her simplicity and the gaudiness of those around her.

But in the recess of a window stood Iola's Italian teacher, Guido Molteni, and had Henry seen the sudden brilliance of his eyes at Iola's appearance, some new light might have dawned upon him.

Before many minutes had passed, Guido was by her side, and said quickly, in Italian—

"Speak with me in the garden one moment this evening, Iola."

He did not, indeed he could not, wait for a reply, so many were crowding around her, but gliding away, stood again in the window, gazing with all an Italian's earnestness upon his Iola. For years he had been her friend and teacher, and ever since he first beheld her he had loved her and cherished the hope of one day taking her back with him to Italy. Warmly but secretly had Iola reciprocated the feeling of her young countryman, and this sudden revelation of it filled her with new and inexpressible happiness.

Several hours passed, and at last, when the company was engaged with music, Iola stole from the house into the warm and lighted garden. Many others were walking there, but none recognized her as with her mantilla wrapped about her head in the fashion of her country, she ran to a little arbor where Guido was waiting.

"I thank you a thousand times, Iola," he exclaimed. "First for wearing my poor buds, and again for meeting me here. We can be together but a few moments, and I will speak quickly. To-day I

have received important news from my family in Florence. My father, whose anger at my refusal to betroth myself to the lady of his choice, exiled me from home, is dead, and my brothers call me home to share the fortune he has left them. Shall I go, Iola?"

"How can you do otherwise?" whispered Iola. "If you loved Florence as I love it, you could not hesitate."

"I love Florence, but—I love Iola more. If she will go with me, how gladly will I return to my country and my home. But if she does not love me, even Italy, even the house of my fathers would have no charm for me. Shall I go or stay, Iola?"

For a moment the stillness in the little arbor was almost painful. Only the leaves, silver with starlight, rustled gently over them, and the murmur of distant voices blended with the whisper of the wind.

"Shall I go, Iola?"

"Go, Guido," said Iola softly, placing her hand in his—"henceforth thy people are my people, thy home, my home."

It was the evening of the following day. Iola sat in the open bay window, half reclining on a velvet couch, looking fairy like in the soft moonlight. How beautiful were her dreams! They were of Guido, of Florence, of lasting and happy love.

The door opened and her guardian entered. So much had she been admired the previous evening, that he thought it high time to secure the beautiful prize. With a heart full of pride and hope he came towards her and sat down by her.

"Oh, I am so happy!" said Iola, turning her shining face towards him, for already she longed to impart her new joy to her best friend.

"That is glad news," said Henry, smiling. "But tell me what makes you so happy."

"Oh, every thing!" replied Iola. "You are kind to me, I am happy now, and life in the future looks bright to me."

"So it always shall," replied Henry. "I mean to make your life always bright and beautiful as it is now. You shall not have a wish unheeded—all that I have shall be yours."

"My dear guardian!" exclaimed Iola—"How can I deserve all this goodness?"

"By loving me," answered Henry.

"You know that I love you dearly," replied she, "and I always shall. Have you not been the cause of all my happiness in life?"

"But, Iola! Iola!" stammered Henry, rather confused by this frank and childlike confession, "will you love me more than all others? Will you be my wife, Iola?"

For a moment Iola's large eyes were fixed on his face with intense

surprise, then bursting into passionate tears, she sprang away from him and hurried to her own room. Scarcely a moment, however, had passed, before she returned, having regained her usual repose, though her voice trembled as she stood before him and began to speak. Mute with astonishment and disappointment, he listened.

"Dear guardian," she said, "I should be the most ungrateful of beings if I did not love you, for you have been father and brother and friend to me. You are all I have in the world, except—Guido Molteni, and, next to Guido, you are dearer to me than all others. But before I had forgotten my first homesickness, Guido came here, himself an exile from the same home, speaking the same language, remembering the same scenes, and—forgive me! how could I help loving him? But never till yesterday did a word pass between us which meant more than friendship."

"I have lost all!" exclaimed the disappointed man, and covered his face. Iola, trembling and tearful, knelt beside him.

"Do not say so," dear guardian. I shall always love you. Let me be your daughter, your child, as I was when you brought me from Florence. Though I go there to live with Guido, I shall not love you the less."

"What! are you going to leave me utterly? Oh, Iola! Iola! How little I thought when I brought you here, that it was only to brighten my home for a little while, and then leave it more desolate than ever. But I forgive you. I see all my folly at last. I have been wholly selfish in my kindness to you heretofore. I must atone for that by giving you up. Rise, Iola!" he said, making an effort at cheerfulness. "Wipe away your tears. You may go with Guido, since you love him better than me, and I will try to look on you only as my child. My beautiful Iola! how I have gloried in you!"

At this moment Guido was seen approaching, and after a moment of painful hesitation, Henry bade Iola call him into the library.—Guido entered, his fine eyes beaming with love and happiness, and after a few earnest questions from Henry, received his generous consent to their union.

Not long afterward, Iola wore again a white robe and white roses in her hair, and from the hand of her guardian, Guido received his bride. And from the hour when he looked for the last time on the smiling faces of Guido and Iola, as they stood on the deck of the outward-bound ship, which was to convey them to their own land, the life of Henry Strickland wore a new aspect. His selfish scheme had failed, but, after a severe inward struggle, he became convinced that he needed but a good aim in life to be even happier than be-

fore. He had lived thus far for himself alone ; hereafter he would strive for the good and happiness of others.

As soon as he began to put this resolve into practice, new pleasure and content flowed in upon him. He sought out and comforted the poor, and their gratitude filled him with a delight unknown before. He mingled with zeal in all works of public interest, and soon the blessings of those he had benefitted, and the esteem of old and young, elevated him to a manly dignity and honor, to which, in his days of gaiety, he had never even aspired.

And Lucy ? Her heart beat with warm, generous bounds as she heard his praises, and though it seemed so hopeless, she loved him better, because with more reverence, than in earlier, happier days.

One day, at sunset, as she sat at work, that poor little heart of hers gave a sudden great bound of mingled joy and fear as she saw Henry Strickland open the garden gate. With tremulous haste she smoothed the soft hair from her forehead, and adjusted her blue neck-ribbon, as Henry entered.

"I happened to call on poor widow Lane a few minutes ago," said he, without waiting to sit down, "and she seems failing very fast. She begged me to come for you, Lucy. Will you go and watch with her this evening ?"

"It is almost dark," said Lucy, glancing timidly from the window and dreading the long walk to the widow's hut.

"I will go with you," said Henry, and without further words Lucy prepared to accompany him.

The poor old woman uttered a cry of joy as Lucy's sweet face appeared in the doorway.

"God bless you !" she said. "I knew you would come to see me die, for you have taught me the truths both of life and death. May your life be as peaceful as my death, Lucy Hale."

Henry gazed in mute astonishment during this warm greeting, looking with mingled admiration and wonder on Lucy, who, half afraid, yet serenely calm, smoothed the old woman's pillow and cooled her burning forehead.

"Mr. Strickland," said the widow, "you have been good to me. You have helped me wonderfully during this last sickness of mine, but if you wish to know what charity is, learn of this poor girl."

"Oh, hush ! do not talk so !" whispered Lucy, pale with agitation, but the old woman *would* speak.

"Many a time when she had but little herself, she has shared it with me, because I was so helpless. Many a time I have eaten of her own scanty loaf, and often, after a day of hard work, she has

watched all night by my sick bed. Lucy Hale, when you get to heaven, God will reward you—I cannot.”

Lucy timidly glanced at Henry. His eyes were fixed on her with a strange softness. He, who had once cared for nothing but beauty, was beginning to learn that there is no love like that between conjugal minds, having one purpose, one hope, one happiness in life.—He drew nearer and leaned over the bed to hear the widow's now broken and indistinct words. There was no need to watch there long. In a half hour she was dead.

Some neighbors were called in, and Henry and Lucy walked homeward. They did not mention the scene they had just witnessed; both were too full of emotion, but they talked of the past and their old friendship.

“Those were happy times, were they not, Lucy?”

“Yes, they were very happy,” said Lucy, with her eyes bent on the ground.

“There have been none since so happy,” continued Henry, “but I do not judge by that, that there never can be. We are both richer in the wisdom of life than we were in those careless, happy days.—We have learned lessons of charity and self-sacrifice, and are better and will be happier for them. Is it not so, Lucy?”

And Lucy answered “yes,” though the remembrance of all the sorrow through which she had passed, made her heart less hopeful than his.

A year is past. Henry Strickland sits again in his library, reading a letter from Iola, and a smile of real pleasure lights up his face as he reads the light-hearted words traced by her who was once his idol, now loved with a chastened and paternal affection.

“You are the source of all my happiness,” writes Iola. “Had you not taken me and cared for me in your pleasant home, I might have been this day a beggar, instead of an educated, a beloved and happy woman. Had it not been for you, I should never have met Guido, who daily grows dearer; I should not have been writing this letter to-day from the sweetest home in Florence.”

“Thank God! I have made one being happy,” said Henry, as he folded the letter. “Those years devoted to Iola were not spent in vain. They have brought the rich reward of happiness to her, and, I trust, wisdom to myself. But more than this, they have tried and proved one affection which was not founded in vanity or ambition, but was and is purity and holiness itself. Gentle, forgiving Lucy! My whole life shall atone for these years of your trial and sorrow.”

As he thought thus, he bent his steps towards the cottage, where now again he was a frequent visitor. Lucy met him with a beauti-

ful smile, and even laid aside the everlasting needle, to entertain him. The rose bloomed again in her cheeks and the light in her eyes, for she was the betrothed of Henry Strickland, so long and faithfully beloved. She listened with delight to the letter from Iola, and then the little table was drawn out, and both sat down together to pen a long and cheerful reply.

"These things all happened long ago,"

and now the house of Henry Strickland is a bright and happy homestead, made ever sunny by the presence of his cheerful wife, and ever musical by the voices of children, among whom the gayest and loveliest is a little golden-haired Iola.

THE STRANGER.

BY J. H. NONES.

WHERE blooms the harebell in the perfumed glade,
And twines the wild rose round the fallen tree ;
There sleeps unheeded in his grass-grown bed,
A man of hapless destiny.

Above his head on early summer morn
The plaintive black-bird to his mate doth call,
And the last sunbeams linger on the spot
Where dew-drops softly fall.

None knew from whence he came—his lip was mute,
He craved no charity, to be denied,
But laid his head upon his mother earth,
And there he died.

With wild conjecture many a tale was told
Of hopeless love, of crime, and haunting fear,
And he was borne to fill a nameless grave,
But Pity shed no tear.

The whistling plough-boy, as he passes by,
Looks 'round with fear, and quickly trudges on
By the lone turf where the forgotten lies,
Forgotten save by One.

And yet perchance from out the cottage door,
His wife hath watched and called upon his name ;
The prattling child upon his mother's knee,
Asked for his sire who never came.

And days, and weeks, and years have passed away,
The villagers with ill dissembled stare
No longer tell of him who sought the glade,
And perished there.

But yet the moon when sailing through the sky,
Throws flakes of gold o'er the neglected head ;
And forms unseen that ever hover near—
Know that he is not dead.

JUAN PONCE DE LEON.

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BY FRANCES CHESBORO.  
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SILENTLY the misty veil of the past is drawn aside, and we behold the ocean waves roll in upon the shores of the new world, as more than three centuries ago, they lay in unexplored beauty. For five days a small fleet has been hovering near the coast, unable to land on account of the tempestuous sea and dangerous currents. At length the deep is calm, and the vessels float at anchor, amid all the splendors of a tropical night. The sparkling waves dash against the richly carved prows, but no sound rises from the motley throng, who with such varied hopes and interests crowd those frail barks. A solitary figure stands upon the deck of the flag ship, apparently watching the Southern cross. "Tis past midnight," at length he ejaculates, "the cross begins to bend." Turning to the east he beholds the sky grow bright, but not with the light of stars, the moon is rising, and as the slanting beams strike the deck, they are flashed back by the glittering armor which encases his giant form. Motionless stands the warrior—but the blood courses with lightning speed, through his veins, as the breeze fans his worn cheek. That breeze is from the land, for surely the breath of flowers, the fragrance of groves of balm, mingles with its freshness. And why wakes the stern commander to its call, while his followers are sleeping?

A mighty ambition burns, a quenchless fire in the breast of that lonely man, kindled, not by the thirst for wealth and power alone, but for an undying fame. Yes! the companion of Columbus aspires to add a second world to the dominions of Spain, an enterprise, which if successful, will render the name of Juan Ponce de Leon second only in glory to that of the adventurous Genoese. But already he is old—ever foremost among the gallant hosts who wrested Granada from the Moor, had flashed his conquering sabre. Bearing the scars won in many a hard fought battle, the aged soldier had left home and kindred, to join the chivalry of the Ocean, believing that in the New World to which he hastened, there awaited him triumphs more glorious than those of the Cæsars. For did not that world, rich with gold and gems, contain also the Fountain of youth, the charm of whose waters should be more potent than the sparkling drops of the fabled Elixir of Life? And that he might

discover this fountain—believed in even by Spain's wisest sages—why should the brave old Castilian doubt? True! he had drank of the purest waters that sparkled among the orange groves of the Bahamas, and still his cheek was sunken, and furrowed, his thin gray locks bore no resemblance to the black curls his plumes had shaded in manhood—no returning vigor nerved his sometimes faltering arm. But when the sacred wave yet to be discovered had stamped the seal of youth upon his brow, who should set bounds to his achievements? What wonder that his heart beat wildly against his iron mail? The moon paled in midheaven, and the brilliant colors of the Orient were reflected where the green waters of the Atlantic mingle with the deep blue of the Ocean river, along whose rapid current his vessels were borne. Up sprang the tropical sun, deluging with glory the forest shore of that unknown land, which for days had mocked his longing sight. A sudden light flashed from the dark eyes of the veteran as he contemplated the El-Dorado of his hopes. He had gazed upon the vega of Granada, Andalusia's crowning glory, the dreamlike beauty of the Alhambra still lingered in his memory—yet "never" he murmured, had he beheld a scene like *this*. Down the gently sloping hill-side, swept the rich forest of oak, chesnut, and palm. Where the magnolias waved their white flowers by the river side, the scarlet flamingo stalked, its gorgeous plumage vieing with the bright-hued flowers that loaded every shrub. "It shall be called Pascua Florida," he exclaimed, "the Feast of Flowers, for to-day from every cathedral in old Castile, the Easter bells are pealing, and the joyous salutation, Christ is risen, is echoed throughout the length and breadth of Spain." A shout of joy bursts from the crews who now swarmed the decks, as the boat of the commander was lowered, and another rent the air, as Ponce de Leon stood in triumph on the shore of the Land of Flowers.

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Ten years have passed away,—the bold adventurer, although he has searched vainly for the fountain, yet believes that he has discovered, instead of an island, a continent overflowing with wealth.—He has visited Spain, and returned with an Armada, furnished by his king, to subdue the country of which he is appointed ruler. But the elements have fought against him, and his brave band, even when safely landed, have been no match for the numerous and powerful tribes, who contested with them every foot of soil. They had given up at length the unequal strife, and borne away their leader, dangerously wounded, to his island home. Deeply chagrined, he thought only of the failure of his last enterprise, forgetting that he

had won a deathless name by his discoveries, and opened the path for a civilization which should soon spread over the fair Western World.

Yet once more we will gaze upon the wounded warrior. It is night, and the golden tropical moonlight streams softly through the groves of the Queen of the Antilles. The fire-flies, glancing through the shade, flash a strange, inconstant light upon the snowy flowers and glowing fruit of the Orange trees, as the breeze from the sea gently sways their branches. On through a garden, beautiful as our dreams of Eden, sweeps the west wind, stirring in its course the half parted curtains, which separate that garden from a gorgeous room, where all night a mighty struggle has been going on—a strong spirit striving to free itself from a worn-out frame. The richly emblazoned banner of Spain, fills and sways, slowly above the couch, where the dying soldier had willed it to be hung. He is apparently sleeping. The light from the silvery lamps falls softly upon his pale forehead, and thin, white hair. His attendants scarce dare to breathe, lest his delirium should return. Suddenly the sleeper starts—then springs up erect, and in the flash of that dark, burning eye, we recognize the eagle glance of Ponce de Leon. His mind is wandering; and again beneath the royal banner, Juan the lion hearted, tramples upon the jewelled crest of the Moor, and his hoarse war cry of Isabella and Castile, disturbs the solemn night. Far away on the sunny slopes of Andalusia, his spirit is revelling, in the stormy joy of fight, and the shout of “down with the infidel,” bursts from his parched lips. Ah! now the dream is over, the strength of fever is exhausted, and the light of returning consciousness gleams in his still brilliant eye. With a voice low and broken, he murmurs—“In thee, O Jesus, I trust, I have sinned, but thou hast forgiven.” Wearily he sinks back upon his pillow: the body—for which the youth-giving waters had been so eagerly and vainly sought—gave up its trust; the fired soul—may we not thus hope?—found at length a fountain springing up to everlasting life.

THAT an author's work is the mirror of his mind, is a position that has led to very false conclusions. If Satan himself were to write a book, it would be a praise of virtue, because the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation.

OH! FOR A HOME.

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BY HELEN DRUCE.  
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Oh! for a home amid the hills,
Or on some sea-girt shore;
A home beneath the arching trees,
Whence I might rove no more.

My limbs are weary, and my heart
More weary far than they;
Yet on before me stretches still
My hot and dusty way.

Oh! for a shelter from the sun,
From this fierce noon-tide glare!
Oh! for some cool, sequestered shade
Afar from noise and care!

Some quiet spot, some humble nook,
Where strife is all unknown;
Where I may nestle peacefully
At home, my home, mine own.

Oh! I have wrought too long, my hands
Grow nerveless day by day;
My heart grows swiftly old and cold,
And swift my powers decay.

The world is stern—a woman I,
Hand unto hand alone
With straining nerves, and bursting heart,
Against its strength am thrown.

I long, I faint for rural joys;
A home beneath the trees,
Where all day long the checkered light
Plays gently with the breeze.

Give me but these, I ask no more.
Oh! let me go and dwell
Within some blessed Ark of Peace,
Far from the world's wild swell.

I *knew* the world had naught for *me*,
But scourge, and cross, and thorn,
And, with desire, I prayed to live
And die where I was born.

Oh! long I strove in trembling fear,
To hide me in the shade,
The fragrant shadows, still and calm,
My native mountains made.

THE PILGRIM.

But Fate, with strong, relentless hand,
From out that covert warm,
Dragged me, and cast me headlong to
The ever rushing storm.

A scared and shivering waif I tossed
At first on every blast;
Or feebly cowered before the winds
That keenly whistled past.

Anon a wild and desperate strength
Within my soul awoke;
And all the cankerous bonds of fear
My groaning spirit broke.

I grappled with the heavy hand
That bruised my heart and head,
And wrestled as a woman can
For shelter and for bread.

But now I sigh for weariness,
And from my burdened breast
The vain, though earnest cry goes forth,
Home! give the weary rest.

THE PILGRIM.

~~~~~  
BY HADASSAH.  
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I saw amid this world's vast wilderness,
A weary pilgrim, soiled and travel-stained,
Bearing a burden through the tangled brake;
Faint were his steps and slow, for fiercely beat
The mid-day sun on his uncovered head,
And oft the briars clung about his feet,
And marked his path in blood. Yet still no pause
Delayed his onward course; but trustingly
His eyes were raised to heaven, and his brow
Shone with a holy meekness, so serene,
So pure, so beautiful in childlike love,
I envied while I gazed. "And how," I asked,
"Canst thou bear such a load and not repine?"
Still uncomplainingly he turned his glance,
And answered in a half reproachful tone:
"My Saviour bore much more than this for me,
When on the cross he hung in bitter woe,
The guiltless for the guilty, and that love,
That sacrificed so much, I surely now
May trust to guide me onward in the way
That he deem best, till I shall lave my feet
In the cool stream of life, and rest for aye
In Jesus' arms." And with a smile he passed
With quickened step along the toilsome road. I heard
And learned a lesson for life's coming hours.

ELLEN MANFRED:
OR THE PATH OF DUTY THE BEST.

BY MRS. M. M. M. PINNEY.

It was Christmas eve. The bright, glorious stars had hid themselves behind the stormy clouds, and the wind blew chill and cold, scattering the flakes of snow with a wild unrest. Notwithstanding all this, there was warmth and comfort in the house of Harry Herbert. In the pleasant sitting-room a happy group was gathered, consisting of himself and wife, and his eldest brother with his two children,—One of the latter was a promising boy of about twelve years, with brown curls clustering above a pair of happy blue eyes. The other was a girl of nine summers, with a disposition that turned every shadow into sunshine.

"See, Charley, see!" exclaimed the sister, as she looked out into the street; "there is a poor little girl with no shoes, and no bonnet on! How cold she looks! I do pity her!"

"So do I, but what a beauty she is! I love her *now* if she is ragged!" said Charley, and turning to his father, he asked, "may I lead that little girl in here, where she can get warm?"

At this the group by the fire came forward, and as they saw the condition of the little girl, a thrill of sympathy ran through each heart.

"I will bring her in," said Harry Herbert kindly, and he led the almost frozen child to his fire, entreating her to sit down, but she answered, "No, I cannot stay, my poor dear mother is sick, and it is only for her I would ask your help."

Ellen Manfred and her mother had just come to the city, when the latter was taken sick, and as they had no friends there, they suffered alone until all was gone, and that day Ellen ventured forth to beg. Her young heart seemed full of sorrow, and the tears streamed down her face as she asked them to go and see her mother.

James and Harry Herbert were not the men to say "no" to entreaties like those; and when Mrs. H. had given Ellen some shoes and a warm hood and shawl, they went with her to the place she called home. It was a small, comfortless apartment, without

furniture of any kind, except the poor bed on which Mrs. Manfred lay. She was very sick, and expressed a willingness to die, were it not for Ellen. Said she, "It is a heart-rending thought that my poor girl must be left without a protector in this cold world." Harry Herbert assured her that he would be a friend and father to Ellen, and wished her to grieve no more.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. M.— with a look of soul-felt gratitude in her handsome face, "I know, I feel that prayer is not in vain!— I have spent the whole day in asking God to take care of my own little Ellen, and provide for her a home. Now my prayer is answered, thank God!"

Our friends did all they could for the comfort of Mrs. M.— and her daughter, and then returned home.

The next day was Christmas, and a happy one to Charley, and his sister Ada. They had never known any sorrow save the death of their mother, and they were then so young that they knew not how to prize her. Since that time Mrs. Harry Herbert had filled the place of a mother to them. All their joys and plans for the future were confided to "Aunt Amelia," and a loving, faithful friend she had always been.

As soon as Mrs. Herbert could leave in the morning, she went with her husband to visit Mrs. Manfred. They found her much worse than she had been the day previous, and Mr. H.— returned home with the carriage, leaving his wife to take care of her. Once during the day, while Ellen was absent from the room, the sick woman slowly raised her head, and taking a large roll from under her pillow gave it to Mrs. H.—, saying, "Please take that and put it in safe-keeping. On my Ellen's eighteenth birthday, present it to her. I do not wish it to be opened until then! You look inquiringly, but I beg you to ask me nothing!" She said this with great emotion, while the tears streamed down her face. From that time Mrs. Manfred grew rapidly worse, Mr. H.— returned, and the physician was called again, but all to no purpose. He gave it as his opinion that she could not live an hour. Ellen heard these words and for the first time seemed to realize her approaching loss. She uttered a heart-rending scream, and hid her face on the pillow. Mrs. H.— raised her head, and gently caressing her, sought to soothe her grief, but she only succeeded in partly suppressing her sobs. At this the mother seemed almost overcome, but raising her eyes toward Heaven, new strength was given her, and she said, "Come closer to me, my own little Nellie! Lay your face beside mine once more, and oh! do not grieve so! Calm yourself, darling, if you love me, and

remember I am going to be an angel. Think dear Nellie, what bliss, what glory to have an angel mother ! And if the spirits of the departed are permitted to minister to earthly loved-ones, I will be ever near you. Then darling, do not weep so, for in all your hours of sorrow I shall hover o'er you, and you will never be alone. No, *never alone !* Trust in God, and we shall meet in Heaven !" She ceased, and in a moment, while a halo of pure delight overspread her countenance she said, "I come, O take me to thy bosom, dear Saviour !" And then all was silent, so very silent that those who stood near, almost feared that Ellen's spirit had taken its flight with that of her mother.

Gently Mrs. Herbert approached, and raising Ellen in her arms, saw that she still breathed, but a heavenly smile wreathed her lips, and her whole face was radiant with joy. Perceiving that she wished to lay her head beside her mother again, Mrs. H.— said, "Dear Ellen, your mother is dead !"

"Dead, dead !" she exclaimed, "no, it cannot, *cannot* be ! It seemed so much like those happy evenings at home ! Come back to me, my mother, I *cannot live* without you ! Come again, and call me your own dear Nellie ! Come back, dear mother ! O, my mother !"

In vain they tried every act of endearment, for Ellen could not be comforted. She could not be torn from her mother. When every other effort failed, Mr. Herbert gently raised her light form in his arms, and pillowing her golden head on his bosom, bore her to the carriage, and then to her future home.

For many days after her mother's funeral, Ellen spent most of her time sitting beside her new mamma, (as she called Mrs. H.) and gazing on her mother's miniature. It had evidently been taken several years before, for there was a glow of health on her cheeks, and her golden brown hair lay in rich, luxuriant curls, like those of Ellen's, around a neck of almost snowy whiteness. Still there was the same look of purity, the same tender, holy resignation as in her last hours.

Six years had passed since Ellen first came to dwell with the Herbert family. She was very affectionate and sensitive, kind and amiable, and they already felt they had been doubly repaid for taking the stranger orphan under their care.

Each winter Charley and Ada left their country-home, and came to the city to attend school ; and for two or three years Ellen spent her summers in their joyous dwelling, but Mrs. Herbert had become an invalid, and Ellen took almost the whole care of her, only leaving

her side at recitation hours, and for an occasional visit to Charley and his sister, the friends she loved so dearly.

Now a cloud hung over Ellen's hopes for the future. Charley was about leaving them to commence his collegiate studies in O——, and she could not bear to think that for four long years she could not see that frank, happy face. But he promised to write often and long, and ever to be faithful to her—his heart's first choice, and so well did she trust him, that for a moment she forgot her grief, and smiling kindly, received his proffered kiss, and whispered "good bye"—the words which seal so *many, many* hopes forever!

Often, during his absence, did Ellen think of the parting hour, and many times she prayed that he might be true to her, but she did not ask that he might be true to his God. She did not dream that one with heart so noble, even though it were not washed by the regenerating blood of Christ, could ever forget or fail to adore the great Author of all. Had she known the influence for evil, that one mind has over another, she would have spent many long, sleepless nights in prayer that her young friend might ever have the love of God in his heart.

Ellen learned many a lesson by the bedside of the pale, suffering Mrs. Herbert, not only from books, but it was there she learned how one may "suffer and be strong." How the heart may be filled with christian light, love and joy, even when the body is suffering the severest pain. There she learned how sweet it was to have a holy trust in God. Well was it for her, in the darkness of after days, that she had learned this lesson, and well that her young heart had found a "balm" for all its woes.

Charles wrote very often to Ellen and his sister,—letters which breathed of never-dying love to them, and devotion to his studies.—Still there was a void. There was something in Ellen's heart that found no answer in these letters, though they were very dear to her. He never spoke in glowing strains of the dear Father above, never seemed to trust in an All-wise Providence, yet she could not believe that he ever could forget the God of his father. Poor girl, she did not know that even then Charles had learned to believe that there was no need of sanctifying grace in the human heart. Had she known this, her days of sorrow would have commenced sooner than they did, for she already loved him with all the ardor of a young and trusting heart; yet she knew she could never be happy with one who could not worship God with her.

The four years of Charley's absence at length expired, and he left O—— to seek his home amid the praises of the great and good.—Ellen was charmed more than ever with Charley's ease, elegance and

virtue, but she learned that he had turned from the true religion, and imbibed the doctrine of the infidel. Deep, dark and bitter was the sadness that filled her mind when she knew this, and from that time she sought (perhaps vainly) to hide from him her heart's affections.

The trial of Ellen's strength was soon to come. Charles was in haste to return to his studies, and thought he could not stay long with home and friends, however dear; but he did not wish to go again without the full assurance that Ellen was his, and finding her alone in the parlor one day he seated himself beside her and after trying vainly to converse with her on various subjects he whispered, "Nellie, dearest Nellie, say the word that shall make me perfectly happy.—Say now that you will be mine forever!"

"No, dear Charley, that may not be," answered Ellen in a sad, sweet voice.

Charles had not thought of receiving such an answer, and he looked wildly into her face to see if she really meant the words she spoke. Her face was calm and tearful, and he could read there no reason for what he deemed her strange conduct. He would have asked the reason, but he dared not trust his voice in her presence.

"Why is it that I am thus rejected, when I so fondly hoped that she was all my own?" said Charles to himself that night as he walked his room. "Why, oh why does she not love me when I worship her so wildly? Yet there may be another that she loves! But if so, why did not she or Ada tell me of this before, and not allow me to hope on until hope and joy must be crushed with one fatal blow? But I will not blame her! Never again will I reproach the pure, guileless, beautiful Nellie for my sorrow. It may be all my fault, but oh, God above, if thou art indeed an All-wise Being, take this sorrow from me! Restore again my love and lost treasure! Oh sorrow!—but I will haste away, and in searching for knowledge drown every other thought!"

Ellen's sorrow was full as deep as Charley's, but she went to her Saviour and poured out her soul in humble prayer. The struggle was severe, but God gave her strength, and though she loved Charles devotedly, and in secret wept and prayed for him, no one but Mrs. Herbert ever dreamed of her sorrow. To her Ellen made known every care and grief, and from her she received much strength to enable her to walk in the pathway of duty.

We will now take a peep at a letter written from Ada to Ellen after Charles had graduated and returned to his early home.

"*My own dear Nellie*—Every day I miss your dear presence more, and now I *must* write to you. You cannot imagine what a change has come over our Charley! He is, as I know you suspected the day he arrived, a true and devoted Christian, and, Nellie dear, I know it would do your soul good if you could hear him pray as he has several times at the family altar. Father, you know, felt very sad when C. was at home before, but now he is perfectly delighted with his appearance.

"One thing I will tell you, though I don't know certain, but I *think* Charley intends to be a *minister*! He studies the Bible a great deal now, and when he received word that Prof. Bellemont was coming to the city, I heard him tell father that he wished to go to your house and pursue his theological studies. You ought to see Lilibel Vernon more. You did not half learn her virtues the little time you were here. We all love her very much, and it is a sweet delight to hear her sing and play the harp. In one week she will be gone, and then I shall be with my *dearer* Nellie, and can tell you all I wish. Till then 'good bye.' From your loving ADA."

When Ellen read this missive her heart rejoiced that Charles was all in goodness and purity that she could wish, but still there was a sense of sadness hovering about her, for she felt that to Lilibel Vernon belonged the heart she loved so well.

"Oh!" thought Ellen, "what would I not give if I had a *poor* mother or *father* to love! God only knows how well I should love a father now in my sadness! But I have no recollections of my father. My mother never spoke to me of my father. Ah! dark and fearful were those thoughts, and I will not listen to them! I *know* my mother could never have loved one who was so unworthy of her! I *must* throw aside these thoughts. Our new teacher soon will be here—Charley and Ada and uncle James will be here, and I must be happy. Then my eighteenth birth-day soon will be here, and I have been warned by my kind father Herbert to look out for a 'present then.'"

School soon commenced, and Charles was particularly gratified to hear Ellen's and Ada's unbounded praises for the new teacher, for Prof. Bellemont and Charles were true and tried friends.

At length Ellen's birth-day arrived, and in the morning Mr. Herbert handed her a large roll, saying, "My dear daughter, this was left for you by your own mother. You will wonder that you have not known of this before, but it was her wish that you should not. We are ignorant of its contents, and if you wish, you can be alone when you open it."

Ellen was pale, but she flew to her room, and great was her astonishment as she carefully untied the ribbon to see the portrait of a man in early life, under which were the written words "This dear Ellen, is *your* FATHER."

"My darling father!" exclaimed Ellen, and for a long time, she gazed on the picture, rapt in admiration and love. The form was faultless, and the features beautiful. The hair was combed back from a noble and intellectual brow, and the eyes beamed with a gentle, loving light. Those eyes—Ellen felt that she had somewhere seen them; but, hastily rousing herself, she seized a paper that had fallen to the floor, and commenced reading. It was written by her mother with a pencil, and was much worn off, but what Ellen could read ran thus:

"*Dear child—my own Nellie* :—Probably the scenes of your early life, and those through which your friends have passed, have remained a secret to you until your eighteenth birth-day, but now you must know all. I was an only child, without many relatives that I knew. At an early age I married" (here the name was worn off, but Ellen was quite sure the first name was Alfred.) "About this time my parents died, but, blest with the love of your father, I was happy; and we passed several years with no interruption to our home comforts.

"Your father was good, kind and noble, but he had not sufficient strength of mind to resist the evil influences around him, and he fell. Yes, my own loving husband became a lover of strong drink! He strove hard against this passion, but dearly as he loved me, and fondly as he worshipped you, he could not again become what he was before, but he never was unkind! *He was always gentle in my presence!* But, Ellen, we were proud, else we should not have done what we did then. We could not bear to have our friends know that he had fallen, and so we parted, and changed our names. I do not know what name he took. I took the name of Manfred, and went with you to M——, where we remained until we came here. I did not dream how my heart would pine to hear that dear voice, and feel that loving kiss once more. If my dear husband only knew where I am, he would come to me before I die, and *O that he could!* My darling, I beg of you, as you have ever loved me, so to love the memory of your father, and if he still lives, and you ever find him, cherish him for my sake! I have prayed long and earnestly that he might be restored to the path of virtue, and live to do good to others, and I believe he will! My strength fails. From your faithful, dying

MOTHER."

Ellen was much excited during the day, and did not go to the

school-room at recitation hours. At sunset, as she stood in the library viewing her father's portrait, she exclaimed, "Would that I could find thee now, dearest father, then there would be a heart to love and sympathize with my own forever!"

"And so there may be now," said a voice close beside her. Ellen turned and saw Charles standing near her, but she made no apologies, for she deemed none necessary, and so she only smiled and whispered "Charley."

"Nellie," said he, in a gentle voice, "I think I understand *now* why you could not be mine once. Then if you do not love another, will you love *me*."

"I love no other, Charley, I ever have, and ever shall love you; but what will Lilibel think?"

"Lilibel has no claims on me, dearest. Though I never dared to intrust any one with my heart's secret, I think she knows I love you; and besides, I never could love her when the image of this dear face was constantly before my eyes. I never dreamed why I was rejected by you, until I sought and found the Saviour. Now I understand and sympathize with your feelings."

Thus quietly and happily they conversed, until Ellen's heart became happier than it had been before for many years. Then a servant came and handed Ellen a letter, and Charles withdrew while she read it. Here are its contents:

"*My dearest Ellen* :—Ever since I saw you I have been deeply interested in your welfare, and have felt a vague presentiment of what I now know to be true, that *you are my child*. As I passed your window this morning, I saw you gazing on *my picture*, and heard you exclaim, 'My darling father.' I could hardly keep from rushing in, and clasping you in my arms, but I fear you will despise me. Ah no! your precious mother never would teach you to hate one she so loved.

"I have roamed through the whole Union and the Canadas in search of you and your angelic mother, but as I did not know the name she assumed, I could learn nothing of her, until I saw her very self pictured in you. But come to me, sweet darling, come to-night; and oh Nellie dear, try and love your erring but repentant father,

L. ALFRED BELLEMONT."

When Ellen finished reading this letter she was so frantic with joy, that she knew not what she did, and snatching her bonnet and shawl she hastened into the street, only stopping to take Charley's proffered arm at the door, and walked hurriedly toward the seminary.

At length, Charles said, "I cannot understand why you are so much excited. Have I made you unhappy to-night."

"No dearest, nothing has! *That letter!*" said she as she turned to go into Prof. Bellemont's room. He met them at the door, and Ellen uttered the word "Father," and then all her strength was gone, and she sank pale and helpless into her father's arms.

"My precious treasure, my own darling!" said Prof. B. and imprinting kiss after kiss on her cheek, he laid her head on his shoulder, and carried her into his room as he had carried her when a child. Long, bright and happy was that interview, and at its close a glad wreath of joy encircled each heart.

We will take one more look at our friends, and then leave them. Charles Herbert is the pastor of the C—— church in the city where most of his childhood was passed. Ellen is his faithful, loving wife, and a king might covet the blessings which that happy pair receive from the loving poor around them. Prof. Bellemont lives with his daughter, and seems never happy except when going about doing good. Happy-hearted Ada is also married to a worthy gentleman, and lives near her brother. Mrs. Harry Herbert is still an invalid, and a living example of christian resignation. Ellen is often with Mrs. H. and blesses her for teaching the lonely child that the path of duty is the best:

"THY WILL BE DONE."

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

THE evening hours are coming on apace,
The dews of twilight dampen now the air,
I see the shadowy outline of thy face,
And 'round thy brow thy curling locks of hair.
Come in, my love; the night air blows more chilly,
Damply the dew is falling on thy head,—
Why wilt thou mourn so sadly for our Willie?—
He is but sleeping, love; he is not dead.
Do you remember, love, the prayer you taught him,
Lisp'd he so sweetly on that very day,
When with a fluttering wing the angel sought him,
Closed his dear eyes, and bore him swift away?
Whilst thou art mourning here so sad and lonely—
Mourning, alas! thy dear and only one,
Think of that prayer, and think that he was only
Lent unto thee,—and say, "Thy will be done."

USES OF FICTION.

BY MARY.

THE world's festal days are come again : " Merry Christmas"—in whose carols we hear a faint echo of that anthem of joy, which in the still night, from a lowly Judean valley, rang out clearly through the world ;—" Happy New-Year"—the fair inaugural of another budding, blooming, ripening, dying twelve-month.

Appropriate to the season, the literary world puts on its holiday face. Annuals and periodicals are out in gala-dress, and poets and sages delight to find in their costly surroundings a tribute of esteem which a fastidious and too conservative public taste long denied.—While an occasional volume of this profusion of gift-books is most methodical and veracious prose, the large proportion of its pages is devoted to fiction and fancy.

A friend laments this fact, and notes as an ill-omen of the times, the increasing tendency of the present age toward an imaginative literature. It is urged that this exerts a most pernicious influence ; that it creates an unreal world of its own, peopled with perfect beings, who therefore are not human ; that the dull particulars of everyday life grow distasteful to the reader whose mind luxuriates in such high-wrought scenes ; and that practical duties, divested of their fanciful coloring, become irksome and difficult. And, if truth is so much stranger than fiction, the question is raised, " Why resort to the weaker expedient ?"

I do not doubt that these objections are made with perfect sincerity ; and yet while they deserve serious consideration, I believe that the charges which they prefer against the poet and the novelist can generally be answered.

It must be remembered that the author who lays aside for a moment the pen of the historian and substitutes for it the pencil, does this, not merely for the idle entertainment of his reader ; beneath the embellishments he bestows, he hides a purpose. The ultimate aim of fiction, of such at least as is worthy of defense, is to present *truth* in an attractive aspect. Virtue is always lovely—vice hateful. The task of the romancer is to show them thus actually opposed ; one in its beauty, the other in its hideous deformity. To effect such an object, his style affords him peculiar advantages. It assumes no hostile position. The reader's prejudices may be strong and easily

aroused. These it does not disturb by an open and avowed system of aggression. Far from framing its principles in some stern and rigid code, it conceals them amid pleasing imagery or stirring incident, whence like an ambushed foe, they spring from flowery covert, and false opinion yields itself vanquished with scarce a struggle.

Abstract truth is difficult of apprehension ; to impress the mind, it must breathe forth from some embodiment. All the manifestations of the *Deity* recognise this necessity, and thus His attributes had each its visible revelation. In cloud by day, and fire by night, His Omnipresence watched the earth. While His awful glory, dimly burning in the tabernacled Shekinah, lit with transfigured brightness the face of the priest, who alone sought communion with its high mysteries, Divine Love strove in vain to find its full expression, until it lived in the utterances of an earth-born Saviour. And the anathema of Justice gathers its most fearful emphasis from the anguish of his wailing "Sabachthāni !"

Even so to gain impressive power, every idea must have its incarnation. If virtue would win our sympathies and inspire our aims, it must come to us, wrestling in human weakness, with human tears, by human struggles, against human foes. A tale of success so won, makes no ineffectual appeal in behalf of the truth it illustrates.

Nor let it be here objected, that the hero or heroine of romance, uniformly attains such rare excellence, as to claim little affinity with mortals, and to offer no guidance to our erring feet. Who would blame the painter, tracing a sunny landscape, because he did not stain the pure heaven of his canvas with prophecies of storm ? Yet no day is cloudless from day-break till night-fall. The faultless character, which by a seeming paradox is made partner of flesh and blood, is in some sense a synopsis of morality—a model for emulation—an echo of the conscious ability and duty of both author and reader. A standard of exertion ceases to stimulate or elevate the mind when brought to the level of attainment. Shall not then our thoughts of goodness grow up into a higher and purer development than that we mourn as ours ? And shall we not welcome the portraiture of fancy, if not as the truth that *is*, as the truth that *might* be—the truth which *should* be.

There is still another lesson to be gleaned from the page of fiction. Life's realities are often marvellously prosaic and unattractive, and actual experience seems to prove them quite destitute of the fascinations which they possess in narration. Not as the alchemist, conferring a shining semblance on base atoms which are worthless still, does fiction lend a transient and unreal charm to the servitude of

life. But like the bee, drinking sweetness from the roadside blossom, it discovers the beauty hidden even in the severest and most practical requirements of duty.

There are considerations which invest the humblest offices of toil, the commonest transactions of daily existence with dignity and interest. Thoughts of the ocean of influences on whose surface the lightest deed starts a ripple, whose white crest shall break and break forever ; of the divine approval smiling upon the laborer's patient industry, the mother's loving ministries, the child's self-conquest ; of the vast mosaic of the world's history, from which no individual record could be spared : all these, which add grandeur to lowliest effort, are too seldom its companions.

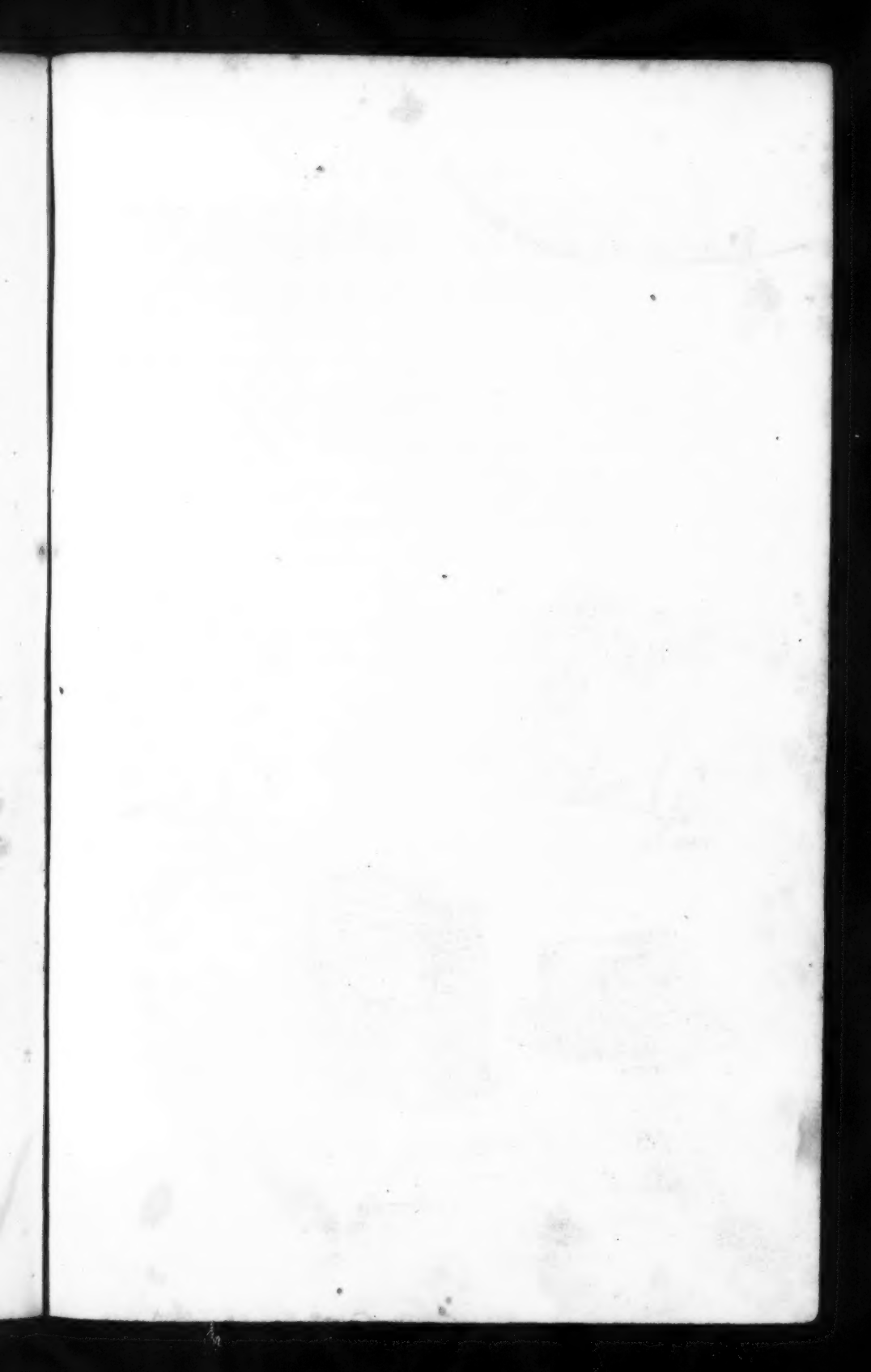
It is here that Imagination finds an important mission. Its culture brings a clearer and more comprehensive vision, and imparts a finer touch to the sensitive spirit ; till the heart breaks forth singing, " Life is real, life is earnest !"—or utters to itself, with thoughtful courage and cheerful purpose,

" Some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends."

WHERE I WOULD REST.

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BY MRS. J. WEBB.  
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Oh ! make me a grave on the marge of yon stream,
Where often in youth's gladsome morning I've strayed ;
Where the song of the lark, at Aurora's first beam,
Awake from their slumbers the flowers of the glade ;
Near the wide-spreading hazel, where lambkins repose,
Like snow-wreaths untouched by the sun's melting ray,
Whose branches the nest of the linnet enclose,
While the thrush sweetly sings from its dew-dropping spray ;
Where the hawthorne's rich perfume is borne on the gale,
And wild scattered flowrets yield sweets to the bee :
How oft have I roved through that thyme-scented vale,
My heart like the mountain breeze, buoyant and free !
Now memory alone doth the vision restore,
And dreams to mine ear bring that songster's wild lay :
Yet I cling to the hope, when life's last throb is o'er,
To rest in that quiet vale, far, far away.
Then make me a grave 'neath the willow's cool shade ;
Where its branches dip light in the streamlet so clear,
And strew o'er the green-sward the flowers of the glade ;
For my spirit is weary with sojourning here !

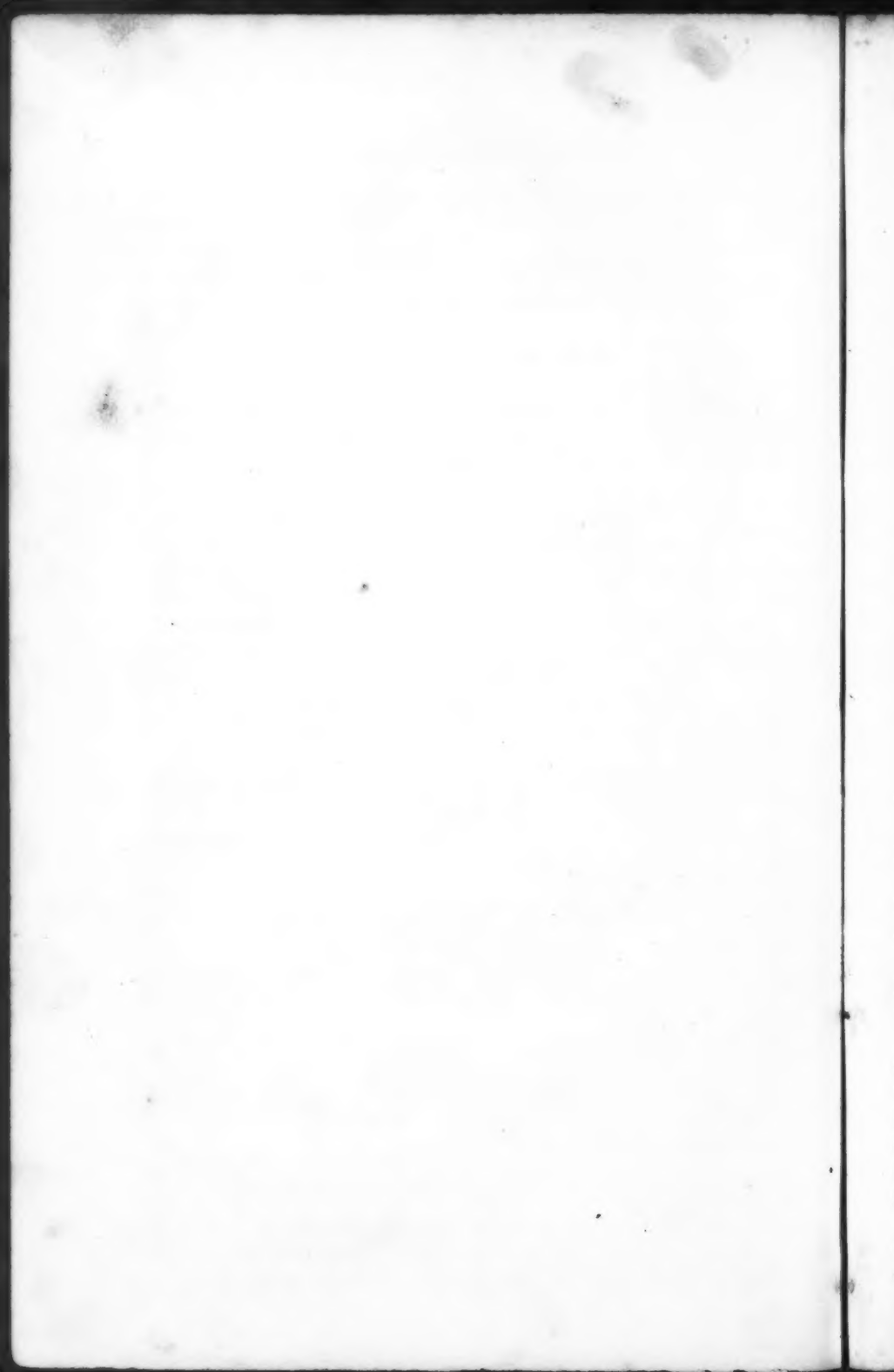




The Shadows of the Past.



Mexican Humming Birds



THE SHADOWS OF THE PAST:

OR, CHECKMATING A COQUETTE.

BY M. CHRISTINE METCALFE.

"If there is a living falsehood, that falsehood is read on Clara McDonald's bewitching features!" exclaimed her cousin Frank, as he entered the library in a towering passion.

"What do you mean, Frank?" inquired his bewildered visitor.

"*Mean*, Will Livingston? I tell you, she is an arrant coquette. Her smiles are heart-traps, and the very touch of her jewelled hand is exquisite deceit. To-day, after years of devotion; to-day, when I have attained my majority, and have a right to speak like a man, I have told her my love, and she—O Will! it is too astounding, after all that I have said to you of my admiration for her, of her affection for me; *after all*, Will, she flings back my wealth of love, as though it were mere dross. And this, too, with *such* an air, I wish you had seen it! You would have hated her at the moment and forever."

"I do hate her, Frank. I detest a woman who is so thoroughly vain as to trifle with a noble, honest heart like yours, my friend. You shall be avenged; we will checkmate this coquette, or at least I will, if you now resign all interest in her affection."

William Livingston's eyes glowed with indignation. Frank was his dearest friend, a very brother to him, and to have him thus cut down in pride and hope, stung him sensibly.

Frank's first emotion had passed away. He was pale now, and looked decidedly miserable. He took William's hand, and said in a trembling voice:

"Will, do what you please. My cousin Clara is nothing more to me. She has refused to be my own sweet Clara, in terms which are unmistakable. She does not change with every breath of circumstance. So, good luck to you, in your hazardous game, ha! ha! and a thousand hopes that you will be the winner. But come! I shall go mad, if I stay in this old library much longer. Let us walk awhile in the park."

The heavy door swung to, after the retiring students. It seemed the signal to release Clara McDonald from a state of motionless excitement, which could not have continued many moments longer.

without direful consequences. She had been unintentionally a listener, during her cousin's *tirade*, concealed from the students' view by the curtain which sheltered her favorite alcove. She had learned a new lesson in those brief moments—that man is a slave to his own blindness ; a being, who, professing to be most liberal, is of all the most prejudiced.

"I did not think Frank was such a villain !" she soliloquized.—"Our Frank such a wilful dissembler ! Where has he learned all this ? Doubtless, of his friend, Mr. Livingston. And this is the '*Dear Will*' that he has raved about, and pictured a very hero. And now he proposes to be the victor of a new Waterloo, the prize my broken heart !"

Proud fire sparkled in her blue eyes, and a spirit of mischief was born in her heart that hour, which, truly, Clara McDonald had never before harbored. She was not a coquette. She had loved Frank as a cousin ; had never dreamt of any other affection existing between them ; and when he sought to claim her as his bride, with surprise, but *not* with indignation, she had told him that she could never consent—first, because he was her cousin, whom she had ever regarded as her brother, and secondly—because she did not love him otherwise than as such.

The injustice, certainly, was on Frank's side ; no matter what the future should prove. Perhaps Clara would repent the course of conduct she resolved to adopt, but she was young and thoughtless of consequences, and that one hour in the library had done more towards cultivating the evil inherent within her, as with us all, than her whole life-time previous. If Frank had received a sudden shock, Clara's was still more painful ; for she at once confounded all men in one great ruin of man's better nature.

Clara did not appear at dinner, and Frank was glad of it. It would be so much less embarrassing to present his friend to her in the evening, when the rooms were partially lighted, and when a succession of visitors would fill awkward pauses. She did look very beautiful, and no one could suspect that she knew aught of certain wicked intentions, when Frank introduced Mr. Livingston. "This is my dear friend Will, cousin Clare, of whom you have heard me speak a thousand times or less, and whom, I am sure, you will find agreeable."

"If to the contrary, it shall not be my fault, Miss McDonald ; but I can scarcely hope to win the favor of so fastidious a young lady, as you have every right to be."

"A truce to compliments, Mr. Livingston. We are old acquaint-

ances, in a measure. I have been for a long time aware of your Adonis qualities, and should have been disappointed if you had fallen one whit below my ideal of Apollo. So we will mutually confess that we are remarkably charming people, repose upon our laurels, and for the rest—be sensible.”

There was a lurking mirth in Clara's eye, which her cousin had never seen there before that evening. As for Will Livingston, he mentally exclaimed—“Frank is right! A veritable coquette, although a most bewitching one.”

The evening hours passed like winged Horae. Never was Clare McDonald more fascinating; never was Will Livingston, the pride of his class, more brilliant. Now and then he would leave his fair enchanter abruptly, to request a song from Anna Morris, Frank's only sister, or to entertain some remarkably stupid ladies, who could not entertain themselves, or any one else, but he invariably returned to the sofa, to find Clare surrounded by a bevy of New-York beaux, whom she was alternately elevating to the seventh heaven of their imagination, and plunging into a mental cold water bath. Amused, while vexed, Mr. Livingston seated himself in a luxurious chair at a little distance from the charmed circle, partly closed his magnificent black eyes, but kept his aristocratic ears at a proper pitch of attention, to catch every sound of the light artillery which was being displayed in a sham-fight between Miss McDonald and her admirers.

“You astonish me, Mr. Fitzgerald, by mentioning the word flirtation! To add to your breach of etiquette, you accuse ladies of flirting, and to crown all, protest that I, Clara McDonald, indulge in such a vice.”

“Oh! you must not call it by so severe a name. A harmless flirtation will injure no one. It gives a liveliness to our *soirees*, and is the cream of our *matinées*. Moreover, I do not believe that a death ever occurred from blighted affection, at least, I cannot conceive such a catastrophe.”

“There you are right, undoubtedly. That is an exploded idea,—dying of a broken heart. Perhaps, occasionally, some foolish girl may have met such a fate, in the age of chivalry, when society wore a semblance of truth. But who *pretends* to act truth now? The greatest dissembler is the hero, and boasts of his achievements, as the monkey might, who checkmated the Gascon Knight.”

Frank and Mr. Livingston exchanged quick glances, but Clare rattled on unconcernedly, and, of course, undesignedly.

“There is another idea which has been recently exploded, and that is, the truth of love at all. I used to fancy it a sort of inde-

structable element, which could never wish any harm to its object, no matter how it had been received. I must have learned that in novels, and I abjure them as tissues of conceits. Henceforth I shall be so unpoetical as to deal in realities, and having the good fortune to figure upon the stage of this civilized era, I will take the world as I find it, and treat it accordingly."

There was a dash of triumph in Clara's air, which aroused Mr. Livingston's curiosity. His manner was changed during the remainder of the evening, and quite early he pleaded a severe headache, consequent upon his long journey, and retired from the drawing-room.

Frank had listened to his cousin with repentant emotions. It certainly was not very generous in him to desire to be revenged upon Clara, and to aid Will in punishing his "fickle cousin." It was too late now, however, and he consoled himself by saying, "She deserves a good lesson, any way, and Will is just the one to give it."

Before one half the college vacation had passed, it was generally conceded that Clara McDonald was a marvellously fascinating belle, and a most unscrupulous coquette. James Fitzgerald, who used to be regarded as "the glass of fashion, and the mould of form," since Miss Clara's refusal, had become the most negligent of men. His collar was never adjusted properly; his cravat was seldom in harmony with his vest; his gloves were the most miserable misfit, and he had been seen promenading Broadway with boots "out at the toes." Edgar Mills, whose aversion to salt-water was very well known, in a fit of desperation, had crossed the Atlantic. It was the daily threat of some half-a-dozen distracted adorers, that they would jump off the Battery, or go to Kansas, or join Walker's army in Nicaragua, at all of which Clara laughed very wickedly, naughty Clara. Her better self was smothered under a *debris* of vanity, and heedlessness, and pride. She did not know what storms of remorse she was heaping up, to let their fury loose upon herself. She did not see the clouds rolling up in her heart-horizon, but when she shall have passed on to some commanding height, how broad and black will lie *the shadows on the Past*,—the Present of it to-day. We are ever looking backward, regretting the joy we have left, mourning over the sorrow of the years flown by. Were it not wiser to improve the present, gilding it with life's sunshine, storing it with gentle deeds, that when it mingles with the past, we need not weep over it? Clara would not think of this. She had stepped within a fatal whirlpool, and was rapidly approaching the vortex.

Will Livingston had made very wise resolutions. All the charms

of beauty, added to the arts of coquetry, should not ensnare him. No, he would avenge his friend, whose youthful hope had been so cruelly blasted, Clara should love him with a fervor which should bend her proud heart to his mercy, but his own should remain unscathed. Thus he rushed into the exciting game without a thought of danger, quieting his conscience with the ever-quoted phrase, "It will only be paying her in her own coin." He had not yet seen Frank's cousin, when he proclaimed himself his champion. He found that to beauty was added the charm of intellect. Over her face played radiant thoughts, which her tongue uttered with the very witchery of maidenly eloquence. In her gayest moods, he sometimes discovered an undercurrent of deep feeling. A tale of distress would moisten her eyes with tears which were not all of affectation, he knew full well, although he studiously endeavored to believe the contrary. There were moments, too, when she forgot the part she was acting, and spoke like guileless Clara of old, all earnestness and pathos.

It was at such a moment that Will Livingston held Clara's hand within his own, endeavoring to unclasp a mystic ring she wore. He too, betrayed by feeling into his own proper manliness, for the time being, had cast into oblivion the scene in the library and his promise to his friend.

"A strange ring this, Miss Clare. I never saw another like it."

"It was my mother's," said Clare, sweetly, while a tear started to her eye. "The last gift of my father before his cruel death."

"You are an orphan then!"

"Yes, and happy as I seem to you now, I remember days of bitter grief, which, child as I was, I understood most keenly."

The hand Will held trembled in his clasp. He pressed it gently—it was hastily withdrawn. "Coquettish arts!" thought the student, recalled to himself. Then he gazed in Clara's face—there was no deception there at *that* moment. Her hand was raised to brush away a tear. How he would love to console her, to fathom the depths of her thought, cherish what was good and beautiful, and eradicate the evil.

"Clara!" he exclaimed, with a fervor in his voice, which knew no falsehood. She glanced up with a world of meaning in her dark-blue eyes—another moment, and Love would have gained the victory—but Frank interrupted their *tête-à-tête*, by calling out from the extreme end of the drawing-room,

"Come, Will! play a game of chess with me. Cousin Clare will excuse you, I am sure, for I am wearied to death with doing

"Certainly ; to the rescue !" echoed Clare, and Will Livingston sprang to his feet as though he had been awakened from a dream.

Another week, in which they had lived months of feeling, and said many cruel things which each would regret, and the students returned to college. Will Livingston bade Clara farewell with strangely conflicting emotions. He had won, in one respect, he did not doubt it ; Clare loved him, but he had paid dearly for his laurels, his own heart had been the price. Yet he must not tell her so, he must leave her without word or sign. Frank held him on his honor ;—was ever bond more cruel ?

Again installed within the college walls, the friends soon learned that a shadow had fallen between their spirits. In bitter moments of reflection, Will styled his old-time brother, a hard-hearted Shylock, and Frank retorted with, "A faithless Iago you, *mon cher* !"

Daily the distance grew wider between them ; Frank became melancholy, and Livingston morose and gloomy. Frank Morris had never been a devoted student. He now lost all interest in his studies, and almost without a warning, bade Livingston farewell, hastened home, easily obtained his father's consent for a sea voyage, to recruit his health, and told Clara consolatorily, she had been his ruin. The next day he sailed for Havre.

Clara was overwhelmed with grief. Frank was a favorite cousin : she had always been proud of him, and was wretchedly disappointed by seeing him thus yield to dejection, resign his studies and his ambitious plans for future eminence. She was grieved too by her uncle's sorrow, and Anna's tears seemed so many scorching reproaches.

While the sails of the vessel which was to bear Frank away, were yet flapping in the harbor, a letter came from Will Livingston. His resolution had failed—he must tell Clara how he loved her, though in disobedience to every recognized code of honor. By very subtle reasoning, he convinced *himself*, at least, that he was not bound to silence, and that in justice, Frank could not exact it ; in fact, that it was his duty to confess his love to Miss McDonald.

Clara read the thrilling words which he had written. Did she love him ? She could not deny it ; but pride still bound her. She remembered those words in the library, when Will Livingston's voice first fell on her ears, her own resolution then—and she impulsively prepared her reply. Enveloping the tinniest chess-board, with its exquisitely carved men, in a secure package, she wrote out a game in which the victory is won by the final move of the opposing queen, and added only these words :

"Fore-warned, fore-armed. A rash endeavor is 'checkmating a coquette.'"

Will Livingston was thunder-struck, when the pithy note was read. Had Frank proved traitor? No, he could not believe him so base. He recalled many times when Clara had made similar insinuations—it must be she had overheard their conversation, on that eventful day in the library.

Was Clara McDonald happy after thus gratifying her *pride*?—She wandered about the house like one in a mental stupor. Her step lost its elasticity; her eye became sad, and her smile was ever melancholy. To add to her misery, one of her rejected lovers was maimed for life in a duel at Clifton by a more hopeful but equally deceived rival. Clara shuddered as she looked back even upon the past few months, and wondered for what she had been living, and if she had been entirely bewildered by wounded self-love. Then came the news, that the vessel in which Frank had sailed had gone down at sea, and none of the passengers were saved.

"Oh, God, have mercy upon us!" she prayed as she had not prayed in years. Frank's unkindness, his injustice, were forgotten now. She remembered only the dear, kind cousin who had ever been ready to do her a favor.

Some days after the sad news was received, Clara was seated upon a divan, near an open casement, musing over the miserable past.—How the shadows had gathered, those shadows of sorrow which formerly had lingered only around the graves of her buried parents. Now the years seemed darkened with them, but the saddest and the blackest of them all shrouded the recent months, because they were clouds of her own weaving: vanity and selfishness was the sea from which they had risen. In that hour of retrospection she resolved, with God's aid, never again to live a moment of deception. Repentance should brighten the past, good deeds hallow the present, and faith shed its glow upon the future. She hated the part she had acted. Did the wrong done her justify the course she had taken? No, a thousand times *no*, cried the inner voices of her spirit, rejoicing in her return to truth and virtue.

The summer vacation found Will Livingston, now a graduate bearing away the first honors, again in the old library. Whence he had gathered courage to make so rash an *entrée*, is answerable only by the magnetic influence of Cupid. Clara McDonald received him with a surprise in which—anything, rather than disapprobation, was visible.

"Dearest Clara, may I hope that I have done penance long

enough ? Do you forgive me, Clara, as heartily as I regret my wilfulness, and can you love me truly, trustingly ?”

The mystic ring was placed on Will Livingston's finger ; it was sign enough—he understood the token. Then the first caress was given—and inopportunistly (?) as ever, *Frank* threw open the library door.

“This is what you call checkmating a coquette !” There was, however, no anger in his voice, but a glad smile brightened his face with its college-days joyousness, as he drew forward a timid Spanish girl, who was advancing with his sister.

“My wife, fair cousin Clara ; I may say too, my guardian angel. A vessel bound for Rio picked up a boat-load of us, and the father of Inez, who was a passenger on board, took me, an invalid, to his own home ; in gratitude for which, with the recovery of health, I have brought his daughter to our northern clime. My letters must be taking a nap with Rip Van Winkle, but I assure you they were properly despatched.”

The southern bride was right cordially greeted, Frank gave Clara an honest cousinly kiss, explanations were vetoed by common consent, and arrangements speedily agreed upon for the final scene in checkmating a coquette. There are hours, holy hours are they, when Clara McDonald muses by the library window ; and when her thoughtless young friends speak in careless tones of heart-breaking, she gently and sadly, with a silent prayer to the All-merciful One, retraces for their benefit scenes from among *The Shadows of the Past*.

IN the writings of Marcus Tullius Cicero, the celebrated Roman orator, who was basely murdered by the orders of Antony, in his sixty-third year, and forty-two years before the Christian era, the following remarkably prophetic language occurs, which seems particularly applicable to Washington : “Across the ocean, if we may credit the Sibylline leaves, and after many ages, an extensive and rich country will be discovered, and in it will arise a hero, who, by his counsel and arms, shall deliver his country from the slavery by which she was oppressed. This shall he do under favorable auspices ; and O ! how much more admirable will he be than our Brutus and Camillus ! These predictions were known to our Accius, and were embellished with the ornaments of poetry.”

THE LILY OF HIGHLAND.

BY MINNIE P. BEAVERS.

THERE is in one of the valleys of Highland, an old red mansion, for many years the home of the Malones. It is surrounded by the most delightful and picturesque scenery, and rises there in the shadowy light of leafy trees.

It was a starry night in the June-time, when this tree-encircled home, nestled so sweetly in that green vale, was brilliantly lighted up ; for 'twas the bridal-eve of fair Lily Malone. They seemed to be very happy, the bright throng ; for the sound of music and revelry echoed far out among the silent hills. But all were not joyous there. Amid that gay assembly, one white face bowed low, and a young heart grew heavy with its first great sorrow.

The light of more than nineteen summers could not have dawned upon the life of Marcus Hydra ; for the youthful cast of his countenance told that he had not yet come to the age of manhood. Yet even in boyhood he had cherished a sweet dream of love, which faded from his youthful heart, and left it lone and desolate, when Julian Vernon called Lily Malone his wife. He could not blame her for loving the handsome dark-eyed man by her side ; but the sweet spirit-voice of love would echo mournfully in his heart, over its dead hopes.

As they gathered around the young bride, Marcus too pressed through the crowd, and he held Lily's hand within his own. A wild yearning throbbed in the boy's heart, a yearning he could not resist—and his lips rested for a moment on Lily's brow. A white rose was misplaced, and fell from her bridal wreath, scattering the snowy petals at her feet.

"I will replace it by another," whispered Marcus, and was gone.

I know not whether Lily thought it significant of her own destiny, but she sighed ; and then a half-mournful smile flittered over her face as Marcus approached her again, and placed among her dark curls a white rose-bud ; saying, as he did so,

"'Tis more befitting you, Lily. It is emblematical of your trusting youth and early love. As the perishing rose, so may your first hopes fade ; yet they shall live again."

Lily looked up wonderingly at the young flushed face that was bent towards her ; but for only a moment, for he passed through

the crowd and was gone. A few minutes later he stood out in the yard, leaning against a tree. The flush had faded from the earnest face, for the moonlight shone upon it, and it was pale, very pale.—The night-wind rustled through the branches of the tree, chanting a low, pensive music, to which he had once loved to listen. It seemed mournful now, and stirred in his heart the memory of the old time. The past was whispering to him of all its blissful dreams.

He was in the old school-house by the road-side, where first he met with Lily Malone. His childish heart had turned towards her with a strange tenderness ; and then when he grew older, he loved Lily with all the passionate adoration of youth ; and that flame of love burned brighter and brighter from year to year. He was there by the cool spring, under the old sycamore tree. The brown curls flowed back from his brow, his blue eyes were burning with earnest thought—when suddenly a merry laugh rang forth in the lone woods, and Lily, her dark hair flowing over her snowy neck, sprang to his side, threw her white arms around him, and, in her sweet voice, said,

“O, Mark, you look so pretty !”

The light in the boy's blue eyes grew radiant ; a quick flush came to his pale, thoughtful face. He clasped that tender form tightly to his bosom.

“I hope you'll think so after a while, Lily ; for when I get to be a man, I intend to call you my wife,” he whispered.

Then the little girl grew shy. The flush came to her cheek also, and springing from his embrace, the echo of her light, fleet footstep soon died away as she returned to the school-house. He thought of this as he stood there, and of the joyous times they had spent together, till Lily was fifteen. Then there came to her home that fascinating artist, with his burning, beautiful eyes, and Lily changed. And he seldom wandered with her any more over the hills and valleys of her home ; for the handsome stranger ever lingered by her side.

How beautiful she was ! Her eyes were ever radiant with the love-light, and her voice was sweet and tremulous, as she sung, not for *him*, but for Julian Vernon. Memory went back to that evening when he met her alone, in the old woods for the last time.

“Lily, Lily,” he had pleaded, “do not leave me ! I cannot give you up.”

Her hands were full of flowers she had gathered there, and her dark eyes were bright ; but the flowers dropped to the ground, and her eyes grew misty with tears.

"You will soon forget me, Mark, and find one more worthy to journey by your side. I love Julian : I cannot help it."

She laid her soft hand on his brow, and pressed her lips to his cheek in sisterly tenderness.

"Forgive me, Mark, forgive me, if I cause you pain ;" and her white dress fluttered down the hill-side to her valley-home.

"It is all over now," murmured Marcus. "She is lost to me till we meet up yonder."

There was a holy calmness on that young face, a spiritual gleam in the blue eyes, as they turned toward the starry sky.

He remembered his father's words to him in a dying hour :

"You will be a minister, my boy. You will fill my place when I am gone."

And when Marcus Hydra went out from beneath the shadow of the tree, to struggle with the world alone, his brow, though pale, was tranquil ; but glorious resolves fluttered in his heart, and high thoughts found a home there.

Three years passed away, bearing on their swift pinions many changes. But the wreath of love rested on the sweet brow of Lily Vernon, for it was still care-free, and her merry laugh rang in her beautiful home, as it did of old in the valley of Highland. There is a misty light in the lady's dark eyes, a dreamy, thoughtful shadow on her brow, as she half reclines on the low window-sill, this night three years from her bridal-eve.

Lily's heart is with the past, and the old-time memories are crowding thickly around her. She remembers that but a few months of her wedded life had passed away, when the deathless energy of her spirit was aroused by some infidel remarks of her husband, spoken in her presence. Then a wild, sad music swept through her soul, and such a deep weight of sorrow had quivered in her heart. But, in the impulsive earnestness of her young life, she rose up, and whispered to herself, "The motive of my life shall henceforth be pure and holy ; for its one great dream will be to save him, to awaken him from this strange, unhappy delusion." It was a hard struggle ; and Lily's loving heart would sometimes grow heavy, as she would attempt to eradicate the deep and baneful prejudices, from her husband's mind.

That young head would sometimes bow in anguish, and the tears gush from her eyes, as the thought of that gifted mind, so poisoned by infidelity, its noblest and best powers fettered by this unholy chain. But she found no rest, till the light of immortal hope beam-

ed in the dark eyes she loved so well, and that haughty spirit bowed in humble submission to its God.

And hast thou, O fond wife, a husband loved, but whose life is not in accordance with the teachings of the lowly Nazarene? And dost thou ever think of the great eternity of bliss or woe that is in store for the darling one? And when gazing into the eyes of love, the eyes that are so beautiful to thee in life, dost ever dream that in those eyes, one day, may beam the light of immortality? And when thy loving hand sweeps back the dark hair from the broad, white brow, dost ever dream, that on that brow may rest the image of the Redeemer—the crown of eternal life?

It may be thus. But ah! his salvation may rest much in thy own lowly heart and meek and quiet spirit. And would it not be sweet to go hand in hand, each heart in possession of the great gift of love divine; would it not be sweet, I say, to go thus, each life made beautiful by this faith and trust, while journeying “through the green pastures and the still waters” to the better land?

The struggle may be a hard one, the task difficult for frail humanity; but the great Father on high will strengthen thee for the sacred trust.

But I am digressing from my story.

Lily still dreamed by the window, till the deep voice of her husband broke the stillness reigning there.

“Telling your thoughts to the stars, Lily? And will you not tell them to me?”

He sat down, and Lily sat at his side.

“I was thinking, Julian, of the past,” she said; “thinking of the time when my heart awoke from its blessed dream of love, to the terrible truth, that your gifted mind was poisoned by thoughts of infidelity. And I was thinking of my glorious triumph, Julian, of winning you from that dark path, by a power not my own, but His who strengthened me for the sacred mission.”

“My wife, my wife! how can I ever repay you! Through the power of the Most High, you have saved me. And oh! I sometimes think, if I could portray on canvass the rare virtues of your character, I would be satisfied. But, Lily,” and his dark, bright eyes were tearful, “I intend to execute a painting for you; and if I can *only* give the light of inspiration, the truth and love of your face, darling, it will be my greatest piece of art; and then it will be something to keep in remembrance of me when I am gone.”

“Julian! Julian! do not talk thus.”

“I cannot help it, Lily. The conviction of truth will force itself

upon my mind ; and I hear a voice—a voice that must be obeyed—calling me hence from the bright world and from you.”

A sob of anguish gushed from the pale lips of the young wife : and he lifted the bowed head, the artist husband, and laid it gently on his bosom ; and oh ! there was such a light of love in his dark eyes, such a depth of love expressed in the tones of his voice, as he plead with Lily not to weep.

“For you see, darling,” he whispered, “you have taught me the way. It has been beautiful and bright to us ; but weep not that it should be brief. I would gladly linger here for your sake, but the destroyer, Lily, the destroyer, *consumption*, is causing my young life to fade.”

Yes, the destroyer was “feeding upon his vitals.” It revealed itself in the quick coming and fading flush, that flashed over his face ; in the brilliant light of the beautiful eye, the eye whose misty brightness Lily would gaze upon with a heart fluttering half-painfully, she knew not why. She did not *dream* that disease was wasting that noble form in youth, and speedily bearing it to the tomb. But *he* knew that his life was fading away ; but he would not tell her till the time drew nigh. He had borne up heroically for her sake ; but the strong energies of youth were giving way ; and as his footsteps grew weary on the verge of time, his faith grew strong in its trust in God.

And so the bright summer days waned by, and Julian was executing his last painting—his Lily. It was finished at last, and he gazed upon it with gratification ; for it was indeed a true representation of his wife. The sweet, childish mouth, the eyes of inspiration, and the fair young brow.

But Lily wept, wept bitterly. It had been such a sweet dream of happiness, those three bright, brief years of wedded love. And there had existed between them a *soul-union*. Spirit mated with spirit, and mind with mind ; and oh ! it is such a *joy* thus to be united. But the death-angel lingered near the artist-husband ;

“And as he moved to the pale realms of
Shade, where each shall take his chamber
In the silent halls of death,
He went not like the quarry slave, at night,
Scourged to his dungeon ; but sustained,
And soothed by an unfaltering trust,
Approached the grave, like one who wraps the
Drapery of his couch about him,
And lies down to pleasant dreams.”

"Lift my head, darling, and lay it on your bosom; it would be sweet to die there," whispered the husband's voice, in its last thrilling music.

Lily swept back the raven hair from the white brow, and pressed her loving lips there. He looked up and smiled; and oh! there was something touchingly beautiful in that last smile: then the light went out from the glorious eyes, and that immortal spirit fluttered home. One wail of anguish gushed from the lips of the wife, and her head bowed o'er her dead husband.

They clothed that noble, beautiful form in the "garments of death," and laid him down to rest in the quiet grave. Lily's sorrow was bitter, at first; but as years wore on, her grief became a hallowed memory in her young heart. Not that she had forgotten. Oh! there is a music in the last tones of a dying loved one; a glory in the last fading gleam of the eye, that a loving heart can never forget. And so Lily heard that music in the still night; and lifted her young head from her pillow, gazing from her window at the stars, as if the melody of his voice came to her in the whisperings of the night wind. And her eye would dim with tears, as in imagination she saw that seraphic smile that hovered over that husband's countenance, e'er the glory of life had faded from it forever.

Four years had passed away; and these four years Lily had spent in her old home. But sickness came to that valley, and she was the victim. Her eyes grew burningly bright, her cheeks crimsoned with fever, and she was delirious. Her talk was of the past.

"Mark," she said, "let us wander through the old woods once more, and gather flowers on the rocks, it is such a bright morning." Again she was with her husband, in their bridal home. "Every thing is so beautiful here, Julian, so beautiful!" Even in her delirium, joyous visions lingered before her.

It was Sabbath morn in the sweet May-time. The bell pealed forth in the old chapel, down in her father's green meadow. It arises there, amid green trees, and white grave stones. The bell was ringing for the hour of prayer. Lily raised on her couch, her eyes star-like in their brightness.

"Papa," she cried, "let me go to meeting with you; and we'll go, papa, and gather the wild flowers on the rocks, as we come back; they'll be beautiful to twine among your gray hairs."

She threw her white arms around the old man's neck, as he bent over her, in her old childish way, and her feverish, burning lips were pressed to his.

"You may go, darling, when you get well," he said, as he gently

laid her back upon the pillow ; " only be quiet now,"—for the doctor had said that morning, if Lily did not get better soon she could not live.

The old chapel was crowded that morning ; for he who went a boy from their midst into the work of the ministry, was to preach for them. He is much changed, the young minister that sits in the pulpit, this fair May morning. He has grown tall and stately ; but the brown curls, though somewhat darker, and the blue eyes are the same that belonged to Marcus Hydra the boy. And the people are changed ! thought Marcus, as he gazed upon the snowy locks of aged brows, and the sunny curls of maidens—little girls when he left them. But he missed one face, that he was wont to see there in the old days. Why was she not there ? He had heard that she had buried her husband, and returned to her valley home ; and he could not still the rush of thought that glowed in his heart, whispering that she yet might be his, for her memory had never faded from his life. He arose in the pulpit, and turned over the leaves of that grand old book whose glory is immortal. The radiant light, shed from its inspired pages, have guided thousands, aye, millions, in that bright and shining way that leads up to heaven ; and it will cheer millions more on their journey home. This great book, filled with the ancient lore, shadowed forth sometimes with deep mysteries, and again shining with immortal brightness, will wreath a glory about the lives of mortals, who practice its holy precepts, that time with its changes may never darken or destroy, and give them hopes, sweeter than the hopes that cluster around the heart of youth, when the blight of years has blanched their locks to snow, even when " they are growing old, and passing away." And the text was selected from this book that morning. Oh ! the resistless eloquence of that sermon. The deep bewildering voice, sometimes low and thrilling, and again breaking forth in all its startling power and sublimity. Oh, Lily ! Lily ! if you could have heard him, your high heart would have thrilled to the music of that voice, and the light of deep and earnest thought that flashed in the spiritual blue eyes.

Marcus Hydra soon learned of Lily's illness, and hastened to her home ; and a terrible fear gathered at his heart, and paled his brow, as he bent over the loved girl of his youth.

The vital energies of life were giving way. The white arms sank powerless at her side, and her dark orbs closed heavily in slumber.

" It is the sleep of life, or death," whispered the doctor. And then they bowed there together,—the father's aged frame quivering with grief, while the young minister prayed. And, oh, such a prayer !

Its solemn music rang through the still chamber, sometimes mournfully and earnestly, and again almost wildly, as he pleaded for the pale sleeper.

But it was not the slumber of death ; for they wandered again, the children that *used* to be, over the hills of the old home.

Lily sat one evening out beneath a cherry tree, the wind rustling through its branches, and bending the tall grass around her. The minister sat by her side, and in earnest, beautiful language, plead with Lily to become his wife.

And she told him there, and something of sadness trembled in her voice, " that the light of his eyes could never be quite so beautiful to her, as the dark ones that were closed in death." "Told him that the brown curls that rested above his brow, could never be quite so prized, as the midnight lock she had severed from the dear head now pillowed in the coffin. "For, Marcus," she said, "the memory of early love is sweet, and its light never went out from his dark eyes, till it went out in death."

"I ask none of that love which has gone down to the grave of the early lost. There let it remain. But may I not compensate in some measure, for that which is lost to you till you meet up yonder ?" Again that earnest face was lifted towards the skies ; and the light which rested on it was holy and beautiful.

The bright summer days had not faded, e'er Marcus Hydra called Lily *his wife*, as he had said he intended to beneath the old sycamore-tree. How beautiful are their lives, as in the deep love of their hearts, they journey side by side, ever turning with an eye of faith to the Spirit-land.

It has been said, that to excel them in wit, is a thing the men find it the most difficult to pardon in women. This feeling, if it produce only emulation, is right, if envy, it is wrong. For a high degree of intellectual refinement in the female, is the surest pledge society can have for the improvement of the male. But wit in women is a jewel, which, unlike all others, borrows lustre *from* its setting, rather than bestows it ; since nothing is so easy as to fancy a very beautiful woman extremely witty. Even Madame de Stael admits that she discovered, as she grew old, the men could not find out that wit in her at fifty, which she possessed at twenty-five ; and yet the external attractions of this lady, were by no means equal to those of her mind.

UNCLE BEN.

A REMINISCENCE OF EARLY DAYS.

BY MARY NOEL MEIGS.

"COME, Minnie, have done with your romping, and put this room in order, if you please. A pretty mess you and Uncle Ben have made to be sure, strewing the carpet with paper balls. This is the last afternoon you'll have for such pranks, my lady gay, for remember our new governess comes to-morrow."

So spoke my sister Laura, a very pretty young lady of sweet fifteen or thereabout, who duly estimated the importance and responsibilities of her position as housekeeper and governante during the brief absence of our mamma. "A fig for the governess," was my laughing rejoinder, "and if this is to be our last day of freedom we'll enjoy it, won't we, Uncle Ben?" and I went capering about the room again in irrepressible glee, while my demure sister looked nutterable things, and began herself to replace work-boxes, and books, and rolls of music which littered, in no very becoming manner, the centre-table. Uncle Ben, the kindest, merriest uncle that little girls were ever blest with, turned to assist her. "Come, Laura, we shall be good children now, so don't scold; Minnie and I must have our frolics you know, and Lizzie wanted to help us."

"But, Uncle Ben."

"But what, Laura? now do smile a little, you look so terribly cross. Bless me, what a girl! why, you'll certainly be an old maid. Here now, I've done the mischief, and upset a pile of music-books." Laura was vexed, and Uncle Ben called me to help and replace them. "Come, Minnie, quick, Laura is mistress here to-day; and to-morrow, when your mother returns with Miss Rainsford, we shall begin to look as starch and prim as a set of Quakers. There will be no more fun for us after that, hey, Minnie? and now Laura is cross, and won't let us enjoy this last day. Too bad, isn't it? Have a care, chicken, are they all picked up?" and with a mischievous wink Uncle Ben touched my elbow, and the music-books were again brought to the ground.

Poor Laura! she was filling mamma's place with all proper gravity and decorum during a two days' absence, and disturbed by our romping, had thought fit to call us to order. "Mamma left you in

charge of us, Uncle Ben," she said, "and I think you ought to set the children a good example."

"So I should. You are right, Laura. Now, children, I intend to be very strict from this time forward. Minnie, you troublesome baggage, come and pick up these books directly; and as for you, Miss Lizzie, if I see another smile on your face, I'll put a fool's cap on your head, and stand you in the corner;" and Uncle Ben made faces at Lizzie and me from behind Laura, and set us in a roar of laughter.

Uncle Ben was mamma's youngest brother, and had come to spend the summer with us for the benefit of his health, having suffered from too close an attention to his studies. At the time we write of, more years ago than we care to remember, he was, I think, somewhere about five-and-twenty, and we used to call him "our old bachelor uncle," and I recollect we thought if all old bachelors—of whom we had conceived a very different notion—were like Uncle Ben, they must be a remarkably clever set of fellows. He came to us in the early part of June, and having just removed into the country, to a wild, far-away farm as we deemed it, Uncle Ben was a welcome visitor. He seemed to have thrown off care with his city costume, and robed in a coarse hunting-jacket, his feet encased in tough boots, his head covered with a broad straw hat, and armed with a hickory stick, proceeded to scour the country all about us, till scarcely a rood of land for miles around was unexplored. In most of these rambles Lizzie and I were his merry companions, Lizzie ten years old, and myself two years her senior, were just ripe for such excursions, and, tying on our sun-bonnets at a moment's warning, went scampering away over hill and dale in the clear sunshine and delicious breezes, regardless of the brown hue which our cheeks and brows were rapidly acquiring. "Oh! the freedom of the country to a city child. The boundless expanse of the blue heavens, the long long stretch of fields and meadows over which the eye can wander at will, who has not felt its thrill of ecstasy? The wild minstrelsy of the singing birds seems to ring an unceasing strain, while the breath of flowers, the scent of the turned earth, the flow of quiet streams, "and all the melody of nature's going on," makes the smiling scene an untired Eden to the young denizen of a crowded city. Such were my feelings, I remember, as with my hand clasped in that of Uncle Ben, I bounded on through the green woods and over the shining brooks, laughing, shouting, for very heartfelt gladness; and even now, after the lapse of years, when the recollections of childhood seem shrouded in the golden haze of the past, the finger of

memory can with a touch disperse the brightly tinted clouds, and back to my heart comes many a pleasant reminiscence of our happy hours at Oakwood, when, as joyous as the birds, as careless as the lilies of the field, taking no thought for the morrow, my little sister and myself frolicked through the summer day with our darling Uncle Ben.

But by-and-bye "a change came o'er the spirit of our dream." For many weeks we had been in that "up side down" state, necessarily attendant upon a removal to an old country house, which required all sorts of repairs, and our good mother was, I believe, very glad to dispense both with Uncle Ben and ourselves during this uncomfortable season; but at last things began to assume a more home-like appearance; masons, carpenters, painters and plasterers gradually withdrew, carpets were put down, tables and mirrors resumed their wonted lustre, papa congratulated himself upon a thoroughly dusted chair and well washed plate when he came in to dinner; and, as each discordant household element subsided, our parents turned their attention once more to the little gadding girls, who, during all the bustle within doors, had been gaining health and strength in their rambles among the hills. Laura was naturally grave and sedate, and it had been her province, as the eldest, to assist mamma, but little recked Lizzie or I of household cares or duties then. Up with the lark, and wearied with our pleasant walks, asleep before the stars came out, we seemed likely to make good the old adage of being "healthy, wealthy, and wise," except that our *books* were most religiously eschewed, and the time which should have been passed in study, was given to running races with Bruno, or strawberrying with Uncle Ben, regardless of aught that might occur to cloud the sunshine of the present moment. Oh, happy hours of careless childhood, when the future looks so bright, and we have not as yet pushed aside the roses of life to discover the thorns beneath them. But as I said, mamma having settled her affairs, began to look askance at the sun-burned cheeks, bronzed arms, and somewhat gypsy appearance of her late pale nursery flowers. "Children," she said, "you are dreadfully neglected, running wild all day. It will never do, I must take you in hand at once. Minnie, your arms are as black as your apron, and Lizzie is so burned and freckled, I am quite ashamed of her."

"Have they gone on with their usual lessons?" asked my father.

"No," said mamma, "I find it impossible to attend to them as I used to do." Papa looked grave, and Lizzie and I glanced at each other, as we leaned our elbows upon the table. My father turned

to his writing-desk. "I shall go to the Post-office this afternoon," he said, "and will send a line to my brother, desiring him to look for a governess. Some one who can teach the children French and English, and will be satisfied with a moderate salary." Mamma acquiesced most willingly—it was, she said, just her own idea, in fact, what she had always wished for—while Lizzie and I, overwhelmed with grief, went to tell Uncle Ben that all our happy days were over, and that, in a few weeks, we must sit down to our tasks, and never more enjoy any nice long walks with himself and Bruno. If any one *could* have comforted us under such a dispensation, it would have been Uncle Ben. He took us, one on each knee, wiped away our tears, talked of the fine gambols we should have when our lessons were through, and, finally, we strolled down the garden-walk together, resolved to think no more about the governess till she had actually arrived.

In a little while papa's letter was satisfactorily answered. Our uncle had engaged the services of a young lady, who would be with us immediately; and mamma directed us to unpack and arrange our books, while she set about preparing a sunny apartment for a school-room. A school-room! We fairly groaned as we saw the desks and tables carried in, the arm-chair for Miss Rainford, a high-backed one for Laura, and the two ottomans for Lizzie and me. There never could be made a *pleasant* school-room, we were perfectly certain, despite the fresh new paint and the bright sunshine; and so we continued to bemoan our hard fate, till now the dreaded hour was come. Mamma had gone to N—— to meet Miss Rainsford, and this brings us back to the beginning of our story. I have said that Laura was vexed, and well indeed she might be, for Uncle Ben was in a particularly teasing humor at that moment, and yet when I look at my gentle sister now, as she sits so patiently teaching another little Minnie, I can scarcely believe that a frown could ever have clouded her fair, meek brow, or a teasing word ruffled the calmness of her even temper. But Uncle Ben was, as Lizzie and I often called him, "a dear, good-for-nothing torment," and he could not, for his life, resist the temptation to worry our little housekeeper.

"Now Laura, do compose yourself. Forgive us, won't you? and we'll all be so good. Come, I'll help you myself to put the room in order"—knocking a box of wafers from the table as he spoke—"if you won't tell your mother how naughty we have been." Laura looked at the scattered wafers, and her eyes filled with tears. "I declare, Uncle Ben, it is too bad," she said, "you don't care anything about me, or you would not vex me so."

"Then I won't, Laura, indeed, if you will only smile," and the tears of my sister, overcoming at once our uncle's spirit of mischief, he drew her towards him, kissed away the shining drops, and promised amendment, till Laura's smiles came back to her lip, and we resumed our game of romps unhidden.

The morrow came, and with it the carriage, mamma, and the dreaded governess. Lizzie and I, afraid to go into the hall with Laura, stood at an upper window, and tried to catch a glimpse of her, as she alighted. But Miss Rainsford's face was hidden by a thick veil, and it was not until we had stolen down stairs and stood at the parlor-door, without courage to enter, and were finally summoned by my father, that we saw the lady who was in future to have the control of us. "How are you, my dears?" said a pleasant voice as we came in, Lizzie grasping my hand convulsively, and we looked up into a soft, sweet, youthful face, and met the benevolent eyes of a person not much older, as it seemed to us, than our sister Laura. How astonished we were—the governess was not at all the sort of character we had expected.

In a week everything was arranged; Miss Rainsford fully installed in her new office, and we became her studious and attentive pupils. Studious and attentive, at least was Laura, who in the delights of a sudden friendship, found nothing difficult or disagreeable in the usual routine of study, but Lizzie and I could not so easily resign our wonted freedom, or forget Uncle Ben. Could we not hear him beneath the school-room windows, as soon as we were settled at our lessons, calling Bruno? and did we not lift our eyes from the conjugation of a French verb, to watch him sauntering down the lane? Ah! we knew too well, the long breezy hills he must pass over—the green arcades of the old woods in which he would linger, and to our captive ears came the soft murmuring of a hidden forest stream, beside which he always sat down to rest. We knew the very log he would be sure to scratch and carve with his pen-knife, heard the favorite tune he was whistling, and spite of Miss Rainsford's wreathed smiles, and kind words—which certainly made study more pleasant than we had ever found it—we longed to throw our books into a corner—give our French lessons to the wind, and speed down the green lane, sans gloves and sun bonnets, after our dear Uncle Ben.

The remainder of the summer passed rapidly away, as summer ever passes to the young and happy, and though Uncle Ben did not romp with us as much as formerly, but sat now to read aloud for mamma and Laura, and Miss Rainsford, as of course, being a man of leisure, it was proper he should do—we still loved him dearly,

very dearly, still crept to his side at twilight, coaxed him to tell us stories, and half cried our eyes out, when he informed us, that early in September he must return to his law-books, and leave Oakwood for a long, long period. "And what shall we do when you are gone?" we asked, "who will play with us, and take us to the woods then?"

"Who! why there is Bruno."

"But Bruno is only a dog, he can't tell us stories, and we can't love him as we do you, Uncle Ben."

"Not exactly—but there is Laura, she can tell stories."

"If she will—but Laura likes to read best, or to help mamma."

"And why can't you love Miss Rainsford?"

"Oh! we can, and we do a little—no, we love her a great deal, but she is not Uncle Ben either."

Uncle Ben laughed, and then Lizzie and I laughed too, but in spite of his assertions that we might, and must, and could, and should love Miss Rainsford, who was so good, and pretty, and sweet-tempered, we were still unconvinced, *entirely* unconvinced, that any play-fellow could equal, or any tale-teller surpass our dear Uncle Ben, and we only prayed him not to leave us till the very last minute, for we should certainly be the most unhappy little girls in the world when he was gone. But September came, and amid our tears and lamentations, Uncle Ben actually departed. He took leave of Miss Rainsford in the parlor, and mamma and Laura on the front steps, but Lizzie and I insisted upon accompanying him to the village where he would take the stage—there were no railroads then—and with troubled faces took our seats beside him in the light wagon. One thing, however, helped to comfort us, Uncle Ben seemed almost as sorry to go away, as we were to part with him, and looked back at the house, as long as we could see it, waving his handkerchief to Laura, who stood with Miss Rainsford, at the parlor window. "You don't want to go away, do you Uncle?" I said.

"No Minnie," he answered, "I don't indeed, Oakwood never seemed so pleasant to me as it does at this moment."

"Everything looks pleasant when we are just going to lose it," moralized Lizzie from the other side.

"A very just aphorism, Lizzie, and certainly very appropriate at this time."

Lizzie said she did not understand such a hard word, but hoped it meant that he would come back very soon. Uncle Ben sighed, and we looked up at him in surprise, it was a thing he seldom did, and believing in our simplicity, that nothing could pain him more

than parting with our own little selves—very important personages were Lizzie and I, by the way, in our own estimation—we hastened to assure him that we should not forget him, no, not if he stayed away a *whole year*, but should love him just as dearly, whatever might happen. “And you will talk of me sometimes, so that everybody at Oakwood may remember me too?” “Certainly, we shall talk of you a great deal, every day the instant we have done our lessons.”

“I believe the stage is coming, Master Ben,” said our little colored driver, and in a moment the lumbering vehicle, covered with dust, passengers, and luggage, drew up on the opposite side of the road. It was but a minute’s work to transfer Uncle Ben’s trunks, from our own wagon to the boot at the back of the stage; he gave us each a hasty kiss, told us to be good children, and then jumping into the coach, was driven rapidly away, while Lizzie and I burst forth into a fresh fit of crying, which all the coaxing and comforting of our sable friend on the front seat, failed to soothe and tranquilize.

As the weeks rolled on after Uncle Ben’s departure, we gradually ceased to regret him, despite our protestations to the contrary, and strange to say Miss Rainsford herself became in a short time the object of our juvenile affection. What! could we really learn to love our *governess*? Oh! but she did not seem like a governess exactly, she was so kind and indulgent; Uncle Ben, himself, could not have been more so. Such an adept as she was in making dolls clothes, the improved appearance of Lizzie’s wooden baby duly testified. So skillful at battle-door, that even papa’s arm grew weary before she missed the bird, and as to Laura, she scarcely adjusted a curl or wore a new ribbon, without the sanction of Miss Rainsford’s taste. Even mamma seemed fascinated by the undefinable charm of our new friend’s tone and manner, and frequently appealed to Miss Rainsford’s judgment, in matters which appeared quite foreign to her office as *governante*. Yet the opinion thus called for, was given so cheerfully, so modestly, and so properly, that one application was sure to be followed by another, although mamma usually deemed her own wisdom in household affairs superior to that of her associates, and seldom deigned to receive the suggestions of a third person, in anything connected with her department as head of the establishment. But while we were so happy at Oakwood, how was Uncle Ben getting on with his law books in town? Sadly enough, if we might judge from his letters written regularly once a week, first to Lizzie and then to me. So ardently as he wished himself with us again, and so earnestly as he entreated us not to forget him,

it was quite touching, while we in our quaint replies, assured him that all we wanted to make us perfectly happy, was another long visit from him.

Christmas ! merry Christmas ! how the heart of childhood bounds at the very name, and years with all their tide of change, may not deface those blessed memories ! Cheerily came in the hallowed time at Oakwood. How Lizzie and I counted the days and weeks beforehand, and what bright anticipations we enjoyed of Christmas gifts, and what secret conference we held with Laura respecting our intended presents to mamma and Miss Rainsford ! Then how pleasant it was to assist in decking the parlors and dining-room with evergreens, and after tying bunches and twining wreaths till we were quite tired, we hung up our stockings and went to bed early, that we might be in readiness for the expected donation of Santa Claus ! But when we opened our eyes on that bright Christmas morning, what was our dismay and astonishment, to find the stockings gone, no trace of holiday gifts visible, and to our extreme horror, a bunch of rods upon the table instead ! But when we hastened down stairs to inquire of this strange matter, there was a hat and heavy overcoat on the hall table which certainly were not papa's, we peeped in, the letters B. F., met our delighted eyes, and with a shout of "Uncle Ben ! Uncle Ben !" we rushed up again to the door of the company bedroom, where Uncle Ben himself, already dressed, came out to meet us, and *such* a welcoming, no bachelor uncle ever met before : we asked a dozen questions at once, "when did you come ?" "does mamma know ?" "will you stay all winter ?" and while we hung round his neck and smothered him with kisses, were drawn back into the room, and in another moment the mystery of our lost stockings was unravelled, for we found them crammed to the very top with everything our little hearts could desire, and Christmas gifts besides for everybody else in the house, an elegant purse for mamma, a ring for Laura, a smoking cap for papa, and even miss Rainsford was not forgotten, for there lay a beautiful gold pencil which Uncle Ben said was for her, if she would accept it, which we were ready to promise him, she would undoubtedly do. "We can't go to the woods with you now Uncle Ben," we said, as, grasping each a hand, and laden with our pretty presents, we descended to the breakfast parlor, "but we can have nice games in the hall, if mamma has not got the headache."

"Can we ?" said Uncle Ben, "well, I will play sometimes, but I am growing so old and so stiff, I think I shall not feel inclined

for many pranks this time." And so we found it, Uncle Ben during the two brief weeks of his visit, could not easily be enticed from the society of Laura and Miss Rainsford, to be our play-fellow once more, and I was resolving the matter in my own mind as to this sudden change, when Lizzie came to me one morning with her little wise face particularly elongated. I was learning a lesson, I remember, a difficult lesson in geography, when Lizzie's hand was placed upon the page, and dropping on her knees beside me she exclaimed,

"Oh! Minnie, I have found out a secret, a dreadful secret, and I do believe it is true every word of it."

"What secret?" I asked.

"Why Uncle Ben is going to be—be married!"

"Married!"

"Yes, and then he won't care for us any longer," said Lizzie, her blue eyes filling with tears, "Fanny says it is surely so."

"Nonsense, I won't believe it!" I exclaimed.

"Oh! yes, it is quite true. Fanny told me so just now." Fanny was a favorite domestic, and Lizzie's oracle in all things. We went together to question Laura, but alas for our awakened curiosity, Laura was quite impenetrable, and either could not, or would not enlighten us, and so we went boldly off to find Uncle Ben himself, and satisfy our thirst at the fountain head.

Uncle Ben was not in his own room, nor in the parlor with mamma and Laura, and we turned away disappointed to seek him elsewhere, when as we passed papa's office, or the library, as it was sometimes called, we heard his voice. He was speaking earnestly, so earnestly, and to a listener so abstracted, that Lizzie and I pushed open the door, and reached the middle of the room with our soft childish steps, unobserved. And there stood Uncle Ben by the fire, his fine face flushed, and agitated, and our own dear Miss Rainsford beside him. The mystery was solved at once, and the truth burst upon us with overwhelming power, for Uncle Ben held Miss Rainsford's hand in his, and called her "dear Sophy," and we, the unintentional witnesses of his love, turned about in amaze, scampered away as if Cupid had been a very horrible little deity, and ran to tell Laura that we knew more about the matter than she did. Miss Rainsford did not come down to tea, I remember; and Uncle Ben looked very nervous and strangely quiscial, and seemed so happy he could not express it.—He took us upon his knee before we went to bed, and I ventured to whisper, "Lizzie says you are going to be married, Uncle Ben, is it true?"

"I hope so, pussy," was his reply.

"And who to?" I asked, with affected ignorance.

"Oh, a pretty young lady."

"And do we know her, Uncle Ben?"

"Yes, and you love her almost as well as I do."

I professed myself profoundly ignorant, and Uncle Ben, vowing he would not tell us, but we must guess, sent us off to bed with a kiss, bidding us stop in Miss Rainsford's room, and say he hoped her headache was better.

How the years flit by, and the scenes of childhood come back to us like a fairy dream. Uncle Ben sits reading at the window of the old library where first he told his love, a hale, hearty, elderly gentleman, the very picture of contentment, good-feeling and cheerfulness, while Aunt Sophy, surrounded by her former pupils, has come to pay a long visit at Oakwood.

The joyous spring-time smiled upon our country home when the marriage took place; Laura sustained the important office of bridesmaid, with all proper dignity, and Lizzie and I were quite inconsolable when Uncle Ben once more departed, and carried with him, as his gentle wife, our dearly cherished and long lamented governess.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

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BY MIRIAM F. HAMILTON.  
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On a lone and rocky sea-coast,
Where the waves with hollow moan
Seem to bear upon their billows
Many a sailor's dying groan,

Stands a light-house, like a giant
Holding up his torch so bright,
Which with steady radiance gleaming,
Cheers the dismal, stormy night.

Here, in years that now are gathered
In the garland of the Past,
Dwelt an old man, bowed by sorrows
Which upon him Time had cast.

O'er the only treasure left him,
A young daughter passing fair,
Fearing that she too might leave him,
Watched he with untiring care.

Oft he told her, "I was sinking,
When on Life's vast, stormy sea,
Like this *light* to souls despairing,
Thou wert given to comfort me."

Ever gentle was the maiden,
And her voice so sweet and clear
That each softly uttered accent
Fell like music on the ear.

Oft together they would ramble
On the rocky wave-washed shore,
Talking of the fondly loved ones
They should meet on Earth no more.

And as years passed, grew the maiden
Ever lovelier day by day ;
But the old man felt the life-tide
Ebbing calm and slow away.

And at last, when wild winds howling
Made that lonely place more drear,
Meekly laying down life's burdens
He met Death without a fear.

Oh, it was a dreadful tempest !
But more dreadful far to be
With the dead, like that young maiden,
Shut up in the stormy sea.

Far, far o'er the boiling billows,
Till her eyelids throbbed with pain,
Watched she for some boat to near her,
But she ever watched in vain.

Yet amid her deepest sorrow,
With a calm and steady glow
Burned the beacon brightly beaming
On the troubled deep below.

Till heartsick with hope deferred long,
Faint and sad the maiden grew,
And into deep slumber falling,
Ne'er on Earth a waking knew.

But the sailors say that often,
In the night, a form they see
Standing on the light-house, wringing
Its white hands so mournfully.

Whoe'er sees that vision mournful,
Prays, "God give the poor soul rest !"
And the ship with prosperous breezes
And a quick return, is blest.

AUTOMATA.

BY ANNIE PARKER.

MACHINERY and the mechanic arts in our day, have been brought to such a wonderful degree of perfection, that we are apt to overlook the small beginnings from which this perfection sprung. Among the causes which have led to it, the making of automata is not the least important.

In this utilitarian age, an invention that does not serve some immediate purpose of beauty or use, is pretty sure to be overlooked or forgotten. Had Archytas lived in the nineteenth century, instead of the fifth before Christ, duplicates of his flying dove would, doubtless, have had a place in numberless baby-houses, and been mercilessly broken in pieces by curious little fingers, in the endeavor to comprehend the secret of their powers. Thousands of toys are thus mutilated day by day, which exhibit scarcely less ingenuity in their construction, and no one dreams of asking the inventor's name. That of Archytas would hardly have survived so many centuries, had his claim to be remembered rested on his curious automaton alone. He was great as a mathematician, statesman and general, a truly wise man. The ingenuity displayed in his flying dove, would in our day have found exercise in the invention of stocking-looms and patent reapers, or other labor-saving contrivances, whose authors are more indebted, perhaps, than they are aware, to these seemingly useless results of human skill.

The ancient poets thought the making of automata a work not unworthy of the gods. Vulcan was particularly distinguished for his skill in this direction. He made for Minon, king of Crete, a brazen man, to be the guardian of his island. Three times a day he compassed it, and woe to the unlucky invader who found himself in his arms. His name was Talos, and his mode of destruction was to make himself red hot in the fire, and then embrace the king's enemies.

Homer describes Vulcan as making tripods which moved on living wheels, instinct with spirit.

At Thebes on the banks of the Nile, may still be seen the remains of colossal statues of Memnon, one of which uttered musical sounds of joy at the rising of the sun, and mournful notes of regret at his setting. It is said also to have had the power of shedding tears,

and making oracular responses. The name of the maker of this world-renowned automaton is forgotten.

Less widely known are the brazen head made by the learned friar Bacon, which uttered articulate sounds, and the iron fly of the not less learned John Muller or Regiomontanus of Konigsberg, which, after flying round the room, came back and settled on its master's finger.

The Emperor Theophilus is said to have had a golden tree filled with birds, which made melody like that of nightingales.

In the 13th century, Albertus Magnus made for himself a wooden servant, which opened the door when any one knocked, and saluted the guest. The construction of this figure cost him thirty years labor. We cannot help thinking his time might have been more profitably spent.

In the dial of the famous water-clock presented by Charlemagne to Haroun Al Raschid, were twelve doors, which opened each at the hour it represented, and remained open till twelve o'clock, when twelve knights issued from them on horseback, and having made the circuit of the dial, returned and shut themselves in again.

A very ingenious toy was constructed for Louis XIV. It consisted of a carriage drawn by two horses, which moved their legs naturally. The figure of a lady was seated in the carriage, and coachman and attendants were in their proper places. The coachman cracked his whip, and the equipage moved off in order, till it arrived opposite the king's seat, when it stopped, the footman stepped down, and opened the door, the lady alighted, and presented a petition to the king.

The automata of Vaucanson, during the reign of Louis XV., were remarkable specimens of ingenuity. Three years were spent in the construction of his celebrated flute-player, a wooden figure of a man which played the flute with great precision. He also made two brazen geese which not only swallowed corn, but digested it by means of some internal wheels. His wonderful skill drew the attention not only of his own, but of foreign kings, who gave him flattering tokens of their admiration. But with the modesty of true genius, he said to Droz, a fellow countryman, who distinguished himself in the same direction,—“Young man, you begin where I should be willing to end.”

At the age of twenty two, this young man, by name Henri Droz, carried to Paris among other products of his skill, an automaton representing a female, who played several tunes on the harpsichord, following the notes of the music with her eyes and head, and having

finished playing, rose, and saluted the company. The father of this young man made a writing automaton, which moved its hands and fingers, and formed handsome letters.

Among the presents which Napoleon Bonaparte received when First Consul, was a vase, which, on being touched, exhibited a palm-tree, under which a shepherdess was spinning.

The Swiss are particularly ingenious in works of this description. One of the most successful modern makers of automata, is the Swiss Maillardet. He made a female figure which plays eighteen tunes upon the piano, the motions of the body, the eyes, and fingers being naturally performed. A humming-bird which issues from a box, sings, and returns to the box again ; a little figure which dances to music produced in a glass case, which also encloses the figure ; and a magician, which answers any question taken from twenty medallions, are among the most curious of his works. This magician may be consulted with safety even by such persons who have justly conscientious scruples against countenancing those who profess to reveal the secrets of the future. Would any one satisfy his curiosity, he has but to select a medallion and place it in a drawer. The wooden dealer with fate gravely consults his magical books, and then strikes with his wand upon a door, which opens and displays an appropriate answer.

Early in the present century, Leonard Maelzel astonished the Parisians by the exhibition of his celebrated Panharmonicon. This was a musical machine, moved solely by springs, which imitated the sounds of a variety of wind instruments with great perfection. The clarionet, hautboy, bassoon, flute, serpent, trombone, French horn, trumpet, were distinctly heard, and added to these the kettle-drum, bass-drum, cymbals and triangle. Pleyel, Cherubini, and other celebrated composers, offered to the author of this wonderful mechanism pieces of their own music, as tokens of their esteem.

Maelzel is not known merely as the inventor of this curious instrument. Had he given the world no more useful proofs of his genius, he might well be forgotten. But he did great service to musical science by the invention of the metronome. It is for this he is remembered and classed with the most ingenious mechanicians of the century.

Another very curious specimen of skill and mechanical ingenuity, is the famous chess-player of Rempelen. The automaton, dressed as a Turk, sat behind a sort of chest, three feet and a half high, which opened, leaving the machinery within exposed to view. The figure slowly raised its arm, stretched it out till it reached the piece

to be played, opened its fingers, took it up and placed it on the proper square, then slowly returned to the cushion on which it rested. When necessary, it called out "*Echec*," and at every move of its adversary shook its head, glancing its eyes round the board. If its opponent made a false move it would put the piece back in its place and shake its head. A tablet containing all the letters of the alphabet being placed before it, it would answer any question put to it by pointing out the letters which formed the reply. This last accomplishment is not unlike the mode of communication said to have been adopted in these latter days by the spirits. But no spirit dwelt within the wooden frame of the automaton chess-player. Rempelen and other mechanics of his class could give to their ingenious devices some qualities similar to those of the body, but they could not indue them with intelligence, nor breathe into them the breath of life. They are very curious as specimens of human skill, but are chiefly to be preserved and valued for the influence their construction exerted upon the progress of science and art.

To such of our readers (if any such there be) as will never admit a thing has value which is not immediately and practically useful, we repeat a well-known anecdote:

"Of what use are balloons?" asked some one of Dr. Franklin.

"Of what use is a new-born babe?" was the significant reply of the inventor of the lightning-rod.

FIRE-SHADOWS—BRIGHT AND DARK.

BY KATE FROTHINGHAM.

WHEN the Day plays hide with her sister
The Night, so stately and fair,
And the sun is casting his fondest glance
On the beautiful clouds in the air,

As I sit in the twilight dusky,
Before my fire so bright
And gaze, as a maiden loves to gaze
On the flickering shapes of light,

Proud castles spring up in the embers,
And palaces rise in the smoke;
Or nestled away at the foot of the brands
A cottage, half hid by an oak.

There are lordly forms at the castle,
 Brave hearts and true hands there be;
 And away in the cottage among the hills,
 A heart that beats only for me.

And the blaze brings a brighter vision,
 As far in its depths I look,
 The years of the future before me lie,
 Like the page of an open book.

There's a world that is good and kindly,—
 There are friends who are always true;
 And my life is a glad and happy one
 In the work and the will to *do*.

I start from the cushioned arm-chair—
 "This dream of it shall not be all!"
 While I eagerly gaze round the silent room,
 A shadow flits over the wall:
 'Tis only a shade from the fire-side,
 Yet it makes my spirit fall.

I think of the time when I saw it,
 A child on my mother's knee,
 And friends who are dead and distant now,
 Were watching the shadows with me.

That eve in my gleeful frolic,
 I laughed at the fire-shades wild;
 To-night they seem like the ghosts of the years
 That have flown since I was a child.

And every grief of my girlhood,
 And every sin of my youth,
 Each friendship broken, each hope destroyed,
 Comes back with a bitter truth.

Stern Memory bids me listen,
 She chants me a saddening strain;
 While Hope on her bright and flickering flame,
 Is bidding me look again.

I will sit in the cushioned arm-chair,
 And turn from the darkening past;
 Hope weaves the future in brighter scenes,—
 Let me look at them while they last.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable; an equal agreeable;
 and an inferior acceptable.



Procrastinatio

Procrastinatio!



The Orange

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PROCRASTINATION:

OR THE MISER'S DEATH-BED.

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

MICHAEL HARTLEY emigrated to America, and settled in what is now the state of Massachusetts, some years before Lexington, and Concord, and Bunker Hill had been made historical names by the incidents of the revolution. Michael was the son of one of that class of men known in England as gentlemen farmers, a lower link in the chain which connects the people with the great landed aristocracy. The elder Hartley was as proud of his unblemished descent from far-off, rude Saxton ancestors as any noble in the land—as anxious to support all the requirements of his class and to sustain his own position as the earl whose high-walled park skirted his grounds, and whose castle-bell rang for the dinner of the castle guests every evening, just as John Hartley and his family sat down, in the great, low-ceiled, brick-floored kitchen of Leigh farm, to their supper.

John Hartley kept horses and rode to the hunt, and voted with the party his father and his father's father had supported, and kept the great festival of the harvest home, and burned the Yule log at Christmas, and followed in all things the example of those who had gone before. Well it would have been for him if in one thing, yes, in two things, he had neglected this example. He had inherited a debt that encumbered the acres of Leigh farm, and there had been no example of economy or prudent thrift that he could follow. He had also formed an appetite for strong drinks, and there had been no example of restraint of this ruinous habit.

Long before John Hartley's sons grew to manhood, he had become very poor. A pinching want was sometimes felt in the household, not the less severely that it was hidden beneath the externals of gentility. His children had witnessed and partaken of the thousand shifts to which the mother, whom they almost idolized, was forced to resort to cover the ravages of the father's thoughtless expenditure. They had seen her tremble and turn pale when a stranger desired admittance at the once hospitable doors of Leigh farm. They had overheard her beseeching their father, with tearful eyes and tremulous voice, ere he mounted his horse and rode away to the neighbor-

ing fair, not to allow himself to be "overtaken" at least before he had sold his barley to the maltsters, or his young cattle to the Northern drovers, both of whom, as she often asserted, had more than once shamefully overreached him when "in his cups."

Every year matters grew worse and worse at Leigh farm. The father settled down into a confirmed drunkard, still retaining the reins of authority in his own hands—still making bad bargains—still neglecting the grounds and the crops, but no longer smart enough in appearance to ride to the hunt even if there had been horses in his stables for him to mount.

The poor mother lay wearily down upon her death-bed at last.—When she died Michael was twenty, his sister Alice eighteen, and John, the elder son and heir to the old house and encumbered acres, just twenty-one. Michael had long known that he must make his own way in the world unaided, and, when his mother was gone, there was little to attach him to the old place. The shifts and straits in which his life had been passed, or perhaps something inherent in his nature, had rendered him, early, sordid in his tastes and habits. Morose and gloomy, he had never joined in the plans nor diversions of his brother and sister, he had no confidant save his mother, and was little loved by any of the household now that she had gone.

It was no hard matter, then, to tear himself from home and its associations. So one fine morning in June, when Leigh farm was drest in all its early summer beauty, when the trees of the neighboring park were tossing their green plumes in the breeze, and were alive with the motion and song of birds, he kissed his sister, shook his father by the hand, who was too much inebriated, or too drivelling in intellect to be made to comprehend that it was a last farewell; and, accompanied by his brother, departed on his way toward the nearest sea-port.

Once only Michael turned. He had reached the brow of an ascent from whence the road wound downward toward the more level country, and from whence, consequently, the last view of Leigh farm could be obtained. Memory and affection, for once, claimed mastery. Michael turned. He stood leaning upon the stout stick he carried, and let his eye rove over all the fair scene—the old farm-house, with its lattices, and quaint gables, and festooning vines, the wide porch where his mother was wont to sit in summer days, and, above it, the window of the room where she had died; while, near by, was the little village church, old and time-stained, and all around it the green hillocks and white tombstones and monuments of many gener-

ations of dead ; and, further on, the park and the grey turrets of the castle, and many-tinted fields and brown knolls, the river winding between like a broad ribband of blue, and clumps of trees and snug cottages, and all that goes to make up the loveliness of an English landscape.

Michael looked his last, and then dashing away two or three tears, the last, perhaps, that ever moistened his hard, grey eyes, he went back to his brother's side, and the two trudged on in silence, until they arrived at the spot where the coach passed which was to convey Michael on his journey. They had not long to wait. With the rattle of wheels and trampling of iron hoofs their few parting words were drowned. Michael mounted to his seat beside the coachman, the guard sounded his horn, the horses pranced and curvetted, and from out a cloud of dust Michael looked back and saw the sturdy figure of his brother, standing where he had left him, waving his hat high in air, while the wind tossed the bright curls round his broad, honest Saxon face. A curve in the road soon hid him from sight, and then Michael Hartley knew that he was adrift in the wide world alone.

After a weary, stormy voyage of many weeks, Michael at length set foot on the shores of the New World. His possessions amounted in all to twenty pounds ; with this, and his youth and energy, he must carve his way to fortune. Michael had no longer any fears for his dignity or position, he was a stranger in a strange land, where Leigh farm and the ancient name of Hartley were unknown. He was free to pursue his search after fortune as he would, without compromising himself or his family.

Michael commenced life as a sort of under-clerk or porter, in a great warehouse upon the wharves of Boston, and there, upon a meagre salary, and engaged in the hardest labor, he spent several years.

Meanwhile matters had grown worse and worse in the house he had left. The cattle, and the farm horses, and the standing crops were sold, from time to time, to pay constantly accumulating debts ; all the rooms of the old house were dismantled, save the kitchen and the sleeping rooms of the family, and the ancient plenishing—antique chairs, and cabinets, and couches, and bits of ancient tapestry that would have made the fortune of a dealer in antiquities, were sold for the few pounds that more and more frequently were demanded to pay debts of the old man's contracting. Even the farm which had been in the family for centuries, and through so many of the changes and convulsions that had passed over the British realm, would have gone too, only for the encumbrances that hung over it and kept it from the old man's power

Thus, while Michael was toiling wearily in America, his brother often pined for the freedom to follow him across the great ocean. And especially did he long for this when, some three years after Michael's departure, Alice married the son of a tenant of the Earl's, a neighbor of the Hartleys—Matthew Lisle, and, in company with her husband, emigrated to America. She went away charged with many a loving message to the absent brother who, apparently, had forgotten all his kindred, for except the brief letter which announced to them his arrival, they had never heard from him.

But the messages were destined not soon to be delivered, for Alice and her husband were landed at New York, and soon after proceeded northward to take possession of the little farm that Matthew Lisle's English guineas had purchased on the banks of the Hudson. The labors and privations of a pioneer life, and the responsibilities and cares of an increasing family, soon gathered around the young emigrants, and Alice found herself as effectually if not as widely separated from her younger brother as if the ocean had still rolled between them.

Meanwhile the old man at Leigh farm had died, and was laid with his ancestors in the little green church-yard, and John the younger, fell into the inheritance of the dismantled house and half-tilled, debt-encumbered acres of the old farm. John was a steady, hard-working man, thinking far less of keeping up the olden gentility of the race, than of trying to repair the evils that his father and the generations before him had brought upon it. He had married, before his father's death, a woman of a class beneath his own, somewhat sordid and vulgar, but willing to second and aid his plans with stout heart and ready hand.

Michael had been ten years in America when the war of Independence commenced. By that time he had worked himself into a far higher situation than the one he at first occupied, and had won a place in the good graces of his employers by his indefatigable attention to business. By strict economy he had already added a considerable sum to the twenty pounds with which he commenced life, and the amount was, from time to time, invested either in the business of his employers, or in such schemes as his shrewdness led him to foresee, would bring him large profits with small risk. He also had married the daughter of his landlady, a simple, kindly-natured girl. Perhaps this had been one of his speculations also, at any rate it served to establish him in free quarters, his own services in small out-door matters and those of his wife in the household, being taken as an equivalent for the home they occupied.

Thus matters stood with the different members of this widely-separated family, when the ominous rumors of war that had so long disquieted the hearts of the people of the provinces, began to take form in the streets of Boston, and were echoed back from Lexington Green.

Battle after battle, and field after field had been fought and won. For some, the days were a harvest time of glory, for some, of shame and defeat, for others still of gain. Of the last was Michael Hartley. Mingling with neither one party nor the other, he was too shrewd not to take advantage of the times. If fortunes are proverbially lost in times of war, they are just as proverbially gained by those who know how to take advantage of opportunities. And Michael was truly one of these.

At the commencement of the war, Michael left his employers and invested his small capital in business of his own. He watched every change in the tide of circumstances, and turned all things to his own advantage, scheming and working day and night, going poorly clad and often worse fed. All was "fish that came to his net," as the old proverb runs. With a Midas-like touch he turned all things to gold, and his possessions grew apace till he counted his wealth by thousands.

When peace was declared, and men returned once more to their usual pursuits, Michael found many of his avenues of gain choked up. Trade returned to its former level; farms were no longer uncultivated; commerce, no longer clogged by injurious restrictions, nor liable to disturbance upon the high seas, fell into its legitimate channels. Michael's great warehouses were no longer filled with goods for which he could obtain the ruinous war prices, and he found that if he still remained in business, he must content himself with the ordinary slow gains of the merchant.

Such a life was no longer to his taste. The evil passion of avarice had grown with all that it fed upon in the years past, and would not be satisfied with less.

About this time the mother of Michael's wife died, and her little property fell into his hands. Her furniture he conveyed to a large gloomy house, standing quite by itself on an estate near Boston, which had fallen into his hands during the war. Here he removed with his wife, and here the remainder of his days were spent.

He pursued no ostensible business, no longer had warehouses, nor any of the appurtenances of trade, yet his gold increased, and the path that led up to the portal of the old mansion was worn with the tread of many feet, and there were mysterious conferences, and the

jingling of coin, and the transfer of yellow parchments in the small gloomy room, in one corner of which Michael sat before his desk like a spider waiting to pounce upon the flies that buzzed around him. Michael Hartley had become an usurer.

The possessor of uncounted thousands, he lived no less sordidly than of old. Only such rooms of the old mansion as were strictly needed for the use of himself and wife were ever opened. Scanty food, and fire, and raiment, were all that ever he indulged in, or allowed the simple, loving woman who, uncomplainingly, submitted to her hard fate.

Her life was very sad and lonely, shut out as she was from all society, but that of her sordid husband, inured to hardship, and forbidden one object on which she might lavish the love of her warm heart. For him he had his cherished gold to love, and knew no dearer delight than to pore over the pages of his ledger, or count the contents of his strong box, never heeding the poor creature who toiled uncheered to provide for his wants, or sat through the long evenings in lonely meditation by the smouldering kitchen fire.

One day, Michael, peering from his window, saw most unusual visitants approach. A woman, leading a little girl by the hand, came slowly up the walk. Both wore mourning garments of the humblest kind, yet carefully arranged and scrupulously neat, and were looking wonderingly at the great house with the untended vines and unpruned shrubbery that surrounded it, and the appearances of decay and desolation that would have made it seem uninhabited but for the open door and the thin wreath of smoke rising slowly from the kitchen chimney.

"Beggars!" sneered Michael, while his cold, grey eye assumed a harder expression. "Little they'll get here, though. Poor place this for the like of them," and he hastily threw a pile of gold which he had been counting into the box beside him, locked it and placed the key in his pocket.

All this time he had been listening as the bell rang and his wife's footsteps were heard coming slowly along the passages. He heard voices in the hall—a little scream of surprise, or joy from his wife, at which he sneered again; and then the door opened and the strangers were ushered into the room.

Michael remained seated, for he was not one to waste civility where there was no prospect of a golden return, till the woman had traversed the apartment and approached his desk. She did not speak, but there was something familiar in the worn face and the beaming eyes that made the hard heart of the miser beat quicker.

Simultaneously the words "Alice!" "Michael!" burst from the lips of each, and the long-parted brother and sister knew that they had met at last.

Michael forgot that he was a miser for once, and opening his arms he took his sister to his bosom with a gush of joyful feeling, to which he had long been a stranger, while visions of his old home, of his mother, and the once-loved playmates of his childhood rose up before him.

It seemed like a dream that Alice had come to him, that the little one she led by the hand called her mother. Nevertheless, he welcomed them warmly, and bade his wife, who stood by, wondering and weeping, prepare refreshments and lodging for them; and even withdrew one of his precious gold pieces from its hiding place, that this might be accomplished.

The next morning this mood was changed. The miser sat beside his desk with an ominous frown upon his face, which deepened each time he heard the shouts of the little girl at play upon the neglected lawn, or the voices of the women from the neighboring kitchen.

During the evening after his sister's arrival, he had learned that she came to him poor and desolate, to claim from him protection and a home. The life of Alice had been one of sorrow and misfortune. Herself and husband and little ones had been happy and prosperous until war swept over the land. Then their crops were destroyed, time after time, their barns and storehouses pillaged, and, in defending his family from a lawless band of armed men, Matthew Lisle received a wound that disabled him for the remainder of his life. Misfortune after misfortune fell upon them, and peace did not return to their household when it smiled on all around. The stout arm that had won bread from their fertile acres had become powerless, sickness came and carried off, one by one, the band of little ones that were growing in beauty by their fireside, till only Mary Lisle, the youngest of all, remained. Then the father and husband, after lingering sufferings, followed his children to the grave—the farm was sold to pay the unavoidable debts accumulated during their years of misfortune, and Alice found herself alone with her little one, with scarcely more than the sum which served her to reach the brother, of whose prosperity she had heard.

She had come to him in her poverty and desolation, and there was still enough human feeling remaining in his heart to forbid him to cast her off. A shelter and bread he must give her, but a grim smile crossed his clouded features as the thought flashed upon his mind that he need not do more. It would be little that they would

eat, and there was many a vacant room in the old house that might better accommodate them than the vermin that swarmed them and raced and gambolled of nights across the bare floors and in the hollow wainscots, sending terror to his soul, as they woke him from his dreams of gold.

But if Alice thought to benefit by his hoards when he had gone, she should find her mistake. Since he had no child to inherit them, they should all be bequeathed to high-sounding charities, and the old miser, if he lived despised, should be honored when he slept in his grave; and he groaned when he thought that *there* he could not carry his beloved gold.

That day he sent for his lawyer, a little sordid-looking man with face as yellow as the parchments among which his life was spent. The two were closeted long together, while a throng of applicants waited without, and that night Michael ungraciously informed his sister that he had resolved to give food and shelter to herself and little Mary, but beyond that they must look for nothing.

"I am not very old," he said, "but mine has been a life of toil, and I am feeble. So I must look well to the ways of my household and strive to eke out my little means so that none of us shall come to beggary," and he heaved a hypocritical sigh, while his sister turned away to hide the tears that sprung to her eyes.

It was very painful to be forced to accept this grudging charity, but she looked at her helpless child, and thought of her own feebleness. So with a great effort she conquered her rebellious feelings and thanked her brother as well as she was able.

No more passed, and the little household, over which the gloom of the all-devouring passion of avarice had so long hovered, settled soon into the calm, unvarying monotony of cheerless days. There was but one gleam of light upon the fate of its dwellers, that which radiated from the sunny face of the child—sweet Mary Lisle. Her sweet voice sounded through the dim, desolate rooms, and her bright smile gladdened the heart of her mother and brought a strange joy, that had in it its own drop of bitterness, into that of Michael Hartley's wife—the joy of having something to love, and the bitter pang of the childless wife that the something had not been her own.—And the miser counted his gold, and drew his victims, mesh after mesh, into his gilded net, devouring their substance and bringing ruin and blight and desolation to those who trusted him.

So the years rolled on, and while sweet Mary Lisle grew in beauty and put on the loveliness of young womanhood, the miser and his wife and sister, were growing old in the old house. And age brought

its infirmities and its pains, heads once bright were frosted over, and eyes once sparkling were dim and sunken, and footsteps once light had become slow and feeble. And so on Mary fell, one by one, the cares and labors of the little household. Even her sordid uncle, after wearying her young strength in lengthened tasks, congratulated himself that he had secured a cheerful ready helper so easily, and above all, so cheaply—yes, so cheaply. And he wondered, silently, and perhaps sneeringly, in his own heart, if all women were such fools as to work without pay, to give their best years, as Alice and her daughter had done, for a shelter and scanty food. He was glad he had told them they might expect no more.

But at length he lay upon a bed of sickness, prostrated by fierce pain and burning with fever, while death stared him in the face, and his vast possessions, the result of his mean and sordid life, seemed just slipping from his grasp. Then as Mary hovered about him, holding the cooling draught to his parched lips, and shifting the uneasy pillows, his conscience would be heard, as it loudly reproached him, that he was about to leave one so young and lovely, penniless and unprotected.

Again he sent for his lawyer, and another will was drawn, by his directions, in which Mary was made heiress of by far the greater portion of his estate. But on the morrow when the lawyer returned, Michael was greatly better. Relieved from his pain, and freed from the terror of approaching death, he refused to sign the will.

Not long after this attack had passed, the son of John Hartley presented himself at his uncle's door. A fine, sturdy, blue-eyed youth was this latest representative of the old race, bearing his father's name, and so like what that father had been, when Michael last saw him from the coach-top, on that June morning years before, that he started when the youth stood before him as if he had seen his brother's wraith.

The fortunes of the race of Hartley had utterly fallen. The farm had passed into other hands—most of it was now enclosed by the wall of the Earl's park, while the ancient farm-house made a picturesque keeper's lodge. John Hartley was dead and his wife lay beside him in the church-yard, and the son had wandered away across the sea to seek a new home and perhaps new fortunes. He had sought the relatives he had never seen, bearing to them the dying messages of his father, and hoping perhaps, in his friendlessness, some aid and comfort from the rich uncle.

Michael received him coldly, Alice with tears of joy, and Mary with smiles and blushes, while Michael's wife, whose later days had

been rendered so much happier than any she had known before, by the presence of her gentle relatives, was only too glad to open her heart to the handsome, joyous youth.

For a few days, which perhaps might be counted by weeks, Michael suffered his nephew to remain in his house. For John's sake and for the memory of the dear old home with which he was associated, he could not at first send him away. But his grudging hospitality soon died out, and withdrawing from his hoards a sum equivalent to the twenty pounds with which he himself had commenced life he bade him take it, and seek his fortune amid the strife and bustle of the great world.

John went, but no farther than Boston. Here he soon established himself in some business which promised well, happy to make his abiding place so near the one spot he now might call home, because of the loved friends gathered there.

And thus more years passed away. The old man grew more and more feeble, and made greater demands upon sweet Mary Lisle's time and patience. And more than once came those fierce attacks, and the sudden spasms of conscience, and the desire to do justice to those who were to come after him. And more than once the old lawyer, with his blue bag, and mounted on his ambling pony, hurried out to reach the old man's bedside with the unsigned will. But ever too late, for with the fierceness of the pain and the imminence of the danger passed away the wavering desire, and the deed would be procrastinated yet again.

But the hour came when whatsoever work remained for the old man to do, must be done quickly, for Michael Hartley was dying at last.

It was a day in the very vigor and flush of summer, a morning in June, like that one more than forty years past, when he left his English home, when the world seems filled to overflowing with life and joy and brightness, that the gloom and shadow of death fell upon the old house. All night the terrified women had watched by the couch of suffering, and at early morning, in spite of the remonstrances dictated by his avarice, had summoned a physician to his side, and, on sending as usual for the old lawyer, had also despatched an urgent message to John Hartley. The good pastor of the village church had also hurried to the house of death, and John had brought a second physician in his company. And this was the group who, towards noon, gathered round the dying man.

It was a large room in which the old man lay, wainscotted with oak so dark with age that it seemed to retain the shadows of the

night even in the brightness of noon-day, and was dim in spite of the light that poured unobstructed through the two large windows that occupied one end of the apartment. The furniture was quaint and old like the dying man, and so evidently belonging to the past as to give a weird and unreal seeming to the scene. The heavy carved bedstead, with its dark hangings, was drawn into the centre of the apartment. A few carved chairs, nearly black with age, stood carelessly upon the uncarpeted floor. Other pieces of ponderous and ancient furniture, cabinets and tables and couches, occupied the recesses of the room, and ghostly garments hung upon the wall or lay where they had been thrown in haste upon the chairs—garments that should never more enclose the limbs now stiffening in the still rigor of death, while beneath the bed, half-concealed, was seen the miser's strong box, near him to the last.

Mary stood at the bed's head, supporting the dying man in her arms. At one side knelt the clergyman, earnestly exhorting him to make his peace with Him into whose presence he was so soon to go; the poor wife, in a passion of tears wrung from the depths of a heart that had loved on through years of coldness and hardship, stood at the bed's foot, while John Hartley, his handsome face saddened, and his giant limbs trembling with awe, had sunk down beside her, gazing earnestly upon the changing face. The two physicians consulted together apart, while Alice had anxiously drawn near to listen; and the old lawyer, heedless of the dying man's impatient exclamations, calmly stood by the window mending a pen, with a gravity and deliberation quite at variance with the sad and anxious expression which rested on every other face. Upon the bed lay the scattered sheets on which were written the long unsigned will, which the old man was trying with failing eyes to read, unheeding, in his impatience, the solemn exhortations of the minister, or the tears of his wife.

"Mary," he said suddenly, clasping the hand which supported him, "good girl, good girl, you have worked on all these years for your old uncle, without thought of reward. But you shall have your reward. John, come hither. Do you think, my boy, that the old man has been blind? I've seen the light grow brighter in Mary's eye when your step was heard without, and the blood flush across your cheek as you hastened to meet her, just as it did upon your father's face, years since, when he courted your mother at dear old Leighton. The old man has been hard and cold," he added, caressing the little hand he held, "but you've won him to love you, Mary dear, as he never thought to love aught but his gold. And now you

shall have it all, you and John, all but what the two who will soon follow me, will need. But," glancing uneasily around, as his old habit of thought returned, "it is not much, it is not much. Strangely they mistake, that call me a rich man—a little gold and a few acres, and the old house, that's all, that's all!" and he wandered off into inarticulate murmurings.

The minister resumed his exhortations, but the dying man interrupted him with impatient demands for the pen, and at length the lawyer, slowly and deliberately, approached. He arranged the papers with an exactness, and filled the pen with a caution that seemed to exasperate Michael, and hastily snatching the pen, with his feeble fingers, he began to trace his name upon the spot indicated by the lawyer. Almost fiercely, but with a trembling hand, he scrawled the letters. The first name was written, and the great sprawling H almost completed, when his fingers relaxed, his whole figure seemed to collapse suddenly, while a grey shadow stole over the whiteness of his face, and he fell back in Mary's arms.

"He is dead!" solemnly said the clergyman. "Into thy hands, oh Lord, we commend the spirit of our departing brother."

They laid him down, while John led the weeping women from the room.

In a few days the funeral was over, and the three desolate women sat together in the old house, which they hardly knew whether they might longer claim as home. The mysterious provisions of that will, of which they had heard so much, hung over them. The wife, no doubt, could claim her right of dower, but for Mary Lisle and her mother, there was no provision; and the one in her feeble age, and the other in her unprotected youth must, perhaps, go forth among strangers to earn that which would suffice for their simple wants. The years that had seemed so monotonous and joyless in passing, now recurred to them as only quiet and calmly gliding hours of peace, such as they might vainly long for henceforth.

They were interrupted by a visit from the old lawyer. They awaited the announcement of his business with a vague anxiety.

"You know, ma'am," he said, addressing Mrs. Hartley, as soon as the usual civilities were over; "that the old gentleman didn't sign that will. Well, I expected he would, but I wasn't in any hurry to get ready, because I knew it did not make a particle of difference, except that it would have fooled away a little of his money on those charities he was so anxious his name should be attached to. But now there's no will at all, and after your claims, ma'am, the rest will go to the heirs at law, who, I take it, are this lady and her daughter

here, and that smart youngster I've seen here at the funeral, and other times. So none of it 'll go out of the family."

He paused to look round upon his audience, who were too much astonished to answer.

"It's true," he said, "there was a will, but he ordered me, the last attack he had before he died, to destroy it, and I hurried home and put it upon my fire. It was blazing there finely when the messenger he had sent after me, as I expected, to countermand his order, arrived. I never told him, and he never knew that it was destroyed. I expected this one would never be signed," added the old man, who seemed to be, after a certain sort, a fatalist.

And so the miser's vast wealth came into the hands of the orphan son and daughter of his brother and his sister. All but the widow's dower, no inconsiderable sum, for the old man's wealth was counted by its hundreds of thousands.

The wife and sister mourned deeply, for he who had gone was endeared to them by memories and long habit of care-taking. Even Mary was saddened somewhat, but a great many things happened soon after her uncle's death to make her happier than she had ever been before.

In the first time, the shadow of care was completely and forever lifted from her mother's brow, and John was free to leave the drudgery he detested, and enter into congenial pursuits. And more, and better than all, the feelings that had brightened the eyes and flushed the cheeks of the youthful pair could now be put into the form of words.

And after a few months, after the first months of mourning were past, after an army of painters and glaziers and carpenters had repaired and beautified the house, and lightened and refreshed the dim rooms, in which upholsterers had done their work deftly, and after gardeners had cleared and planted the weedy lawn and neglected gardens, and after all that wealth and taste could do to make their home beautiful had been done, there was a wedding in the old house, and John and Mary were made one.

Alice Lisle and the widow of Michael Hartley, have long ago gone away to the home of the just, but John and Mary, old and hale still, live in the beautiful mansion, surrounded by their children and their grandchildren, still dispensing wisely and liberally the miser's hoards. For they have remembered too vividly his meanly, sordid life, and the death made horrible by his vain attempt to atone for his procrastination of the justice due those who come after him ever to err as he did, even if their natures had been less noble and generous.

DREAMS.

BY GENEVA.

"OUR life's a dream!" sings the poet. True it is that much of our lives is passed in dreaming. There are sleeping and waking dreams; of the latter we experience innumerable varieties. There are day dreams and midnight dreams. Firelight dreams and dreams by starlight. Dreams of an unknown, intangible happiness, enchanting yet without form. Dreams of misery as terrific as unreal.—Dreams of the young—dreams of the aged. Dreams of the wedded—dreams of the, as yet, unmated heart. Dreams of the solitary student, peering fixedly, far over the unread page, into the measureless depths of nothingness. Dreams of the jaded, toil-worn traveler, journeying wearily in a land of strangers. Dreams of the hardy, fearless, yet warm-hearted mariner, tossing on the billowy ocean, far from the haven of his rest. Dreams of the half rewarded seamstress, bending painfully over her midnight toil. Dreams of "the sunny child." Dreams of the ambitious, the energetic man. Dreams of "the pure in heart;" of the mourning—of that blessed period beyond time, when "they shall see God;" when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes;" when there shall be no more sickness, nor pain, nor sorrow, because "the former things have passed away."

There are the dreams in which we live over again our early days—when we wandered alone through the unfrequented woods, to commune with our wildwood friends in their hermit haunts—when we greeted with wondrous joy the early faintly blushing anemones; welcoming their cheerless advent with *our* cheeriest smile, though the winds and the weather, grown hard-hearted during winter's sojourn, could coldly frown upon and rudely jostle the gentle, unpretending spring beauties. When we shouted for joy over a freshly found wealth of ruby winter-green berries, hidden away in the darkest, deepest haunts of the wood. When the golden-eyed five-fingers, entwining their slender arms lovingly, gazed up to us with sweetest smile from their lowly homes by the brookside, or on the sloping green carpeted hill. When we joined our morning song or evening carol to the melodious minstrelsy of the blissful birds. When we clapped our hands in glad response to the tinkling patter of the

waterfall's crystal feet, leaping from rock to rock, or dancing over the pebbly sands. When we knelt close by, upon the sweetest, sunniest bank in all the wood, and gathered treasures of the incense-breathing white violets, that impearled the emerald slope. When we communed so long and silently with a shadowy serious face that was wont to gaze up at us so softly winning, from the darkly shaded depths of a cool, clear spring, far hidden beneath the tasseled alders. When we leaned our young heads against that venerable tree whose gnarled roots formed our favorite seat, and wondered at the softly blended blue and fleecy white of the summer clouds, and mused upon the finely outlined foliage, far reaching above us—felt our young spirits hushed to a holy awe—felt a dawning sense of the mystery of existence stealing over us—and sought, and vainly sought to measure its wonderful depths—to comprehend life and ourselves.

There are, too, the sombre dreams of childhood—for early as well as later life has its blots of gloom, but these are transient. Their outlines have long since faded from memory's page, leaving perhaps a dark spot—perhaps no trace at all to tell that they ever were.

But our sleeping dreams excel in mystery. Then is it that the soul seems disencumbered of its earthly dross, resolved into its true being—its primitive essence. Then we wander freely through all impossible, impassable obstacles that intercept our progress. No walls are so solid but they melt away before our spirit feet. No waters are so subtle but we may tread their surface. No dangers so terrific, but we may pass them unharmed. No subject so sacred but we may laugh it to scorn. No sin so heinous but we may commit it with impunity. No bonds that can hold us in subjection—no spirits that can awe us to submission. We are plunged in deepest, chaotic abysses, yet not lost. Flames rage around us—we are not burned. Floods of foaming waters deluge us in vengeful fury—we are not drowned. We tread scores of hissing serpents beneath our feet—we feel not their sting. All fruits, and flowers, and fairy forms of Paradisiacal beauty prodigally strew the smiling haunts where, at times, we revel in excess of joy. All the rarest hues—all the deepest contrasts of nature—all things strange—all things beautiful, terrifying, discordant, ludicrous, jostle and blend, separate and reunite, in ever-changing combinations within this kaleidoscope realm—this wonderful dream-land that we so often visit.

The days of fairies and of romance wild,
Of metamorphoses more strange, more rare
Than ancient poets e'er in classic strains
Have made immortal are renewed in thee,

Oh, mystic dreamland ! whither flies my soul
 To revel nightly in thy glories rare.
 And, oh, that art were mine to fitly paint
 Thy changing pageantry—thy scenic shows,
 Thy demons, myths, chimeras, perils dire,
 Ay, worlds on worlds, of wonders ever new.
 But words are weak.—Imagination's art
 Alone can paint them, and but faintly too.
 E'en she, so powerful, can but reflect
 A fragmentary image of thy charms,
 As mirrored waters, from their rest disturbed
 By insect skimming o'er, or truant foot
 Of wand'ring schoolboy pictures forth a faint
 Distorted image of the jutting bank,
 The twining branches, the o'rhanging vines,
 So faithfully depicted there before
 In each minutest form.
 Land of reunions blest, where friend meets friend
 As sweetly linked in dear affection's bond,
 As if nor fate, nor change, nor trust betrayed,
 Nor time, the ravager, nor cruel death,
 Had e'er the chain dissolved.

Thrice blessed land !
 That places in the wrinkled hand of age
 The fresh, new-budded, vigorous hopes of youth,
 Bids the dim eye new kindle in their glow,
 The old cheek borrow lustre from their bloom—
 That renders back the dearly loved and lost,
 Renews the perished trust of early years,
 And cheats the gall'd heart of its misery.

Region of mystery ! In olden time
 Within thy realm events of future years
 Were oftentimes foreshadowed. There to men
 Of holiness the angel of the Lord
 Dispensed the mandates of the King of kings ;
 Which they in simple, trusting faith obeyed.
 Ah ! who shall say that aught but blinding sin,
 And almost skeptic barrenness of faith,
 Keeps back like messengers of heavenly love
 From us, of harder hearts and later years ?
 Indeed, who can deny that whispers soft
 From watching angels are vouchsafed to man,
 Though all unheard on his dull ear they fall,
 Or, haply, heard, awaken momentarily
 An idle wonder, if their import vast
 Be heaven-born or gendered in the brain,
 Then sink, neglected, to oblivion !

Use the Word of God ! it will convert the sinner ! Use the
 Word of God ! it will build up the believer ! Believer, use the
 Word of God ! it will feed you, and make your soul grow strong.
 Use the Word of God ! it will make you quick to discern between
 good and evil.

I WOULD N'T DO IT;

OR FEMALE INFLUENCE.

BY CATHARINE M. TROWBRIDGE.

IN a cool, airy chamber of a neat country dwelling, sat a drooping invalid, reclining feebly, almost helplessly, in a large easy chair.—The beautiful hectic on the otherwise pallid cheeks, proclaimed the victim of consumption. On a low ottoman at her feet, was seated a young girl of ten summers. They were sisters. The elder had been not only a sister, but also a mother to the younger, who retained no recollection of the tender parent in whose arms her infancy was cradled. Yet had she scarcely missed a mother's care, so faithfully had that elder sister performed to her a mother's part.

But now she too was smitten down, and well did Ellen Hastings know that they soon must part; for her sister Clara had not concealed from her the certainty of the painful separation which must take place. She had often spoken to Ellen of her own departure, as calmly as she would of an anticipated journey. In this way the fair young girl had become familiar with the idea, and thoughts of death, usually invested with such terror, had been robbed of half their gloom, when she saw how calmly, trustingly, and confidently her sister could enter the dark valley. If this calmness was ever in danger of being ruffled, it was when Clara thought of her darling Ellen, who clung to her lovingly as the tender vine clings to the firm support about which it twines.

Since Ellen had taken her seat upon the ottoman, no word had broken the silence, but interchanging glances had spoken volumes of sisterly affection and tender regret. The face of the invalid was expressive of a yearning tenderness, not unmixed with a shade of anxiety, as her thoughts were busy with the coming separation.—The countenance of Ellen expressed intense affection and sorrowful apprehension. At last the silence was broken by Clara, who spoke as if all that had been passing in the mind of each had found utterance in words, and she was but continuing the subject on which they had been communing.

"Dear Ellen, I want you *then* to remember two things," she said.

How much was expressed in that simple *then*! To Ellen it spoke

of the time when the separation so dreaded should actually have taken place, and she should no longer be sheltered and blest by the tender, watchful love which had cared for her from the hour when the cold sods fell heavily upon the coffin of her mother.

For a brief moment, the poor girl hid her face in her sister's lap, and a convulsive sob, half-repressed, broke from her. But soon she raised her head, and tried to say calmly—

“What is it, dear sister, that you wish me to remember?”

“Two things, my love. And yet both can be comprised in four short words, so that you can always remember them. I want you should promise me that you will ever strive, both to be good and to do good. Only four words—Be good : Do good. But could I know that what they express would be embodied in your future life, how calmly and hopefully could I leave you, for I should be sure that your feet would never stray into any devious paths of sin or error. Will you try to remember these four short words, and practice the two maxims comprised in them?”

“I will, dear sister,” replied Ellen. “I know I can strive to be good, but how can a little girl like me do good?”

“In many ways, my love, if with sweet humility and truthful earnestness you strive to do it. I will tell you of one way. Ever cherish in your own heart true and right sentiments, and when a proper occasion occurs for giving utterance to such sentiments, never shrink from doing so. In this way you will always exert a happy influence upon those with whom you associate. Perhaps at another time I may tell you of other ways in which even a little girl may do good.”

But that other time never came. A violent fit of coughing was induced by the exertion of speaking. After it was over, the invalid was conveyed, exhausted, to her couch, from which she never rose again. It was the last time Ellen was left alone with her sister.—One older and more experienced now constantly took the place which she had so frequently occupied as nurse. After this, every attempt to converse distressed the fast failing invalid, and these proved to be her dying words, her parting counsel to the sister she had so fondly cherished. As such, they made a deep and indelible impression upon Ellen, who had always listened to her sister as to an oracle of wisdom, and who now treasured in the depths of her heart these her last words.

Ellen felt very sad and lonely after the death and burial of her sister. She took it so much to heart, that she grew thin and pale, and looked only like the shadow of her former self. Her father

watched this state of things with much anxiety ; for Ellen was now the only treasure left him, and he was disposed to guard her with the tenderest care. He resolved to change the scene, and divert her thoughts from the deep grief which was preying on both mind and body, by sending her to spend a few weeks at the house of a friend, who had a large family of children, some older and some younger than Ellen. Mr. Hastings felt sure that the society which his daughter would find there, would soon dissipate the sadness which oppressed the mind of the bereaved girl.

When Ellen arrived at Mr. Herbert's, she found there a lively group ; for to his own large family were added, as guests, besides Ellen Hastings, a son and daughter of a distant relative.

At first, Ellen felt little disposed to join in the mirth and gaiety which always reigns where such a group of children, buoyant with health and happiness, are collected. But she was naturally of a social and lively disposition, and though her mirthfulness was tempered and subdued by the remembrance of her recent affliction, she was soon ready to join cheerfully, and with a keen relish, in the occupations and amusements of her young companions.

Ellen soon made friends with all, not excepting Arthur and Lucy Dunning, who like herself were guests at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Herbert. Arthur Dunning possessed a fine flow of spirits and a ready invention, which added much to the enjoyments of the juvenile circle of which he was for the time being a member. If a new feature added zest to an old and almost wornout form of recreation, Arthur was usually the inventor of it. Or if a ready sally of wit threw the whole circle into a convulsive fit of laughter, he was the author of it. But it must also be confessed that he was somewhat reckless and mischievous. If, at times, he greatly promoted the enjoyment of his companions, he, at other times, greatly marred it by the mischievous tricks which he delighted to play upon them. At last, the observation was frequently made, that Arthur Dunning would be a first-rate fellow, if he was not so full of his tricks.

One day, when Ellen entered the nursery, she found it occupied only by little Mary Herbert, who was very busy in erecting what she considered a very imposing edifice, with the materials furnished by a box of building-blocks. She was putting the finishing touch on the work when Ellen entered. Mary turned round, and seeing who it was, exclaimed triumphantly,

"There, Ellen, isn't that first-rate?"

"It is very well done," said Ellen. "What is it?—a church?"

"A church!—no!" said Mary, almost indignantly. "Don't you

see it is a great factory ? It looks almost just like those Sarah and I saw last week, when father took us to C. I will go and ask Sarah if it don't. Where is she ? do you know ?"

"She was in the garden when I came in."

"I will go and ask her to come here. Won't you stay here till I come back, and see what she says to it ?"

Ellen good-humoredly promised to comply with this request.

Scarcely had Mary left the room, when Arthur entered it. As soon as he saw the pile of blocks which Mary had denominated a factory, he turned to Ellen, and said,

"Who did that ?"

"Little Mary did it. She calls it a factory."

"A factory ! ha ! I will just tumble it over, and see what Mary will say when she gets back."

Arthur advanced towards the miniature factory to execute his intention. But Ellen sprang towards him, and before his foot had touched it, laid her hand on his arm, saying earnestly and pleadingly,

"Arthur, I wouldn't do it."

Arthur, arrested by the earnestness of her manner, stopped short, and looking her in the face, said,

"Why not, Ellen ?"

For a moment, Ellen hesitated what reply to make. But as she stood there, uncertain what answer to give to this interrogation, a scene was suddenly presented to her mind, which almost dimmed her eyes with tears. She was not in the nursery at Mr. Herbert's, but she was in that sacred, well-remembered chamber, seated on a low ottoman by the side of her sister. She heard her say, "Ever cherish in your own heart true and right sentiments, and when a proper occasion occurs for giving utterance to such sentiments, never shrink from doing so." This scene faded, and the reality was once more before her. Arthur Dunning was by her side, and he had asked her why he should not overturn the playhouse reared by Mary Herbert. Was not this a proper occasion for uttering the true and right sentiments she felt in relation to such deeds ? Surely it must be so, and she would not hesitate, though perhaps the high-spirited and reckless Arthur would only laugh at her. The tender recollection which had been called up, probably added persuasiveness to her manner, as with her hand still resting on Arthur's arm, she replied,

"Oh, because Mary thinks so much of it, and of showing it to Sarah. It will make her very unhappy if it is knocked down before Sarah sees it ; and you know it is always a sad thing to make others unhappy. It is so much better to try to make them happy."

Arthur looked earnestly at Ellen ; but he did not laugh at her, as she almost feared he would. On the contrary, he said, in a subdued voice,

" I know you are right, Ellen : I will not knock it down."

Ellen's words and manner made a much deeper impression than she was aware of. After this when Arthur was about to perpetrate any mischievous trick, it seemed to him as if a gentle hand was laid on his arm, and a soft, persuasive voice said, " Arthur, I wouldn't do it ;" and he could not do it. The consequence was, his young companions soon began to wonder how it had happened that Arthur had so suddenly abandoned all his late tricks, and become so agreeable a companion. But no one, not even Ellen, guessed the cause. She was too modest to think of attributing an energy so potent to the few words she had spoken in the nursery.

Six years passed away, and Ellen Hastings was no longer a child, for she had bloomed into womanhood, having reached the golden age of the novelist, sweet sixteen. But during these winged years, which in their flight had borne her so rapidly to this point, she had never forgotten her beloved sister Clara or her parting counsel. To be good and to do good, had been her constant and noble aim. Such an aim could not fail to give a moral elevation and dignity to her whole character, which greatly enhanced those natural charms with which she had been endowed in no stinted measure.

When Ellen was sixteen, it so chanced that she spent a few days with a friend, who resided in a city where was located a flourishing college. One evening, during this visit, she was introduced to a small and select circle of intimate friends, among whom were two or three of the college students. One of these was no other than her old playmate at Mr. Herbert's, Arthur Dunning. But Ellen did not recognize him. They had not met since that time, and as that meeting had made no particular impression upon her mind, it was almost forgotten. When introduced to Mr. Dunning, no suspicion of ever having met him before crossed her mind.

Not so, however, with Arthur Dunning. The impression made upon his mind had been far deeper, and therefore not so easily effaced by the lapse of years. As soon as Ellen was introduced to him as Miss Hastings, he was struck with something familiar in the glance which met his, and in the tones of the voice which fell on his ear.— They seemed to have a strange connection with some scene of the past, though all was dim and indistinct. He could not recall *where* he had met that glance and heard those tones.

For half an hour after this introduction Arthur Dunning puzzled

and wearied himself by chasing this phantom of the past. Sometimes it would almost assume a tangible shape, and he would think he was about to seize it, when it would elude his mental grasp, seeming as airy and intangible as ever.

At length, one of the party with whom Miss Hastings was on terms of familiar intimacy, addressed her as "Ellen, my dear." In a moment the misty veil was removed from the mind of Arthur Dunning, and he mentally exclaimed,

"I have it, I have it now ; it is Ellen Hastings," and internally the whole scene in the nursery at Mr. Herbert's, came up before him. "It is the very same, I was sure that her countenance and the tones of her voice were strangely familiar, and equally sure that they were connected with some cherished recollection of the past. Ah ! that fortnight at Mr. Herbert's—how well do I recollect it ! Ellen Hastings was my good angel then."

Towards the close of the evening, Arthur contrived to get by the side of Ellen, and also to draw her into a free and animated conversation. He was about to recall to her mind their former acquaintance, when the attention of both was arrested by the conversation of the other members of the little group.

Certain college regulations which were regarded by many of the students as very unreasonable, onerous and arbitrary, had occasioned a dissatisfaction so general, that a plan was forming and being openly discussed, to resist them. The disaffected students imagined they were so strong in numbers and influence, that if they combined in this movement, they should overawe the college officers, and compel them to modify the odious regulations. In this way they thought to escape the disgrace usually resulting from rebellion against college laws.

The plan had been boldly discussed by a portion of the students for some time, and those present did not hesitate to bring it forward and combat its feasibility, in the select circle there gathered. Arthur Dunning, who was naturally somewhat impatient of restraint, had been inclined to sympathize with the disaffected party, and had serious thoughts of joining them, should their plan be carried into execution.

The subject was discussed with much animation and earnestness by those present, and a variety of opinions were expressed in relation to it. After listening to the rest for some time, Arthur suddenly turned to Ellen, and said,

"What do you think of this measure, Miss Hastings ? Would you advise us to join the party who are about to adopt it ?"

"I wouldn't do it," replied Ellen earnestly, though her cheeks were instantly after suffused with blushes, as she thought how frankly she had expressed her opinion to an entire stranger.

The words touched an electric chord in the mind of Arthur Dunning—"I wouldn't do it." He was instantly transferred by them back to childhood's days. Once more he was in the nursery at Mr. Herbert's. The hand of the speaker was laid pleadingly, arrestingly on his arm. He could hardly persuade himself that he did not feel its gentle pressure. At last he roused himself from his musings sufficiently to recollect that the silence which followed Miss Hasting's last words might seem to her long and strange. Almost mechanically he inquired, "Why not?"

Ellen hesitated. Was she called upon to express to Mr. Dunning, stranger as he was, the sentiments she held on such subjects? Then again the words of her dying sister were brought to her mind. She was sure these sentiments were just and right. Why should she hesitate to utter them, when called upon to do so? She replied—

"I cannot approve of resistance to rightful authority. I know there are young men who, under certain circumstances, regard such a course as manly. But to me it seems exactly the contrary. No course is so truly manly in a young man, as that of yielding gracefully and unhesitatingly to the authority of those who by virtue of their office have a right to claim obedience from him. If the regulations seem somewhat arbitrary, the manliness and self-command which yields obedience becomes only the more evident."

"But are there no cases in which arbitrary rule should be resisted?"

"I will not take it upon myself to answer this question in the negative. Allowing that such cases do occur, it does not seem to me this is one of them. I think that every member of the college who joins in this scheme of resistance, will one day regret it. More mature years will show him that he was hasty and impetuous."

Arthur Dunning listened to Ellen's words as to an oracle, though certainly there was nothing oracular in the manner in which they were uttered; for that manner was singularly modest and unassuming, robbing her words of wisdom of any thing which could appear like dictation. As Arthur remained silent, Ellen continued:

"Pardon me, sir, if I have expressed my opinions too frankly.—My only excuse is, that you asked for such an expression of them."

"And I thank you most sincerely for granting that request," replied Arthur, warmly.

No further opportunity for conversation with Ellen was presented

that evening, and Mr. Dunning parted with her without revealing the fact that he was the Arthur of by-gone years.

But Ellen's frank protest against the proposed scheme of rebellion was not without its effect on Arthur Dunning. The plan was at last carried out by a portion of the students, who hoped that their number and respectability would shield them from disgrace. But this hope proved delusive. The officers of the college were not so easily overawed. Those who enlisted in the scheme were driven to the alternative of making a humble confession of their error, and promising obedience to the very regulations against which they had rebelled, or of being expelled in disgrace.

But Arthur Dunning was not of their number. He pondered seriously the words which Ellen had spoken, and the result was that he did not do it, but at the expiration of his college course graduated with distinguished honor.

Five years pass away, and Ellen Hastings is spending some weeks at the house of another friend, in a city many miles distant from the one to which the brief visit just chronicled was made. Here again it was her fortune to meet with Arthur Dunning. He was introduced to her at a large party which she attended soon after her arrival. But she failed to recognize in the popular and pleasing young lawyer, whose talents and eminent social abilities had made him a universal favorite, the high-spirited and mischievous Arthur Dunning of childhood's memory, or the young collegian with whom she had passed but one brief evening.

Not so with Arthur. He was not now perplexed by dim recollections of the past as he had been on the former occasion, but at once recognized in Miss Hastings, the fair mentor of former years. Arthur now sought the acquaintance of Miss Hastings, and fortune seemed to favor his wishes; for he frequently met her in general society. But though he constantly sought opportunities for intercourse with her, yet his attentions were so quiet and unobtrusive, that they excited no particular observation. He was often on the point of alluding to their former meetings, but something always seemed to hold him back, and he continued to suffer Ellen to suppose that they had recently met for the first time.

Ellen was herself much interested in the young lawyer, whom she thought remarkably agreeable. If any deeper interest was awakened by his quiet and gentlemanly attention, she was at the time unconscious of it.

Things were in this state, when, one evening, Arthur and Ellen chanced to meet in a small and select circle. Early in the evening

Arthur was called away by a friend, who wished to see him on pressing business. It is related of an eccentric individual, that he was always observed to be the last to leave any company in which he was found. At length some one had the anxiety to ask him the reason for this. His reply was, "I have always noticed that each one, as soon as he leaves the company, becomes the theme of conversation for those who remain. The company which Arthur Dunning left that evening, proved no exception to this rule.

"Dunning is a fine, talented young man," remarked one.

"Yes, a young man of rare talents, according to my judgment," remarked another.

"And of rare social gifts," said a third. "No social circle among his acquaintance is deemed complete without him."

"Too social, I fear," remarked a fourth, gravely. "Or perhaps I should say too convivial. A young man of his temperament is in peculiar danger."

"Very true," replied an elderly gentleman. "It is greatly to be regretted that Dunning is falling into such habits."

Ellen started, and turning to an elderly lady who sat by her side, asked in a whisper, "What habits?"

"It is said, and I suppose with truth, that Mr. Dunning is too fond of the wine-cup," was the reply.

A young lady who had overheard the answer to Ellen's question, now drew near, and said,

"What a pity, is it not? to see so fine a young man ruined!"

"Is his ruin then a fact so confidently anticipated?" asked Ellen.

"All who know him must hope that he will escape such a catastrophe," replied the elder lady. "But those who have watched his course for the last year, are compelled to feel that his danger is very great."

"And has no one warned him of this danger?" asked Ellen earnestly. "Do none of his friends seek to save him from impending ruin?"

A young man who stood near, replied,

"He is so proud and high-spirited, that he would only resent such an effort as the highest affront. He thinks himself in no danger, and the person who should tell him he was, would only forfeit his friendship, without effecting any good result."

"Perhaps not," replied Ellen. "It may be he would take it kindly. At all events, the person would be discharging his duty.—Some one surely should warn him."

"Supposing Miss Hastings should undertake the office. I know

of no one who would be likely to have more influence," said the *young lady*, a little mischievously.

Ellen would have thought little of this remark, regarding it only as harmless railery, had it not suggested a question of duty.

"Would it be possible for me to say anything which could have any good effect?" she questioned with herself. "I am almost a stranger. It is but a few weeks since we met, and after a few weeks more we shall probably never meet again. Even should he be offended with me, it could result in no great harm."

After Ellen retired to her own room that night, the subject was again presented to her mind, and she felt a strong desire to warn the young lawyer of his danger. She half resolved that she would do it even at the risk of his displeasure. She now recollected that on more than one evening when she had been in company with him, he had appeared quite different the last of the evening from what he had been the former part of it. At the time she little thought that the brilliant sallies of wit which he poured forth, were in no small degree the result of artificial stimulants; but now she saw clearly how it was.

A few evenings after, she again met Arthur at a large party. It excited no surprise that he should, early in the evening, quietly make his way to her side, for he had often done it before. But her heart beat as it had never done on previous occasions, as she thought of the desire she had cherished to warn him of his danger. The task had seemed sufficiently formidable when it had been contemplated in the seclusion of her own chamber; but it now seemed impossible, as beside her sat the gentlemanly, graceful, and dignified Arthur Dunning. It did seem almost like an insult to warn *him* of danger. Danger of what? Of becoming a besotted drunkard. Impossible! That graceful, manly form! those searching, flashing eyes! that elevated brow, stamped with the unmistakable impress of genius!—he in danger of such a fate? It must be the hallucination of a disordered brain. It could be nothing more, and she would not cherish it.

As the evening wore on, the wine-cup circulated freely. Arthur's face became flushed, and his eyes flashed with increased brilliancy. Yet he stood beside Ellen in the act of pouring out another glass.

"It is too true, I fear," thought Ellen.

Casting a hasty glance around, to assure herself that she was unobserved, Ellen followed the impulse of the moment, and placed her hand over the glass. Arthur turned towards her, and his inquiring glance demanded an explanation.

"I wouldn't do it," said Ellen pleadingly, as her eyes met his.

"I wouldn't do it." How those well-remembered words thrilled through his very soul! There was now a depth of pleading earnestness in the voice of the speaker, such as there had not been on the previous occasions. Arthur was confounded. On those occasions he knew there had been a cause. But what excuse could there now be? and again he questioned, "Why not?"

"Because there is danger in the cup," was answered in the same tone of gentle persuasiveness.

Arthur colored slightly, and replied quickly, "Not for me."

"For all who love it," was the rejoinder.

The glass remained untasted, but Arthur escaped from the side of Ellen as soon as he could do so without manifest rudeness, and he did not seek an opportunity of speaking with her again during the remainder of the evening. This did not escape the observation of Ellen, and she feared that she had offended him deeply. This fear so distressed her that she was startled by the secret it revealed.—She could no longer conceal from herself the fact that she was beginning to feel a deep interest in Arthur Dunning, much deeper than she supposed, or could have wished.

The next day, Arthur sat alone in his office, musing on the events of the previous evening. The words still rang in his ear, "I wouldn't do it," and again, "Danger for all who love it."

"Is it possible that Miss Hastings thinks me in danger?" he asked. And something very like indignation stirred within him. "How could she have indulged such a thought—one, I am sure, which never occurred to any but her. That I should have been so insulted, and by her too. If it had been any other person, I could have borne it."

But something within whispered, "Don't you love it? Don't you love it?"

"Why, yes, I love it," was the response; "but not enough to be in any danger."

The only answer to this disclaimer, was the echo of the words,—
"Don't you love it?"

Just at this moment, a friend of Arthur's entered the office. Alfred Winthrop was a young man who stood high in the estimation of Arthur Dunning. Among all his acquaintances, he could not mention one for whom he cherished greater respect, or in whom he reposed more entire confidence. After some desultory conversation, Winthrop said,

"I must congratulate you on the new leaf you turned over at the party last evening."

"What new leaf?"

"I suppose you know that you were unusually temperate, and you do not need to be told that temperance is a great virtue."

Winthrop said this with assumed carelessness and lightness of manner, and under other circumstances, it would have passed off with Dunning as a kind of raillery which meant very little. But his peculiar state of mind led him to observe his friend more closely, and he was convinced that this lightness of manner was only assumed to hide more of real interest in the subject than he cared to display.—A new revolution now dawned upon the mind of Arthur Dunning. After a moment's silence, he said with emphasis,

"I have one question to ask you, Winthrop. I conjure you to give me a truthful answer."

Winthrop seemed a little startled by his friend's manner, but replied, though not without some embarrassment, that he was ready to answer any civil question.

"Then tell me truly, if you or any of my friends have feared that I was in danger from the wine-cup?"

"Yes, truly we have," answered Winthrop gravely. "We have feared for you more than we can easily find words to express, though I must confess to a timidity, which I fear is wrong, that would have withheld me from telling you so, if you had not asked me the question; but now you cannot be offended with me."

"I am not offended," replied Dunning, seriously. "But the admission you have just made, has startled me. I would think over the matter in solitude before making it the subject of conversation with any one."

"You are right," said Winthrop, rising to leave. "Whatever conclusion you may arrive at, I hope you will at least believe that I have been actuated only by warm and sincere friendship for you, in making the admission I have."

After his friend had left, Arthur Dunning sat long musing on this subject.

"Is it possible," he asked himself, "that so many of my friends can have thought me in danger from this source, and yet Miss Hastings was the first to warn me. I suppose they dared not do it. The gentle Ellen alone had heroism enough to brave my displeasure.—She knew that I was displeased with her last evening, and was troubled by it. I could read that in her countenance. Well, I was disposed to resent it then. I thought there was no cause for her warning; but I begin to think I was mistaken. I may be standing on the brink of a fearful precipice, from which many more noble and

manly than myself, have been dashed down to destruction. I do love the wine-cup : there is no denying this. I love it more than I dreamed of. Am I then not in danger? Noble girl! You alone had the courage to warn me, and the warning shall not be in vain. Oh, thou mocker and deceiver! from this hour we part company. 'Touch not, taste not, handle not,' shall be my motto. There is no safety in half measures. I will bid thee an eternal farewell, and then I must be safe. Friends shall no more tremble for Arthur Dunning."

Having thus settled this most important point, the thought of Arthur again turned to Ellen Hastings.

"She thinks I am displeased with her frankness. I must seek an interview, and assure her that this is not now the case. I must also inform her this is the third time she has been my kind mentor, my guardian-angel. But where can I meet her? I think she will be at Mrs. Lee's party to-morrow evening. If I do not find the opportunity I wish for there, I must seek it elsewhere."

Arthur Dunning was not disappointed in regard to meeting Ellen at the party the next evening. Arthur was on the watch for an opportunity of addressing her without being overheard by others, but he carefully avoided proximity to her until such an opportunity should occur. Ellen perceived that Arthur avoided her, and was pained to see it; for she thought it proved that he had not forgiven her the liberty she took at their last meeting. Since that time, the fear that she had offended him, had given her much more pain than she could have wished, and now that this fear seemed to be confirmed by his care to avoid her, she was more than ever troubled by it. She tried hard to dispel all thoughts of him from her mind; but she could not do it. Strive as she would to banish these thoughts, they would quickly return, marring all the enjoyment of the evening. At last, wearied with the effort to join in the festivities which she was in no state of mind to enjoy, she withdrew to an apartment which had been nearly deserted by the guests, and seated herself by a window, the drapery of which served partially to conceal her from the few who still remained in the room.

Arthur, who had been watching her, though afar off, all the evening, soon discovered the place of her retreat, and followed her there. She had not observed his approach, and when he addressed her, she gave a quick start. Arthur perceived it and said,

"Am I intruding, Miss Hastings?"

"Oh, no," was the frank reply. "I have not had the pleasure of seeing you this evening. Shall I tell you that I feared you was

offended with me. Have you yet forgiven me for what you no doubt thought was an unpardonable rudeness on my part?"

"How do you know that I have been offended with you?"

"I am sure you was the other evening, and I have feared that you still were."

"I will be perfectly frank with you, Miss Hastings. I will own that I did feel something like resentment at that time. But I have thought calmly and seriously of this matter since, and the result has been that I have become convinced of my danger; a danger of which no one but you has ever dared to warn me. I have sought you to-night to thank you most sincerely, and to assure you that myself and the wine-cup have parted company forever."

As Arthur said this, Ellen raised her eyes to his face with such an expression of glad surprise as thrilled his very heart."

"Do you remember the words you used," continued Arthur, "when you prevented me from drinking that glass of wine?"

"I am sure I do not," replied Ellen. "I was too much frightened at my own temerity, in taking such a liberty with you on so short an acquaintance, to retain anything more than a recollection of the general import of the words."

"You said, 'I wouldn't do it.' Do you know this is the third time you have spoken these very words to me? and that between each of these times an interval of several years has elapsed?"

Ellen started in surprise: "This surely cannot be," she said.—
"Have we ever met before?"

"Do you remember spending a fortnight at Mr. George Herbert's, when you was about ten years old?"

"Yes, I remember that visit."

"And do you remember a boy by the name of Arthur Dunning, who visited there with his sister at the same time?"

"Yes, I recollect him too."

"Well, I am Arthur Dunning."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, quite possible. Do you remember one day, when that same Arthur Dunning was about to demolish a play-house just constructed by Mary Herbert, how you laid your hand upon his arm and said pleadingly, 'I wouldn't do it?'"

"I think I do have some faint recollection of it now."

"You recollect, I presume, a visit paid to your friend, Mrs. C., some five years ago."

"Very well."

"Do you recollect one evening, during that visit, falling into the

company of two or three of the college students, who were discussing the plan of combining to refuse obedience to certain college regulations offensive to them?"

"I think I remember the circumstance."

"And do you remember that one of them appealed to you for your opinion, asking you, if you would advise those present to join in the scheme, and that you replied modestly, but firmly and emphatically, 'I wouldn't do it?'"

"And was that student yourself?" asked Ellen wonderingly.

"It was, and I didn't do it. If you recollect the fate of those who did, you will believe that I never regretted it."

"Strange that we should have met at three different times so far apart," said Ellen musingly. "I did not recognize in you the student I met that evening."

"This is not strange, as you only met me that one evening. But the impression made on my own mind was far deeper," said Arthur, in a tone which mantled the cheeks of Ellen with blushes. "And now, Miss Hastings, will you not permit me to ask you one question? Do you not think you were destined to be my guardian angel?"

Ellen's brightened color was the only answer to this question.

Arthur took her hand respectfully, and in low, earnest tones, said,

"Will you not walk with me through life, dear Ellen, that you may ever whisper to me, 'I wouldn't do it,' when temptation invites me to dangerous paths? Is not the ready obedience I have yielded on such occasions when you have been my kind mentor, a pledge that I shall never turn a deaf ear to your gentlest admonitions, but that it shall ever be yours to mould me and guide me as you will?"

Ellen gave no definite answer to these questions that evening, but she did not refuse to take them into serious consideration; and in the end, she did *not* refuse to become the wife of Arthur Dunning.

We know not how often after their marriage, she had occasion to whisper in his ear, 'I wouldn't do it;' but, as her husband was ever respected and honored in all the high stations which he was called upon to fill, we may rationally suppose, that female influence had something to do with his prosperity after marriage as well as before.

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and in number. So blinded are we by our passions, that we suffer more to be damned than to be saved.

WIDOW MARGARET.

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 BY HADASSAH.  
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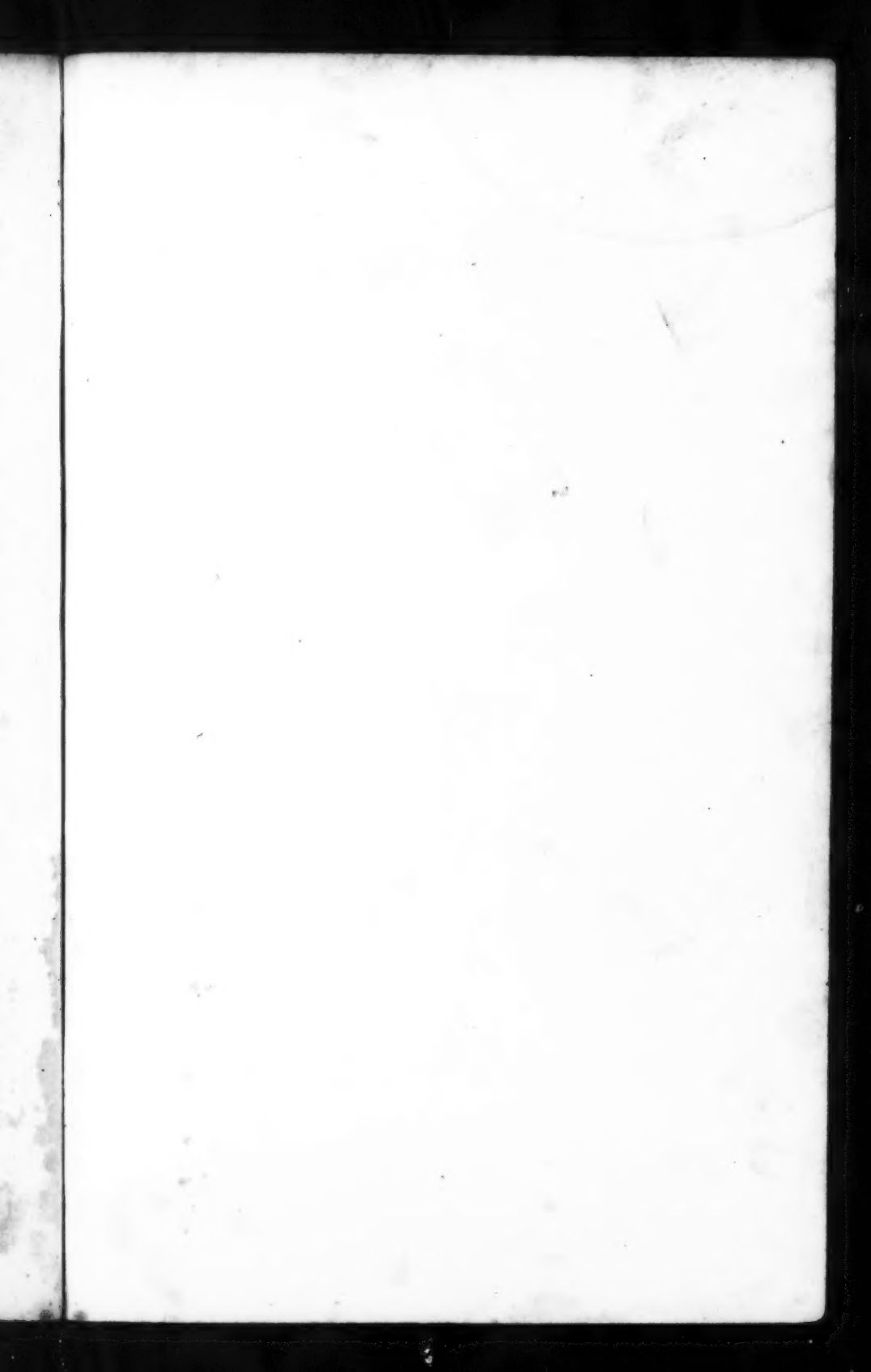
Oh! know you Widow Margaret?
 None ever called her poor;
 Yet she dwells in a hut 'neath the craggy steep,
 Where she hears the breakers roar.
 All through the long, long winter's night,
 Their voice comes heavy and strong;
 They lift their white arms in the dashing storm,
 And sing their doleful song.

Oh! a doleful song they've sung to her
 Since twice ten years have gone,
 As she sits at her work in her humble cot,
 By her little light alone.
 Alone, alone, till the midnight hour,
 Her weary watch to keep,
 With the voices of loved ones in her ear,
 All laid beneath the deep.

And sometimes a noble form flits by,
 With a brow of honest truth,
 And anon with a glancing eagle eye,
 The shadowy form of youth.
 And then a pale, pale, childlike face,
 With rings of golden hair,
 Till the fisherman's widow kneeleth down
 And cries to her God in prayer.

Alone, alone, by the wild sea-shore,
 Yet none call Margaret poor—
 A holy calm is in her soul,
 A hope forever sure.
 And balm is poured on weary hearts,
 As bending near in prayer,
 She leads them to the Cross of Christ,
 To seek their comfort there.

Oh, firmly walks she on her way,
 And none call Margaret poor,
 The friends and treasures of earth all pass,
 But Margaret has more.
 The tender love of God is hers,
 The cross to which to cling,
 And a heart all warmed by the Spirit's beams,
 To love each living thing.



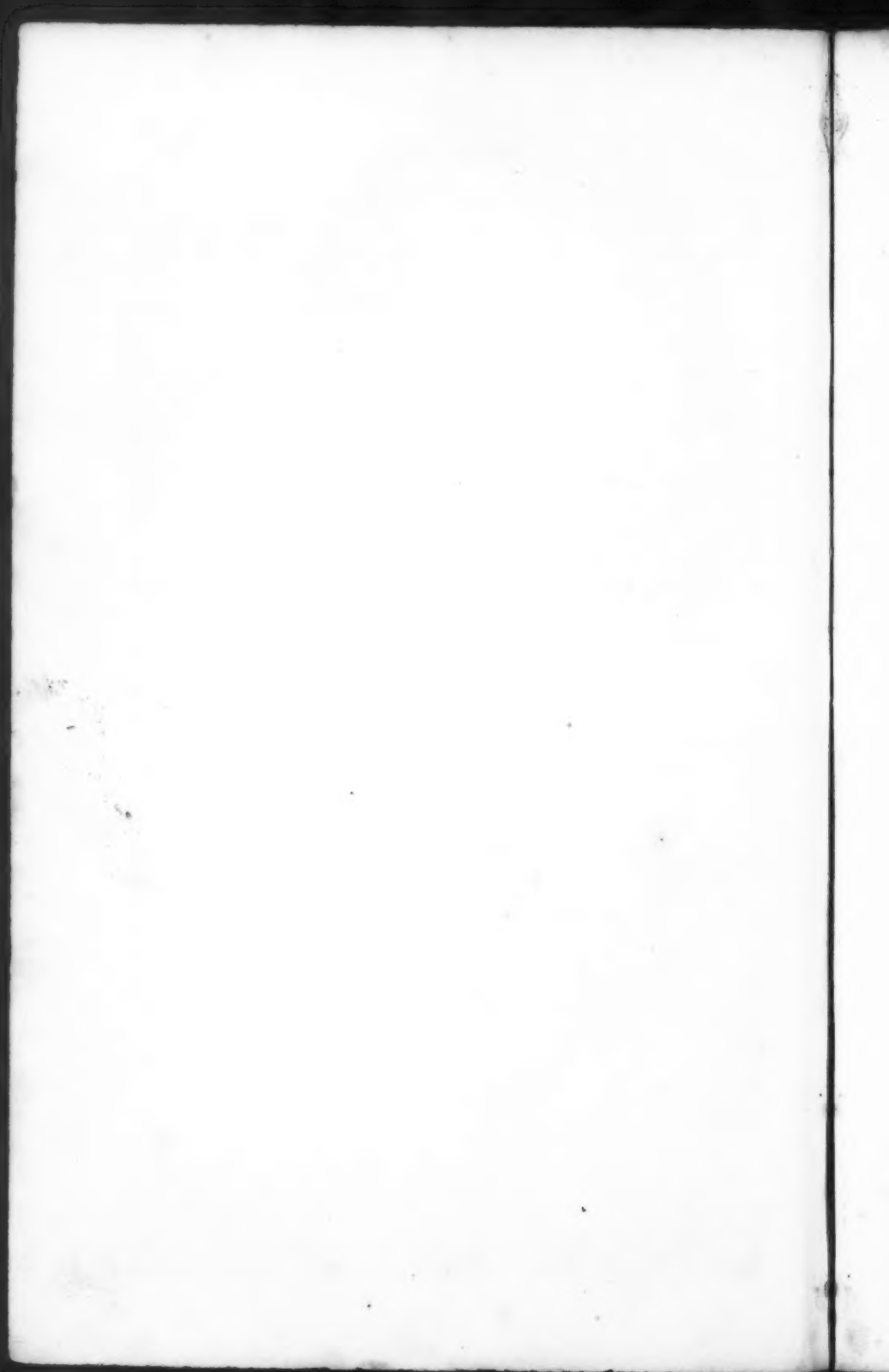


My Pet





Grand Malippe



"MY PET."

BY MARY C. VAUGHAN.

WE have all of us our pets, we fancy—"pet aversions," pet attractions, pet follies, pet ambitions, and alas, too often, pet sins, which last we, to lull our consciences, call by softer names. Hence no individual can well afford to ridicule or condemn the universal habit.

Phrenologists tell us that love of pets arises from the action of the same organ that gives love of offspring. We, who make no scientific pretensions, would only say that fondness for pets is the natural action of a loving and demonstrative nature. Many persons capable of intense attachment to children and to friends, whose beings might thrill with the mightiest of human passions, or feel the elevation of the noblest of human friendships, never have pets; but, failing of objects that fully satisfy the demands of their natures, live on in utter solitude of the heart. Such are undemonstrative certainly—perhaps too exacting. It is only those to whom the "necessity of loving" is not alone strong, but involves a constant desire for some object upon which affection may manifest itself in caresses, and sweet words, and tender care, who are restless without pets.

We might philosophize upon the effect of age upon the selection of pets. The child, or the maiden, in the spring and sunshine of life, selects only such objects of love as by their beauty, or grace, or song, can add to the loveliness of a world so full of all that is new and fair. Kittens, lambs, song-birds and dogs, are the appropriate pets of youth; while the ancient spinsters, ugly, marauding cat, or screaming parrot, seem dear to her in proportion, apparently, as they are the pests of the neighborhood. Perhaps this well-known proclivity of old maids for ugly and, to others, unendurable pets, may arise from a desire to revenge themselves upon the world for their own loveless and forlorn condition. But when we have heard exasperated bachelors declaiming against these despised companions of an otherwise hopeless loneliness, we have sometimes thought the strange attachment might be accounted for by a higher and more amiable motive—one akin to that which causes the mother to cling more fondly to the sickly or deformed one of her little flock.

Pets are often most tenderly valued from association with the giver—parent, friend, or lover. To this class of pets we might well

fancy the little "King Charles," clasped so closely to the bosom of the lady in the picture before us to belong. We may imagine every caress bestowed upon the little favorite in the lover's presence, as awakening a pang of jealousy, not the less real, that it is secretly acknowledged as foolish; and then the pleasant thought, displacing the temporary pain, that it is for his sake that his gift finds favor in the lady's eyes. And we may imagine the absent lover, solacing himself with the fond belief that every time the little creature, his last gift, bounds into the presence of its mistress, soliciting her notice by its gambols, or springing up to meet her fondling hand, mostly for him are those murmurous tones of tenderness, mostly for him that bounty of caresses. The smile that is followed by a sigh, the sprightly sportiveness, with the pretty pet dying away in the long reverie, "half sweet, half sad," of which some watchful sister duly informs him, he knows here their origin in deeper feelings than Fidele has power to awaken in the depths of the heart he is so proud to call his own.

Bye-and-by, the lover returns. He, too, pets and patronizes the little dog, which has been a bond between the severed hearts, and loves it for Clara's sake, as she for his. Still, Fidele takes but a secondary place now—one that he will keep when the words have been spoken that join the loving hearts, and make "the twain" one, and the bride goes away to dwell in the home of her husband.

Then when the pair sit beside the open window in the long summer twilights, or before the glowing grate in the winter evenings, Fidele will doze upon his cushion at his mistress' feet, for close to her heart where he once nestled, will be pillowed a head with raven curls, and the eyes she best loves, will look up into her sweet face, pensive already, and shadowing forth the burden of the pleasant cares, that love, while it cannot lift, makes lighter.

Still, Fidele will go back, at times, to the old resting place till he is dispossessed by a pet that forever extinguishes his claims—a babe—Clara's babe, the first of the household upon which the young parents look with eyes, and to whom they speak in murmuring tones that do but half express the depth and fullness of their joy and exultation.

Little by little, Fidele will transfer his affection to the babe, caressing the tiny, dimpled hand, and soft, unmeaning face, and sharing with it the cradle bed, so pure and beautiful in its white drapery. And as the years roll on, and the babe becomes a sturdy boy, and the household band grow larger, and Clara, in the multiplicity of her matronly cares, and anxieties, and joys, has no longer

a thought to bestow upon her old favorite, Fidele will become the pet and playmate of the children, loving most the eldest born, to whom first he transferred his affection, but watching most tenderly the babe that lies in the cradle from which he has seldom been displaced since that day, long ago, when it first appeared in the household.

Bye-and-by, ere time has whitened the brown bands of Clara's hair, or sprinkled silvery monitors of age among her husband's raven locks ; ere the household band is broken, or any link has dropped from the bright chain of love, Fidele moves slower and slower, and lies, at length, all day upon his little bed upon the sunny porch, or beside the glowing fire. Fidele is growing very old, and so no one is surprised, though all mourn, the children with noisy grief, when, one morning, Fidele is found dead in his soft warm basket on the parlor hearth.

At evening a train of sincere mourners bears the dead pet to his grave, which has been dug by loving hands beneath the rose-tree in the garden. With many tears the children lay him there to his last rest, and then the earth is thrown lightly over him, and the green sod is piled upon the tiny grave that is, henceforth, to be a household shrine. And while the children, in a tearful group, discuss the virtues and the merits of their lost friend, the parents walk apart and stroll together up and down the garden alley, recalling the long-past days when Fidele was a link between the hearts whose love has strengthened and brightened through years of mutual hope and care, and joy and sorrow. And thus they leave him to his last rest, the tiny friend, that never caused a grief until his death, drew tears from the loving children's eyes.

Never will Fidele be forgotten by any of that group. When the loving band is broken, when the gentle mother has been laid down to her last silent rest, when the stilled heart of the lover of her youth reposes beneath the sod by her side, far away in the scattered homes of their children, will Fidele be a household word ; and when memories of their childhood are rehearsed to their children, and their children's children, his name will mingle in many a nursery legend and winter evening's tale.

When you have nothing to say, say nothing ; a weak defence strengthens your opponent, and silence is less injurious than a bad reply.

MABEL WYNN:

A TALE OF LEYDEN.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

BEAUTIFUL, beautiful chimes of Leyden ! How do ye haunt my heart with your remembered melodies, waking its springs of unwritten poetry, and stirring it with inexpressible longings to hear your delicious music again ! Sweet it is to live over that time of summer pilgrimage when first the music of your melodies fell upon my enraptured ear !

There are some places which greet us, as those we have oftentimes visited in dreams, far away though they may be, and in a foreign land. So it was with Leyden. I wandered through its long quiet streets, beside its clear, slow rippling streams, and far out into the broad green meadows, as if I had known them and trod them long before. Nay—with its soft golden atmosphere about me, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not indeed living in one of those delicious dreams which come to us, sometimes, in the breathless stillness of a summer noon, when all our fancies are golden-hued and musical, and not a sound breaks the hush of the outer world, but the dreamy monotonous murmur of innumerable insects, and the distant fall of water.

Holland, with its deep-blue sky, its golden atmosphere, its slow winding streams, is emphatically a land of dreams ; and Leyden, most of all, is a spot where one might realize the *dolce far niente* of the Italian. Slowly waters of a branch of the wild and winding Rhine pass its walls. Slowly stroll the inhabitants of the town, the black-robed Professors, and the students of the University, the corpulent burghers and their families, leisurely and quietly down the long and scrupulously neat streets. And then, above all, and through all, with their soul-pervading melody, every hour, half hour, and quarter, float downward the chimes, those inexpressibly sweet chimes, which one must hear to know their magic.

As I strolled out from our pleasant abode at the Lion d'Or, a few paces brought me to the ancient *Stadt-House*, the *Hotel de Ville*, linked with the troublous times of Leyden's history ; and ever keeping its memorial of a siege, which, with its deeds of heroism and patient endurance, is hardly surpassed in the world's annals. There

hangs the noble picture of Van Bree, of Antwerp, commemorating the hour when the heroic burgomaster, Peter Von der Warf, was surrounded by his clamorous famishing fellow-citizens, demanding that he should give them food, or surrender to the Spaniards. This was his reply—"I have no food to give you, and I have sworn that I will not surrender to the Spaniards, but if my body will be of any service to you, tear me in pieces, and let the hungriest of you eat me."

The answer of the noble John Von der Does, better known by his Latinized name of *Dousa*, deserves to be sculptured in marble and placed beside the picture. In reply to an insulting message from the cruel Spanish general, Valdez, he said, "When we have nothing else left, we will eat our left hands, keeping the right to fight with." Recalling the tragic story of that memorable siege and its wonderful termination, when I remembered that the annals of all time could furnish no nobler examples of self-devotion and heroism, than had been displayed by the ancient inhabitants of this city, can you wonder that I felt as if treading on ground sacred as that of Marathon and Thermopylæ?

There were other memorials, too, which gave a three-fold interest to this ancient city, and more particularly to a child of New England, for it was here that our Pilgrim Fathers found a home for several years previous to their embarkation for America. As I listened to the chimes pealing from the city towers, fancy suggested that these might be the self-same melodies which had fallen upon their ears long ago, as they wandered down these streets, bringing thoughts of the pleasant land they had left behind, with its green hills and silver streams. To this spot their hearts must often have turned back from the wild forests and rock-bound strand of the New World; and who can doubt that many a heartfelt sigh or earnest prayer was breathed for the green land of their adoption, far over the ocean! Oh, Leyden! dear, ancient city! Fondly turns my heart also back to thee, and tenderly do I cherish all my pleasant memories of thee, and the warm hearts which I found in thee!

Who can read without emotion the quaint simple story of the departure of the Pilgrims, thus told by one of their own historians?

"And the time being come that they must depart, they were accompanied with most of their brethren out of the city into a town called Delft Haven, where the ship lay ready to receive them. So they left that goodly and pleasant city, which had been their resting place above eleven years, but they knew that they were pilgrims and strangers here below, and looked not much upon these things,

but lifted up their eyes to Heaven, their dearest country, where God had prepared for them a city, and therein quieted their spirits.

"When they came to the place, (July 1st, 1620), they found the ship, and all things ready, and such of their friends as could not come with them, followed after them, and sundry came from Amsterdam to see them ship, and take their leave of them. The next day, the wind being fair, they went on board and their friends with them, where truly doleful was the sight of that sad and mournful parting; to hear what sighs, and sobs, and prayers did sound among them, what tears did gush from every eye, and pithy speeches pierced each other's heart, that sundry of the Dutch strangers, who stood on the quay as spectators, could not refrain from tears. Yet comfortable and sweet it was to see such lively expressions of regard, true and unfeigned.

"But the tide which stays for no man, calling them away, that they were thus loth to depart, their reverend pastor, falling down on his knees, and they all with him, with watery cheeks, commended them most fervently to the Lord and his blessing, and then, with mutual embraces, and many tears, they took their leave of one another, which proved to be their last leave to many of them."

Such is the story, briefly told, of their departure, by one of their own number. But many stories there were untold of their sojourn in that green old land of Holland—that sweet city of Leyden, of friendships between the Puritans and the Dutch, of attachments severed only by death, of parting "such as press the life from out young hearts." Listen to me, courteous reader, and I will tell you a story of these times and of Leyden.

Slowly sunk the sun in the western sky, flooding the broad fields with golden light, and brightening every slow winding stream, which wandered through them. All around the curve of the horizon, the distant windmills lifted up their great arms heavily as if weary with their day's toil, and the autumn wind sighed through their ribbed frames, with a low wild murmur which floated in from the distance, like the mysterious music of the *Æolian*.

The autumn stores had been gathered in, the fields had begun to wear a sere and yellow appearance, and those who hastened homeward, folded their garments tightly about them, to exclude the chilling air of the coming night. The dark towers of the city of Leyden, and the upper and diamond-paned windows of thin horn and stained glass, caught, for a moment, the reflection from the golden west, and then mist and darkness stole over the city.

From the deeply-stained windows of the house of the rich old

burgomaster, Peter Von der Warf, a rich crimson glow wandered out into the street, telling of light and warmth within, and whoever looked therein, beheld that the crimson glow had given no false promise. A bright fire of glowing logs burned in the great fire-place of a large old apartment, casting many a rosy gleam over the dark tapestry and sombre-hued pictures which decorated the walls, and reflecting itself in the broad many-colored porcelain tiles which lined the chimney. The floor was oaken, and traced in many a quaint pattern and device, and heavily carved oaken chairs, covered with needle-work, stood beneath the small diamond-paned windows. On the chimney-piece stood a huge candlestick, bearing aloft its unlighted tapers, while the ostrich eggs, the singularly shaped porcelain vessels, a fan of the plumage of rare birds, with many quaint ornaments tastefully disposed there, told that some one had brought thither the productions of other lands. And indeed it was not strange to see these things in humbler dwellings than those of Peter Von der Warf, for Dutch navigators were at this time celebrated throughout the world, and many were the tales and relics of distant ports which they brought back to their quiet homes.

A tall Dutch clock, in its richly carved oaken-case, inlaid with silver, ticked slowly in the corner, and a Japanese cabinet of rare devices filled another. Seated on a low, richly carved oaken footstool, by the blazing hearth, sat a young girl, Katrina Von der Warf, the fair-haired daughter of the wealthy burgomaster, and in a chair beside her, Mabel Wynn, the daughter of an Englishman, who, about a year ago, had come to dwell in Leyden. Friends were the two maidens and neighbors, and the head of Katrina rested lovingly on the knee of the dark-haired English girl. The embroidery with which she had been employing her skillful fingers, until the night set in, lay with its rainbow hues on the floor beside her, and her hands gently clasped those of Mabel, as they sat dreamily indulging those sweet fancies which come to young, guileless maidens' hearts, with the mellow firelight.

The face of the young English girl was not less fair than that of her companion, though her cheek wore not the rich bloom of England's daughters. Her cheek and brow were pale, spiritually pale, with hair of the deepest, darkest brown, parted smoothly above them, and falling in long drooping curls on either side. Her soft dark eyes wore a timid, half-sorrowful glance, as if the shadow of past griefs were yet dwelling in their depths, and ever-varying lights and shadows played over her gentle face, as she gazed thoughtfully into the clear fire-light. Far different was the face of her sunny-

haired companion, and an artist would have gazed with delight on the two types of beauty and maidenhood, thus defined in clear relief, against the deepening shadows of the dim old apartment, and lighted by the steady glow of the fire-light. The sweetest hues of the rose and lily, brightened the cheek and brow of Katrina, and no rare carnation in the old flower-gardens of Harlæm outvied the hue of her lips. Her mild blue eyes wore the light of perpetual sunshine, and like braided sunbeams, were the bright locks which, according to the custom of her country, were parted back from her forehead with golden clasps. Yes, fair Katrina Von der Warf, thou wert beautiful among the bright-haired daughters of thine own land.

"Tell me more of these old castles, and green vallies, and your quiet home you left in England, dear Mabel," said Katrina, lifting her soft blue eyes to her companion's face. "It brings sweet pictures before my eyes, and your voice lulls me like a pleasant song."

So Mabel told her of her far-away home, in the green vallies of England, and how peace and beauty had brooded over the village and the grey old church, until troublous times had arisen, and cruel and powerful men had forbidden them to meet and worship God, as they had been accustomed—and how at last, after much scorn and persecution, they had sought a home among strangers in this dear old city of Holland.

Meanwhile Katrina listened, with her blue eyes full of wonder and sympathy, as if it were a new strange tale to her; and in return she told Mabel the stories she had heard, from aged lips, of the dark times of Leyden's history, when the cruel Spaniards had besieged the city, and the heroic Peter Von der Warf had stood forth in the midst of his famishing countrymen, and had offered his own body to be eaten. And so the time passed on, and ever and anon the sweet chimes pealed the half hours and the quarters, till they at last roused the two by the cheery fireside. Mabel started from her reverie.

"Surely that must be the bell telling the hour!" she exclaimed, as she listened to the sweet air which the chime-bells played, and then counted the strokes until they numbered eight. She rose in alarm. "I should have returned long ago," she said—"my father will be anxious for me, and would have sought me here long ago had it not been that he had friends from England, who came but to-day, and with whom he is talking of weighty matters. So, dear Katrina, if you would not have me suffer his displeasure, let Herman, the old serving man, be called, and he will hasten homeward with me."

"Nay, my sweet friend," said Katrina, "I entrust you to no serving man this evening. Philip, the truant brother of ours, is

jealous of that office, and though his books and easel beguile him of many hours, he would have been chary of those which we have wiled away, had he known that you sat with me by the firelight. But it shall go hard with me if I do not find him," and winding her arm around her reluctant companion, she drew her toward the staircase. Up the oaken stairs they went; up and up, until they had reached the highest story of the burgomaster's great dwelling, and knocking at a low door, the voice of Philip bade them enter.

It was a low ceiled octagonal apartment, crossed by rafters quaintly carved, and lighted by curiously stained windows. Now, however, a swinging lamp burned close to a painter's easel, where sat Philip Von der Warf, busily employed, throwing a cheery glow over the dark walls, and brightening the fair face of the young artist. That face might itself have been a theme for a painter with its soulful Flemish beauty—the soft dark eyes, sunny with mirth, or misty with inspiration—the small, finely moulded mouth, almost feminine in its sweetness—the long, beautiful, shadowy hair, with all these he might well have personated the gentle, loving St. John. As he rose to meet the intruders, he hastily reversed the picture upon his easel, and courteously greeted them.

"May I ask, what brings so fair a pair to my lonely cell?" he asked playfully.

"To claim the courtesy which all gentle knights should yield," responded Katrina, in the same playful tone; "and now since we have penetrated thus far into that cell, we would fain examine its treasures before we depart, and that right speedily. Look at this picture, dear Mabel," she continued, pointing to one close at hand. "Is it not divine?" The picture was one of the Virgin and Child, and Mabel having once gazed upon it, turned steadfastly away, and could not be persuaded to look again upon it. Philip looked surprised and disappointed.

"I had thought this picture would have pleased Mabel most," he said to Katrina.

"It is indeed beautiful," said the English girl gravely, "but I will not look upon it, lest that beauty should tempt me to worship her of whom it is a type."

"What! will you not look for one moment? Mark the divine beauty of the mother's brow, those deep, sorrowful eyes, that mouth of incomparable sweetness—does she not look worthy to be the mother of the blessed Saviour?" and the young painter looked at the picture with rapt adoration.

But Mabel shuddered slightly, and again turned away. "Tempt me not to sin with a face like that," she said, still gravely.

"And wherefore the sin?" exclaimed Philip, impetuously—"does not the holy church permit—," he paused suddenly with a courteous apology. "I forgot, indeed, that we think not alike in these matters—yet the scripture forbids us not to worship her who is the mother of our Lord."

"The scripture says, 'Thou shalt not make any graven image to bow down to it,'" said Mabel.

"But this is not a graven image, fair Mabel," rejoined Philip, while a playful smile stole over his beautiful face. "It is the counterpart of flesh and blood on canvas, and needs but the breath of life to make it perfect. But I will not tempt you to do aught which might offend your conscience," and he courteously led her to another picture. "This you may look upon without fear," he said smiling; "and since it is the work of my own unpracticed hand, you must be chary of your censure."

The picture was one of a sweet village home in England, lovely in pastoral beauty. Far in the distance, the blue curve of the hills lined the horizon, and a stately castle arose in the foreground, from which sloped down an emerald lawn, crossed by sunshine, and dotted with deer and sheep. From a clump of venerable trees rose the tower of the village church, and beside it, in a wilderness of sweets, rose a low-roofed cottage overgrown with woodbine. Something in this picture reminded Mabel of the sweet English home she had left, and she gazed and gazed, until the tears blinded her vision; which Philip perceiving, he gently took the picture from her, and sought to divert her attention otherwise, but Mabel was in haste to depart, and presently the three descended the oaken staircase, and wandered out into the clear moonlight towards the home of the English girl.

Mabel entered her father's dwelling unquestioned, for he was yet deep in conversation with the English friends of whom she had spoken to Katrina. Within this apartment, as in the house of Peter Von der Warf, the bright fire burned cheerily in the tiled fire-place, but its glow brightened somewhat different surroundings. Various articles of English manufacture, unknown in Holland, were grouped around the apartment, which was by no means so richly decorated as that of the burgomaster. In the centre of the apartment a number of individuals had grouped around a table, over which were scattered various papers, which were ever and anon scanned with eager interest by the party. Mabel's mother, pale and thoughtful, with the soft brown hair parted smoothly from her brow, gazed with

eager interest upon her husband's face, as he bent over the manuscript he held, while two or three matrons, with a group of young and old, listened eagerly to the words which fell from his lips.

"I see clearly the Lord's hand in this undertaking," said John Wynn, the father of Mabel, laying down the paper he held, and fixing his clear eyes on the eager earnest faces. "Since he has opened for us those homes in a land of strangers, will he not also guide us to a home beyond the ocean, even as he has done to our brethren, who have gone before us more than a year ago; and since these encouraging tokens have reached Mr. Robinson, it is best that we should follow what seems so plainly the direction of the Lord's hand."

"But the tidings promise little," said a feeble voice in the group. "They tell us of toils and suffering, and a rock-bound coast, and the wiles of the savages, and here we have pleasant homes, and have found a kindly welcome among strangers. Let us not mistake the workings of Providence. It may be his will that we should remain here."

"Distrust not the heavenly call," said John Wynn, almost sternly. "Hath it not been proved and clearly shown, in the papers set forth by Mr. Robinson, that about us and near us, lie dangers to be dreaded, even as the perils of an unknown land? Our youth are suffering with the same burthen we have borne, by reason of the poverty of the country, and worse, are in danger of being led astray by the sinful and vain amusements of the day. And see you not, brother Leigh, how that among those who have kindly received us, the hearts of our sons and daughters will be turned away from allegiance to his Majesty, and they, mingling with the people of this nation, will soon forget our land. Nay, rather than that a child of mine should follow the vain ungodly customs of this land—its Sabbath breaking, and its frivolous amusements, or be led astray, as some have done, in marrying the sons and daughters of that Popish church, which we abhor, it were better to make their grave in the ocean, or among the wilds of America."

As John Wynn uttered these words, the heart of Mabel turned back to the dim studio, and the fair sweet faces of Katrina and Philip Von der Warf rose before her as she fell into a long fit of musing, and strange sadness took possession of her soul.

Another evening, with its misty twilight, descended upon the city. Again the crimson glow stole out of the windows of the dwelling of Peter Von der Warf, and this night, brighter and clearer than ever, for the great gilded candlestick on the chimney-piece was

lighted to the number of its three-score tapers. The long oaken table, in the great hall, groaned with its trenchers, and tankards, and goblets of rare liquors, and spiced wines, and costly meats, for this night the burgomaster gave a feast to his fellow-burghers, and everything was in readiness.

A slight figure stole through the twilight from the house of John Wynn towards the burgomaster's dwelling, and passing up the great door-way, knocked with a faltering hand. Presently, with a word of respectful recognition from the old servitor, she was ushered into the brilliantly-lighted apartment, where sat Katrina in the broad glare of the fire-light, her fair hair wreathed with flowers, her bod-dice crossed with jewels, and the short crimson satin petticoat which she wore, as was the fashion of those days, richly embroidered.—Against the broad mantle-piece leaned Philip, his long fair hair parted over either temple, and falling carelessly over the broad-plaited ruff of those times, and his velvet jacket glittering with jewels; and to his ear he held one of the rare sea-shells which had adorned the Japanese cabinet, listening, as it seemed, to that mysterious murmur of ocean, which haunts the sea-shell ever, until it is broken. As Mabel gazed upon the brother and sister thus, with the fire-light's golden glory lingering over them, over the old oaken floor, the dark pictures, and the bright-hued tapestry, they made a picture which haunted her memory long after the great ocean rolled between them and her, and years had passed away. But at that moment the picture was unthought of by Mabel, for, breathless with haste, and burthened with the tale she had to tell, she threw herself on Katrina's bosom and sobbed convulsively. Katrina started back in astonishment. "Mabel, Mabel Wynn, sweet English sister," she exclaimed with mingled astonishment and anxiety, "why this grief—tell me, has aught ill befallen you, or those at home?"

It was long before Mabel could recover herself sufficiently to speak. "I have come to say farewell before I go!" she murmured at last. "To-morrow we sail for England, thence to America."

"To-morrow for America! what mean you?" exclaimed Katrina, transfixed with surprise.

"Even so," rejoined Mabel. "You have often heard me speak of those who, more than a year ago, sailed for the New World, and it is not unknown to you, that most of the congregation of Mr. Robinson only awaited the summons to depart also. This was the errand of the English strangers, of whom I told you last evening. Our preparations are but simple and quickly made. To-morrow we

shall reach Delft Haven, where the ship lies, and if the wind be fair, we sail on our long voyage."

From these words there could be no appeal, and with the passionate energy of one who feels that it is for the last time, Katrina folded the English girl to her bosom and bedewed her cheek with her hot tears, till Mabel at last tore herself convulsively away. Philip in the meantime had stood pale and motionless, as one who had suddenly been struck dumb. Then Mabel turned from Katrina, and with a sweet patient smile, which gave her face an almost unearthly beauty, she gave her hand to Philip. He took it mechanically, and his white lips never moved, but as their eyes met in one long earnest glance, the secret of two hearts was revealed. In that moment Mabel saw it all, the story of the past year, the great gulf which lay between them—the son of a Catholic, the daughter of a Puritan, the stern will of that Puritan father, her own unwavering adherence to his faith, the unflinching resolve, which had already led them to resign friends, fortune and native land, and as she withdrew her hand from his, she felt that it was pulling away, forever, that hand which would have led her to an earthly paradise. Without trusting herself to speak, she turned quickly away and stole out of the hall, and as the door closed upon her, she felt that the beauty of a glorious dream lay behind her, before her were the ocean, the dark forest, the new strange land, which henceforth must be her home, wild, cold and dreary, for her faith, in that sad hour, drooped wearily.

Ere she stood in the shade of her father's dwelling, Philip Von der Warf was beside her, and Mabel felt rather than saw that his face was full of passionate entreaty. "Mabel, Mabel Wynn!" he breathed in her ear, "*must* it be so—do we part forever? I knew not until now how I loved you—is there *no* hope?" and he looked at her with a long, earnest, despairing gaze, which she never forgot. For a moment, in which years seemed to have been concentrated, Mabel's heart died within her, then she roused herself to speak. "My father, Philip, you know him not—you know not the gulf which lies between us—forget me,"—and in that moment of renunciation, she pressed her pure lips to the hand which clasped her's. The next moment she was clasped madly to a wildly beating heart, a long lingering kiss imprinted on her brow, and she was again alone.

The next day, when the good ship was unmoored at the shore of Delft Haven, and the Puritans crowded on deck, to wave farewell to those kind people who had given them a home, Mabel saw

among the crowd on shore, the pale fair face, the long shadowy hair, the slight form of one she would have known among a thousand ; and when the ship glided down the river, and the groups on the quay dispersed, that lone figure stood there still, gazing after the receding vessel. Then, to the Puritans, came the long weary days and nights of restless tossing on the ocean, the sorrowful though subdued yearnings after home and native land, that sweet land which they should see no more till the long, long voyage was past, and their feet touched the shores of the New World.

Eight years had passed away since that vessel left the shores of Delft Haven, but on the shores of New England, where eight years before the wild forest had waved, stood one of the flourishing little villages of the Puritans.

Heaven had smiled upon them in this new country, and plenty had crowned their labors. Simple cottages adorned the rural streets, sweet white walled homes, over which the wild rose and vine had been taught to climb, as in their English homes far away. In one of the loveliest of these little cottages, John Wynn and his family had found a home. And now, one gentle summer evening, when all the west was full of golden glory, and the calm waters of the bay came rippling up to the brown shore, and the evening wind wandered inland, bringing the murmur of the sea, and the odor of numberless blossoms, he sat in the porch of his dwelling, looking out upon the rural street. Time had sprinkled his locks here and there with grey, but his eye was as bright and his face resolute as ever. Beside him sat his gentle wife, with the same placid smile as of old, though care and time had left their traces on her brow.

By the window, training a white rose over the casement, and with the golden radiance of the sunset about her and resting on her brown hair, like the halo around the heads of saints in old pictures, stood Mabel Wynn, not now the young, slight, meek-eyed girl, but the graceful, majestic woman, the crown of her ripened loveliness upon her. When the eye saw her, it blessed her, and when the ear heard her, it praised her. Many there were who would gladly have wooed and won the fair daughter of John Wynn, but untouched, unhearing, she had turned from all, and filled the measure of her life with sweet charities rather than with the fonder duties of a wife and mother. As they lingered thus, in the summer evening, a stranger, of foreign aspect, tall and elegant, with unusual dignity of mien, walked slowly up the street and paused at the gate of John Wynn's dwelling. The old Puritan and his wife courteously bade him enter, and following, as they led the way, his eye rested upon

Mabel. What was there in that glance which sent the blood thrilling to her cheek and brow, as it had done but once before, and wherefore did the color forsake the lips of the stranger?

"Is this the home of John Wynn?" he asked, knowing full well the answer. "It was a name I knew of old in Leyden," said the stranger, and at the mention of that beloved city, John Wynn and his wife drew closer to him, and joyfully bade him welcome, though they as yet knew not in him the pale-faced boy who, long ago, had been a friend and neighbor. But soon he unfolded his story, and eagerly they listened as he told them of the welfare of friends they had left behind, of those who still lingered in Holland, and sundry particulars of the death of their pastor, Mr. Robinson, and at last a letter he gave them, from one of the congregation of that beloved pastor, telling that how after long groping in papal darkness, and much opposition, the young burgomaster, Philip Von der Warf, had at last forsaken that stronghold of error and darkness, the faith of his childhood, and had at last been brought to peace and joy in the belief of the Puritans. Right joyfully was he made welcome to the home of John Wynn—but to Mabel alone did he tell the story of his love for a sweet Puritan girl who, long ago, had charmed his youth. How the love of that maiden had haunted him through many wanderings by sea and land—and in the homes of the old masters of art, in the dim cathedrals and picture galleries of the old world, a face more sweet to him than that of saint or Mary mother, had haunted his vision, and with patient lips and meek brown eyes had won him away from all the wiles of Popish darkness.

Need it be added, that in good time, Mabel Wynn gave her hand, where her heart had long gone before, and once again, when she had at last closed the eyes of her parents, she stood with Philip in the home of the old burgomaster, and heard the sweet chimes of Leyden fall upon the air, as they had done in the starry evenings of long ago. Then, too, she clasped once more to her heart Katrina, now the fair and blooming matron of a stately home. Many happy years they spent in this dear old city, and at last returned to New England, with satisfied hearts, where, under another name, Philip Von der Warf did much of his abundance to enrich the growing colony of the Puritans. Then, after a long life of goodly charities and holy endeavor, blessing and blessed, they closed their eyes in peace, with their children's children around them.

"PASSING AWAY."

"PASSING AWAY."

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BY JENNIE.  
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AWAY, where dashing spray
Doth nightly weep on a rocky shore,
And moonbeams dance to the breaker's roar,
Where the billows chant a deep-toned psalm
To Him, whose power can the tempest calm,
And bid the waters stay.
Musing, I sighed, ah, where is thy home?
Tell me of lands from whence thou art come,
And whither away so soon dost glide?
A voice from the sounding depths replied,
"We are passing away."

I heard the wind at play:—
A merry pastime it had, I ween,
Among the boughs of the maples green,
It rustled the leaves with an angry air,
Then gamboled off, no matter where,
Like a truant child at play.
I heard its voice in the wild wood deep,
'Till wearied, at last it sank to sleep:
But, ere its whispers in distance died,
"To oblivion's shades," it sadly sighed,
"I am passing away."

Whither do loved ones stray?—
I meet them not when my weary feet
Retrace their steps to childhood's seat;
In quiet homes, or mansions of glee
They hasten never to welcome me
Through all life's summer day.
Ye, who were first love's tribute to bring,
And gentle arms around me fling,
Where do ye linger, ah, tell me where?
Echo replied from the viewless air,
"We are passing away."

Within, where fancies play;
Where the fettered soul imprisoned lies,
Waiting its summons beyond the skies,
I delved with an earpest, thoughtful look
And turned o'er the leaves of memory's book,—
Happy records are they.
Joys gathered fresh in life's dewy morn,—
Gems of hope, that in sunshine were born.—
The casket I sealed with miserly pride,
But a warning voice within it cried,
"We are passing away." *

Will nothing earthly stay?—
 The solid mountains dissolve with heat,
 And spread o'er the land with fiery feet:—
 The loftiest fabric a man can raise,
 Lives but a few inglorious days,
 Doomed to a sure decay.
 Must all we cherish beneath the sky,
 Like wind and wave mysterious die?
 Answer came back from a countless band,
 "Like promise engraven on ocean strand,
 We are passing away."

To realms of endless day,
 When the spirit freed from earthly care,
 May sweep unfettered the balmy air,
 And bathe its wings in the crystal fount,
 That gushes free from the heavenly mount,
 Thither my soul would stray:
 Glimpses I have of the ransomed throng,
 Hear strains of their sweet seraphic song,
 And weep not that soon to dwell with God,
 Where mortal footsteps have never trod,
 I am passing away.

LIFE, WHAT IS IT?

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 BY OLIVE OAKLAND.  
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Life is a garden, blooming fair,
 With many a bright exotic rare
 From Eden's bowers;—
 The Tree of Life its vivid green
 Droops o'er a stream with sunlit sheen,
 Margined with flowers.

Though gorgeous bloom, in every nook,
 By fountain's play, or babbling brook,
 Delights the weary eye—
 Yet many a weed, whose noxious breath
 Exhales miasma foul as death,
 Is waving, rank and high.

Life is a river, broad and deep,
 Whose rushing waters onward sweep
 To broad Eternity,—
 Whose swelling waves forever beat—
 Where shore and ocean never meet
 Around the boundless sea.

Adown its current, idly float
 The stately bark and tiny boat,
 Lying with careless oar—
 While maelstroms lure with circling stream,
 And frightful rocks in moonlight gleam
 Along the jagged shore.

BROKEN HEARTS.

BY MINNIE F. BEAVERS.

“ ‘BROKEN hearts!’ what an absurdity !” said a young friend of mine in the days of yore. I see her now, as I saw her three brief years ago; her white arm uplifted, and her brown curls flowing over her snowy neck, swept wildly by the summer winds in the green woods, where we were wandering.

No sooner had she uttered these words, than a laugh of incredulity broke from her lips. It had ever been thus with Allie Brown. Life had been beautiful to her; and she mocked at all thoughts of gloom.

I was two years her senior; and as I gazed upon her young bright face, I thought of the years to come; years which might bring much of grief, much of sadness. Often had we wandered in those green woods talking of our fresh young hopes, and sometimes with a flushed cheek, whispering some dreamy thought of love.

How shall I speak of the one who *she* learned to love, so soon after that bright day.

I see him now, as I met him first in a gay crowd of the world, the most beautiful amid the throng.

Allie was by my side that night, and we gazed upon the handsome stranger with admiration. His magnificent form had not then been bowed by disease; and yet even then, the destroyer was wasting his young life away. His raven hair fell in rich clusters, shading his pale classic features. His eyes so lustrous and dark, were burning with that strangely beautiful light, given by the deadly disease, consumption. Ere Allie was fifteen years old he came to her home: and she yielded up to him the riches of her young heart.

Her life grew brightly beautiful, from the radiance shed from his dark love-lit eyes. No laugh was so sweet and joyous as Allie's; no voice so full of melody. In the gay throng, at home, everywhere, she was happy; and, oh! so very happy, when he was nigh.

A year passed away: and Allie budded into womanhood. She was more beautiful than before. Her brown curls were a shade darker, and a deeper light beamed from her soft blue eyes. She grew very woman-like, even in her sixteenth year; and her lover came oftener. How she used to watch for his coming. How often

have we sat on the doorstep together, her young head bent forward to listen for his footsteps.

His tall form was slightly bowed then ; his beautiful features, paler than before ; and his eyes so deep and spiritual, and then again so lustrous and bewildering.

Oh ! how Allie loved him ! and alas ! he was destined for an early tomb. We sometimes told her this ; and a shadow of gloom would pass over her brow, but she could not *realise* that he would die.

We would wander down through the green woods, and while seated beneath the leafy trees, she would tell me of her passionate love ; how beautiful he was to her—how happy in her present bliss, dreaming not of the great shadows of eternity, that so soon would shroud that noble form in the “garments of death.”

His decline at last grew rapid ; and Allie changed. A restless, troubled look, shadowed her young countenance ; and a terrible fear was gathering in her heart, that he her idol, was swiftly passing away. A change of climate was proposed for him ; and he parted from Allie, little dreaming it was for the last time.

They stood upon the jessamine-wreathed porch of her home, where they had so often sat together and talked of the future, hoping it would bring them much of peace, much of joy. He clasped that slight form to his bosom, and pressed one passionate kiss upon the innocent lips that talked so much of his recovery, and had cheered so many hours of his fading life ; Allie looked up in his tender dark eyes once more, and then bade him good bye. He folded his cloak about his noble form, and was gone—gone forever.

They never met again. In a few short weeks they laid him in the coffin, his brow chill, and his midnight hair damp with the dew of death. When the springtime came again, I wandered with Allie beneath the shadow of the forest trees. How changed she was ; yet still so touchingly beautiful. The *world* said she was the same ; that her laugh was happy as of old. But I know her heart's desolation, and it sounds to me sometimes, as but a mockery. She is gay amid the throngs of the world ; but when the moonlight shines through the jessamine, on the latticed porch where they used to sit together, her young form is bowed, and her soft blue eyes are dimmed with tears. Then comes the desolation ; then a vision gloriously beautiful lingers before her. A lofty form—lustrous dark eyes, burning with love-lights ; midnight locks, resting on a brow of snow. Then she fain would clasp that blessed vision to her bosom, but alas ! it is only a phantom. He flashed up before her, a bright

and glorious creation, and then went down to the darkness of the tomb, she scarcely dreaming that he was passing away. "I know not if her heart is broken." But some golden link has fallen from the life-chain. Something bright and beautiful has gone out from her heart, and left it dark and desolate.

I knew another—a sweet girl of some sixteen years. Her soft bright hair shaded a face of spiritual beauty: and her slight form, seemed all too frail for earth. Her father and mother were dead: and she was the idol of a fond, devoted brother. She was equally proud of him, and lavished all her affections upon him, till there came to her home a dark-eyed handsome man, who, by his fascinating ways, won Lily for his bride.

Her's was a spirit, that loving never could forget. And so one bright summer evening, we arrayed that sweet girl in her bridal dress. Never had she seemed half so beautiful. Her starry eyes were full of love and happiness, and her loving heart beat almost painfully with its weight of bliss. The bridegroom came not; but a messenger came to tell of his dark deed; that he had but trifled with that young innocent heart.

That noble brother's brow grew pallid; for the light went out from Lily's blue eyes; the bloom faded from her cheek; and a wild laugh gushed from her pale lips. She knelt at her brother's feet. "Brother! brother!" she cried, "the flowers will yet bloom, and Lily will gather them and give them to Henry." And then the terrible truth rushed upon us, that the sweet, beautiful girl was a maniac. Much was tried to restore her to reason, but all in vain.—When in a talking mood (which was seldom,) she would say, "My name is Lily, poor forsaken Lily; but the flowers will yet bloom, and Lily will gather them, and give them to Henry."

Then that noble brother would bow his head, and murmur in a choking voice, "Only one year ago, how bright, how beautiful she was. Father is gone; mother is gone; and Lily is almost gone." Yes! she was almost gone. Her fragile form seemed to melt away from mortal grasp. She never made but one request: "I am going to die, brother. Take me home." And so he brought her there; and in a few weeks we gathered around her couch to see her die. Her sweet face was white as the pillow upon which her young head rested; and her starry eyes were strangely bright; and oh! so touchingly mournful, as her frail bark neared death's cold stream. Her eyes wandered around upon us; and then turned earnestly, toward the window.

Long did she gaze upon the beauties of the fading summer. A troubled look passed over her countenance ; and then a seraphic smile, as she turned towards her brother. Her voice broke upon the stillness, in its last sweet music : " The flowers have never bloomed on earth, brother ; but they'll bloom in heaven ; and Lily will gather them, and send them by the bright angels to Henry." With his name, the name of the faithless one, upon her lips, she died.—He smoothed the bright hair from that sweet young face, and dressed the frail form in the bridal of death ; and laid her in the coffin.

" I know not if her heart was broken ;" but she faded from earth in the space of one brief year, *died* even in her young life, from a wound that knew no balm.

THE DYING CHILD.

BY MARY PARSONS.

Out upon the golden sunset—
Of his anguish all beguiled,
Gazing from his latticed casement,
Lay a dying little child.
He, the darling of his mother,
Cherished by a sister's love,
Now was waiting for the angels—
Waiting to be called above !

As he watched, thus spread before him,
Clouds of every shape and hue,
Fading then, into the distance,
Far beyond the mountains blue ;
Holier thoughts and aspirations
Crowded on the sick one's mind,
And he felt no more of sorrow
Earth and friends to leave behind.

Just then looking from the window,
Wondrous sights did he behold ;
Seraphs, clad in snow-white garments,
Playing on their harps of gold ;
And, before the echoing music
Died in sweetest notes away,
He too had become an angel,
Bright and beautiful as they.

TROUT FISHING.
A WINTER EVENING REVERIE.

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BY M. C. METCALFE.  
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THESE solitary evenings pass slowly, very slowly. Were it not for the memory of the glad times gone by, how tenantless would be this little study! As it is, it is pleasant and sweet to dream. Perhaps you keep me company, while thinking of that woodland stream you used to follow in your buoyant youth, or the mill-pond where you launched your row-boat, or the quiet lake among the mountains, where you have watched the crimson sunset, or the first bright beams of day, where the shadow of your sail has often fallen on the water, and your line been dropped to catch the unsuspecting pickerel.

I know a mountain stream, full many miles away—yet even now my busy fancy pictures every feature of the landscape. Again, we are roaming on the banks of the wild wood creek. Ella is a capital angler, and quite shames her young husband, as trout after trout leaps shining from the water. This is my first experience in this peculiar art, so different from my old trapping of the sun-fish, and eagerly I watch for the beautiful trout. In despair, I substitute bait for the fly, but not a trout follows my hook. Shiner after shiner I fling panting on the pebbly shore, then glance at them sorrowfully, and beg cousin Maurice to throw them back to their native element. But no, he is obdurate, declaring they would go tell the rest of our malicious intentions. I gaze at the finny creatures floundering about in their death agonies, and at once recognize the force of the expression—"Uneasy as a fish out of water."

If we would learn as aptly the many lessons which the great Author strives to teach us in his manifold works, the Book of Nature would not be opened all in vain. If we would compare our every action with the pebble, which, in idle mood is thrown upon the surface of the sea-stretching bay, setting in motion a thousand concentric circles which shall never cease to move till time shall be no more, how guarded would our movements be, our very thoughts be guileless. If when we gaze upon the flower which decks the solitude, pillowing the dew that bathes it, we would see the goodness of the Artist whose skill has tinted its petals, it would not bloom

and die without conferring a blessing. If when studying the curious law which leaves engraved upon the rock the impress of some foot of bird, or animal, that lived before the flood, we would remember that thus our deeds are stamped indelibly upon the page of Time, the fossil would not be without its lesson. If we would think, that, as the moon influences the waters of the ocean, so our mind governs other minds, "pale Cynthia's light" would illumine the inner world as well as that without. If we would allow the Omnipotent Creator to be the focus of our mutual hopes and aspirations, the sublime swayer of our affections, motives, actions, even as the Sun is the centre and governor of the material universe, this world, with man though fallen from his pristine purity, might shadow forth the beauties of a moral paradise. But no! our eyes are blinded, our ears deaf, our hearts senseless. Our souls have passed under the deadly Upas-tree of sinful indifference. We gaze on these things and laud science! We extol the renowned discoverers of Nature's wonders, and pay to them the homage due to God. We rush recklessly on, with a thousand witnesses confronting us, a myriad of truths warning us, yet, regardless of the beacons of Nature, dash madly over the barriers of Death, fondly imagining there is naught but Heaven beyond! We will not see the dark abyss below, and we cannot turn to gaze on the stupendous height from which in maniacal fury we have plunged.

Have I forgotten my trout fishing? Don't think so for a moment, but such thoughts as these haunted my brain as wearily I drew my baited hook along the stream, to lure some wary trout. The pole jerked—I gave a brave twitch—a sudden pull—and lo! a trout, the largest caught as yet, hung struggling on my hook. In an ecstasy at my success, yet frightened too, I shrieked, "O, Maurice! Maurice!"

My cousins came in haste, with staring eyes, expecting to behold a panther, but when they saw the *trout*, they laughed right heartily, and bade me release the noble fellow. Release him! No, I held the pole as fast as though it were my life itself, and while I shrieked and begged for help, my prize broke loose and floundered back into the stream!

Quite as foolish was I as yourself, when on your northern tour you fell in love with a bewitching maiden, who smiled on you perhaps, or possibly returned the pressure of your parting grasp. You sought your sunny home with proud security, that she, some future day, would be your bride. You had no thought that she could ever forget your *silent* love, or be so ungenerous as to deem you a vain flirt.

"Oh, no! she will wait until I am settled in business, able to support her as she should live. There is no need of vows!" and how you gasped, and stammered, and turned pale, when, after your long absence, you once more clasped her hand, and Fanny told you—she was married, and presented you to her husband!

Not more surely was my trout escaped, than was the lady of your love. The disappointment that I felt, as my naked hook lay on the grass, was but a faint picture of your grief, when your heart recoiled, robbed alike of its hope and its freshness; and your joy, when you met some radiant one, who resembled Fanny, one who would love you always, and heal your wounded spirit, was not half as satisfied as mine, when for the second time, I pulled a gay trout from the water, one twice as large and beautiful as my first captive.

This time, Maurice, instead of busying his skillful fingers with drawing a caricature of my dainty fear and struggling victim, graciously flew to the rescue, and I stroked the smooth, glossy back of "darling little trouty," admiring the red spots and bright coloring of his coat. What a victory! Not only should I eat a real Delaware trout at last, but I had caught one that I did not keep, and another which I was determined should not escape; for having tied a bit of ribbon, torn from the strings of my sun-bonnet, about his neck, to mark him as mine, as you would about a pet lamb, Master Trout was consigned to the basket.

There was now no end to my energy. I flirted the line into the stream, and out again; stood full ten minutes over a place as dark and still as midnight, wasted half the contents of cousin Maurice's bait-box, without even the consolation of a "glorious nibble," but never thought of growing tired.

In the midst of our sport, a sudden storm lighted up the whole heavens, with frequent flashes of electricity. Showers of rain drove us from the brook to seek shelter where the trees were thickest and the foliage densest. Not a house was near, so Ella and I leaned against the trunks of the tall evergreens, while Maurice heaped around us the newly-mown hay from the neighboring meadows. For a time our retreat was respected by the battling elements; but the rain fell faster, and so plentifully, that we could not see Maurice through the veiling sheets of water, although he was but a few steps distant, and now—a vivid stream of lightning was attended by a deafening crash, prolonged by a terrific burst of thunder just above our heads.

A cry! "Oh! is it Maurice?" gasped we, and with each other's hands clasped tight, we leaped over the heaped-up hay, regardless

of the drenching rain—not knowing where to turn—crying in accents which the thunder mocked, “Maurice ! O Maurice !”

Like a star amid the darkness, like the hope of joy hereafter, came a voice borne on the storm—“All safe !” and Maurice stood beside us. We could not speak, but each heart silently thanked God, as the clearing atmosphere revealed the prostrate skeleton of a noble oak, which, ere that lightning-bolt descended, stood a prince among the giants of the forest, and which now, scarred and seared in every part, was riven into fragments.

When the storm swept on, we sought a distant farm house, and never did poor wanderers meet with heartier cheer. The kitchen fire was stirred ; the logs were heaped upon the glowing hearth ; the bright-eyed maidens of the household brought their woollen socks and leathern shoes, and a tempting repast was spread before us.

As the carriage from the neighboring village bore us away, we turned back to gaze upon the old stone mansion, the home of such happy contentment and cheerful frugality, where the cold and fainting stranger had found a niche in the chimney-corner, and a seat at the generous board. Thus we gazed, half-sorrowful, until it faded in the mist.

My ambition was excited. So dexterously had I jerked the trout from the water, that Maurice said I would make a capital angler. As I pursued my excursion among the mountains, more than once did I join a party of amateur sportsmen, and was invariably “in luck.” Having caught a trout, my next highest ambition was to shoot a deer ! Whole hours I sat watching the mountain paths, ever hoping to spy the graceful antlers of the forest’s pride, but in vain. One day I heard the hounds bay as they tracked their noble game, but otherwise I returned inexperienced in the chase. This deer-shooting was *rather* visionary, as I possessed neither rifle nor ball, but as our happiness partakes more of the ideal than the real, I was not so very far from the right track.

It is summer again, a summer of long ago, when life itself, without a friend or pastime, was a blessing, and again I am roaming along the banks of that roaring, wild-wood stream, which comes tumbling down “Campbell’s Mountain.” Westop at the Hermit’s hut, near the foot of the hill, but the old man is away, so we help ourselves to his tackle, a great variety of which stands outside the door. Our party being somewhat large, divides. Stanford and I go up the stream ; while our less experienced companions follow it downward.

"O! this is sport, cousin Stan!" cry I, as trout after trout is hauled from the singing brook. "I would'nt give a straw for such fun as we had down at the settlement. Maurice himself did not catch a dozen. But we had a merry time, fish or no fish!"

"I reckon you did not fish much after the storm?"

"Maurice wanted to, but it was too wet for Nell and I; we were half frightened out of our senses, too."

"Hush, Milly! you frighten the trout into theirs, for see how they shun my hook!"

I sigh, as in duty bound, for what lady likes to have a veto put upon the free action of her tongue? However, I forgive cousin Stanford, as in less than half-a-minute after silence is restored, I throw a splendid fellow on the bank.

The day draws to a close. We retrace our way, and meet our party at the *rendevous*. Their basket is diligently kept out of sight, hoping thus to keep it out of our mind. But there is no success in the stratagem. We triumphantly display our *fifty* noble trout; and they, with many blushes and apologies, present three shiners and one floundering cat-fish. Have I reckoned right, good cousin Agnes?

Shall I attempt to portray my proud excitement? I am in love with the sport. Not a twinge of conscience disturbs me, as I look upon my beautiful prisoners. I can even count their fading spots without a tear.

We approach the Hermitage. "Uncle Charlie" is leaning on the decaying gate, watching the return of the party from the brook, of whose departure he is aware by the missing poles. I never before have seen him, although they have told me of his isolated condition, his solitary life and former happiness, and have marked him as a curiosity. He is a large, powerful-looking man, though age has bent his shoulders. His hair is white as winter's; his shaggy grey eye-brows shadow a pair of lustrous eyes, which watch us keenly as we draw nearer.

"So you took my poles, eh?"

I shrink back, as his gruff voice greets us, but he continues with a smile, "Don't be frightened, Miss; I never hurt any one. I guess you are a stranger?"

"Yes, from New-York. Have you ever been to New-York?"

He frowned darkly, muttering something which I cannot understand, while he fixes his eye steadily upon me, then cries again, "I guess I have seen you before!"

"No, you have not; I have never been among these mountains until this summer."

Now Stanford interrupts: "Uncle Charlie, do you remember Effie May?"

"Indeed I do!"

"Well, this is Effie's daughter."

"Bless your little soul!" exclaims uncle Charlie, grasping my hand in both his, while his voice trembles with grateful emotion. "I knew your features were not strange to me. You do look like your mother, the angel!" and a tear wells up from his honest heart.

The tears are in my own eyes too. I ask him how long he has lived in this dreary hut, which draws from him a tale of his lonely life.

"It is going on forty years since I first came here, and during all that time, I have cooked my own food; it isn't much, to be sure, a boiled fish and a baked potatoe; and I have mended my own clothes. I was once well to do in the world, had money ahead, but it is all gone, by waste, and misfortune, and drink, and now I live by selling fish among the people, and down at Delhi. Delhi is a pretty place, quite town-like. It has grand houses, and is a green spot among these rough mountains."

"And how do you amuse yourself here, uncle Charlie," I ask, gazing round on the utter loneliness of the place.

"O, I read sometimes; I have a Bible, and a Latin dictionary, and some volumes of poetry. You see I had some learning once; in fact, was educated for a lawyer!" The old man shakes his head knowingly, and begins conjugating a Latin verb, as proof of his ability. A strange light rolls in his eye, which causes us to hasten our departure; perhaps it is only a reflection of the lurid sunset. The old man nods a farewell, and we leave him apostrophizing the days that are past. What is the present to him, poor solitary, and what has the future for him? But he too owns a *past*, as well as the happiest of us all; possibly it is a past all glowing with bright memories of home and innocence.

The morrow brings the Sabbath. The day is beautifully bright, and the air is filled with the voices of the wild-wood birds. The hour for service comes. We stroll along the bank of the blue Delaware until we arrive opposite the country church, when Stanford whistles to the boatman to come and paddle us across. This going to church in a row-boat is somewhat novel, but by no means disagreeable. How we all wish the river was three times as wide, for in five minutes we reach the destined shore. The edifice is neat and finished, a monument to the benevolence of her who is the spring of every good movement in the valley, and who, though little known to the busy world, is truly great, for she is greatly good.

The sermon is neither too long nor too short ; a nice twenty minutes' discourse, embodying in clear argument and graceful dress, the whole plan of salvation, with an earnest appeal to those of us " who yet remain in darkness." There is no flourish of rhetoric, no stormy eloquence, but the words flow smooth, distinct, in simple phrase, with energetic gesture, and the people feel the truth, which, if wrapped in the beauties of oratory, might have escaped them.

During the intermission, my cousins introduce me to the old friends of our family, who make their comments on my resemblance to " Dear Effie," and enlighten me as to numerous points in the family history. After the second service, we recross the river, and enjoy, in the truest sense of the word, a delightful walk homewards. And now, just before sunset, the young folks gather at our door to luxuriate in this hour of rest. The conversation is quiet and subdued, befitting alike the Sabbath eve and the lovely scene.

The sun has set to us, but his beams still linger on the tops of the mountains around us, making a circle of sunshine, far, far above us, while the valley is plunged in shadow. As the Alpine cottagers watch for the day-king planting his beacon-light on Mont Blanc, ere he condescends to shine on lesser peaks ; so we watch for the first rays which gild these mountain-tops, or gaze on the departing glory that bathes them in golden beauty long after the chill of evening has penetrated the valley. It would be pleasant to linger always here, if summer would never fade, we think ; yet so vain is human nature, so fond of novelty, how soon we weary of the choicest beauty ; and above all, can a lady venture to declare that she would be satisfied ? " Who ever knew one of her sex to live a day without sighing for a change ?" says gallant Stanford, and some one equally devoted to us, quotes vexatiously :

" Papillia, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—' How charming is a park !'
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—' Oh, odious, odious trees !" "

The stage rolls to the door, telling us too plainly that our trout fishing for the summer is ended. The trunks are strapped on behind, the farewells said, and away we are borne from the quiet delights of rural life, back towards the city. True, there are many stopping places—but the end is reached at last, and instead of the brook where we watched for the trout, the great stream of life rushes past us, where the anglers are multiplied into thousands, each dropping his hook for that wary trout, Happiness, whose prudence escapes

ever his wiles. Some haul up Fame, others Fortune, others Knowledge, others Merriment, and each thinks at first he has caught what he sighed for, but a close inspection shows that the pretty red spots of the trout are wanting, the victims prove nothing but shiners or cat fish. "I've caught it!" shouts Fanny, but by her carelessness it slips from the hook and wiggles back into the stream.

Good men have given lessons in this art of angling for happiness, but most persons, with a truly Yankee spirit, prefer their own way, making dazzling experiments and profound theories. They say that happiness is unattainable on earth, that *Contentment* is the best fish in the water, but who believes it? Each man thinks he can succeed where every one beside has failed, and among all men the Yankee's self is sanguine. *He* begins where Europeans leave the search, and the impulsive spirit of our nation calls upon us continually to mourn for our brightest sons, whose light of life has been quenched so early in the course, so very early. The master ship builder of the age, is scarce yet cold in the tomb of his youth, while the monuments of his genius still stand impatient to prove his matchless skill. And now we learn the sad tidings of the hastened death of our brave Arctic voyager, whose indomitable courage will no more stem the perils of those northern seas.

The bravest and the best must fall, and happiest is he whose name is written on that everlasting scroll which the surging waves of Time and Death can never reach, and whose hope of joy hereafter is founded upon that rock which can never be removed.

EDUCATION.—Make home an institution of learning. Provide books for the centre-table and library of the family. See that all the younger children attend the best schools, and interest yourself in their studies. If they have the taste for thorough cultivation, but not the means to pursue it, if possible provide for a higher education. Daniel Webster taught at the intervals of his college course, to aid an elder brother in the pursuit of a classical education, and a volume of his works is dedicated to the daughters of that brother, who early closed a brilliant career. Feel that an ignorant brother or sister will be a disgrace to your family; and trust not the prevention of such a reproach to the casual influence of the press, existing institutions, and the kind offices of strangers. If the family becomes, as it may be, an institution of learning, the whole land will be educated.

REQUITAL.

BY ELIZABETH G. BARBER.

The world's decree is cold and hard;
Its trumpet tongue is slow to accord
To noble souls a fit reward.

But sure as morning comes again
O'er night, and sunshine after rain,
So sure their hope is not in vain.

The triumph-hour at last shall come,
The suffering soul's millennium,
When all accusing lips are dumb.

All who have suffered for the Right,
And braved the league of Wrong and Might,
The coming day shall yet requite.

All who have dared from age to age
A warfare with the world to wage,
Though storied not on History's page.

All who have lived since earth began,
Beneath the world's neglect or ban,
Beloved of God but spurned by man.

The world saw not through his disguise,
Sweet Milton with his sightless eyes,
Earth-sealed, but open'd on Paradise.

Columbus, fettered with his chain,
Knew not the world should ring again
His name and deeds from main to main.

Or Bunyan, revelling in his dream,
Knew not that Bedford's prison should seem
In distant lands, an angel's theme.

Oh! are not those the truly great
Who stand, unscathed by storm or fate,
And dare for God's own time to wait?

For these, the angels wait to say
The blessed words which far outweigh
The world's neglect or cold delay.

And these the victor's crown shall win,
While all the world's discordant din
Dies—when the better years begin.

